

SH EAGER
TO JOIN ARMY.Storm the Enlistment
Tables in London.Anxious to Avoid the
Pain of Conscription.Period of Recruiting
an Ends Today.

ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The rush of men, who desire to be "shut out" of the army, continued today, the first of the trial period of the Derby recruiting act, which was held at the recruiting office at 5 o'clock this morning. It was estimated that there would be a total of 10,000 men who would be accepted for service in the army.

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NEUTRALITY LAW
IS RECOMMENDEDWould Make Placing Bombs
More Serious Crime.Severe of Ammunition may
be Regulated.Work for Federal Prisoners is
Also Favored.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—New bills to protect the neutrality law, which prohibit the export of arms and munitions to belligerent countries, were introduced today in the House of Representatives. The bills were introduced by Representative William D. Ford of New York. The bills would make it a crime to export arms and munitions to belligerent countries, and would also regulate the export of ammunition. The bills were introduced in response to a report from the Senate that it was considering similar legislation.

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WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The House of Representatives today passed a bill to provide for the employment of federal prisoners. The bill would allow the government to employ federal prisoners in various public works projects, such as the construction of roads and bridges. The bill was passed by a vote of 215 to 195.

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Interstate Commission Wants More
Information Regarding Conditions
in Producing Fields.WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—A
suggestion that the Federal Trade
Commission continue the investigation
into the oil industry was made today
by the Interstate Commerce Commission.The investigation was suggested by
the Senate and today's report was
made to that body.The investigation was made to cov-
er charges of price fixing, the rela-
tion between the oil companies, and
whether the pipe line companies had
ceased to carry independent oil, and
other subjects. The report contains
no conclusions.Statements are recited from several
pipe line companies that they cur-
rently are running oil from prod-
ucers' wells in 1914 because of busi-
ness conditions arising from the war.

DREADNAUGHT CALIFORNIA.

NAVY DEPARTMENT IS REQUESTED TO
Reserve Name for Vessel to be
Built at Mare Island.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The great dreadnaught now being built in New York may not be named California after all. Senator Phelan has requested the Secretary of the Navy to reserve the name California for the new ship to be built at the Mare Island navy yard.

REBATE CHARGE NOT PROVEN.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—No basis for the charge that the United States Steel Corporation has received enormous rebates from railroads during the last six years has been found in the Interstate Commerce Commission's investigation. A report was submitted to the Senate today in response to a resolution by Senator Lane of Oregon.

PUBLIC LANDS OPENED.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Opening to settlement of 5,000 acres of non-irrigable land in Pennington, Custer and Fall River counties, South Dakota, was announced today by the Department of the Interior. The land will be available for entry January 10, next.

THE WEATHER BACK EAST.

Much Havoc is Caused in the West
by Blizzards that is Moving Toward
the Great Lakes.

CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, Dec. 10.—Storm warnings
were posted around the lakes tonight
and high winds with snow or rain are
due in Chicago tomorrow. The fore-
caster says this will be followed by
much colder weather. The snow origi-
nates in Kansas and will meet a
northeast gale here. The storm caused
much havoc in the West. Chicago's
maximum today was 37 deg. Eastern
States show little change from yester-
day. Massachusetts, Pennsylvania,
Michigan, Iowa and Kansas report
snow. Other temperatures:

City.

City.	Max.	Min.
Albany, Tex.	22	12
Boise, Idaho	28	18
Boston, Mass.	22	12
Buffalo, N. Y.	24	14
Calgary, Alberta	20	10
Chicago, Ill.	37	27
Denver, Colo.	34	24
Des Moines, Iowa	34	24
Duluth, Minn.	24	14
Durango, Colo.	48	38
Galveston, Tex.	70	60
Havana, Cuba	80	70
Helena, Mont.	34	24
Huron, S. D.	34	24
Jacksonville, Fla.	64	54
Kansas City, Mo.	46	36
Knoxville, Tenn.	44	34
Memphis, Tenn.	44	34
Minneapolis, Minn.	24	14
Modena, Utah	44	34
Montreal, Quebec	24	14
Moorehead, Minn.	24	14
New Orleans, La.	58	48
New York, N. Y.	30	20
North Platte, Neb.	22	12
Pittsburgh, Pa.	24	14
Rapid City, S. D.	34	24
Roswell, N. M.	40	30
St. Louis, Mo.	42	32
St. Paul, Minn.	22	12
Salt Lake City, Utah	24	14
Sheridan, Wyo.	24	14
Seattle, Wash.	44	34
Tampa, Fla.	70	60
Washington, D. C.	28	18
Williston, N. D.	24	14
Winnipeg, Man.	24	14

TRADE CHANNELS

ARE EXPANDING.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—Dun's Re-
view tomorrow will say:

"There is no longer complaint of
deferred buying, but of difficulty in
meeting the steadily expanding re-
quirements. Consumer demand ex-
ceeds supply in some lines and dis-
tributing channels are obstructed by
the congestion of freight, rail and
overland shipping facilities still be-
ing inadequate to cope with the rush
of traffic. This tends to act as a
brake on commercial progress, yet
the forward movement has not per-
ceptibly slackened either in domestic
or foreign commerce. On the con-
trary, exports, in spite of the short-
age of vessels and other obstacles,
continue in notably heavy volume,
while interstate trade is further stim-
ulated as the holiday season approaches. De-
velopment of Christmas business ful-
fills the most optimistic expectations."
Weekly bank clearings, \$5,511,
601,525.

Serious.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Headed
by Senator Hughes of Paterson,
N. J., silk manufacturers and
exporters today introduced a bill to re-
peal the Embargo on Logwood Shipments
and thus prevent throwing forty thousand operatives of Paterson
Plants Out of Employment.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Headed

Sixty-fourth Congress.

MORE MONEY
FOR HARBOR.Engineers Ask for Nearly
Two Hundred Thousand.Report Cites Great Develop-
ment in Our Commerce.General Work of Dredging is
Nearly Completed.

BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, Dec. 10.—That foreign com-
merce has developed and large ves-
sels are now able to deliver freight
where formerly it was delivered else-
where, as a result of the improve-
ment of Los Angeles Harbor, is re-
ported in the report of the Chief
Engineers of the United States Army,
available tonight.

The report shows that where eleven
years ago lumber formed 95 per
cent of the commerce at Los Ange-
les, last year it was but 54 per
cent. The volume of commerce in
eleven years has increased 126 per
cent. The army engineers in their
annual report call attention to the
fact that during the flood in the Los
Angeles River in February, 1914,
about 245,000 cubic yards of silt was
deposited in that part of the harbor
that is being dredged.

NO WATCH FLOODS.

The report says: "In case the floods
in the Los Angeles River deposit
more silt in the channels of the inner
or outer harbor, dredging these
channels to project depths will be
resumed at once in order to cause
as little delay as possible to com-
merce. The estimated cost of the
operation of one project of silt line
dredge is \$75,000 for one year."
For continuing various improve-
ments in the harbor for the fiscal
year ending July 1, 1915, the com-
missioner has recommended that \$35,000 be ap-
propriated, and it is pointed out that
the amount that can be profitably ex-
pend in the fiscal year ending July
1, 1917, for maintenance of im-
provements is \$75,000. The total ex-
penditure for the outer and inner
harbors has been \$1,111,000 for new
work and \$77,372.05 for main-
tenance; a total appropriation of
\$1,188,372.05.

THE HARBOR WORK.

The report gives the following
statement of the condition of the
work on Los Angeles Harbor at the
end of the fiscal year:

"Outer harbor: This part of the
project is 98 per cent. completed.
The work required to complete it is
dredging a strip on the southwest
side of the channel, about 1,000
feet long averaging about seventy-five
feet wide, and containing about
36,000 cubic yards, at an estimated
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The Times Free Information Bureau
619 South Spring Street

THE TIMES FREE INFORMATION BUREAU is for the accommodation of persons seeking information of travel, desirable hotels and restaurants, and other information of interest to the general public. Particulars are furnished by competent correspondents and by correspondence to the general public. The bureau is open from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. and is free of charge. The bureau is open from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. and is free of charge. The bureau is open from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. and is free of charge.

THE U. S. GRANT HOTEL
SAN DIEGO, CAL.

—Announcement—

THIS MANAGEMENT OF THE U. S. GRANT HOTEL WISHES TO ANNOUNCE THAT IT HAS ASSUMED FULL CHARGE OF THE CATERING DEPARTMENT.

UNEXCELLED COOKING AND SERVICE MAY BE CONFIDENTLY EXPECTED. IN CONNECTION WITH THE U. S. GRANT HOTEL, A SPECIALTY IS BEING MADE OF CLUB BREAKFAST, MERCHANT LUNCHEONS, AND TABLE D'OTE DINNERS.

AS THE GRILL IS CLOSED UNTIL DECEMBER 15, WHILE UNDERGOING EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS, PATRONS WILL BE ACCOMMODATED IN THE MAIN DINING-ROOM WHICH IS OPEN FROM 8 A. M. TO 10 P. M.

(SIGNED) J. H. HOLMES, GENERAL MANAGER.

ARLINGTON HOTEL
Santa Barbara, Cal.

3 KINDS OF GOLF
Nine-Hole Links on Hope Ranch
Twelve-Hole Links on Hotel Grounds
Indoor Golf Inside of Hotel

AN ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF HOTEL—ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS, APARTMENTS, PLANTY OF LIGHT AND AIR—HEADQUARTERS FOR TOURISTS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. PRIVATE AND PUBLIC TOBACCO IN CONNECTION WITH ALL ROOMS. IDEAL CLIMATE. THE YEAR ROUND, AUTOMOBILE ROAD IS NOW PERFECT. IN ROUTE FROM LOS ANGELES TO SANTA BARBARA. THE HOTEL IS FULLY FACILITATED FOR CARE OF AUTOMOBILES IN HOTEL GROUNDS. LOW RENTALS. RATE \$10.00 PER DAY. ROOMS \$10.00 PER DAY. FULL PARTICULARS FROM D. F. ROBERTSON, STEAMSHIP AGENT, CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, SPRING AND FOURTH STS., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

MERRITT JONES HOTEL, Ocean Park

THE SOUTHERN IDEAL BEACH RESORT. Near the ocean. 140 luxuriously furnished rooms. Winter rates now in effect: European Plan, \$1.00 per day; American Plan, \$1.50 per day. In the heart of the city. Try our table d'ote dinner Sunday. We spend the week-end here. Write for folder.

CAMP BALDY
Pine Mountain Resort in Southern California—4700 ft. elevation. Running snow water through camp. Best hotel service or furnished housekeeping tents. Trout fishing, tennis, croquet, golf, etc. Camp Baldy Co., Camp Baldy, Cal. Sunset 1-3-4.

Hotel Virginia
LONG BEACH

Absolutely fireproof. American plan. Golf, tennis, surf bathing, and many other diversions. Center of social events. Luxurious accommodations. Write for folder. W. J. Nelson, Mgr.

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RADIUM SULPHUR SPRINGS
Drink and bathe in the most radio-active natural curative mineral water. It purifies blood, keeps you young. RADIUM BATH treatments for Rheumatism, Colic, Poor Circulation, Stomach, Bladder, Kidney, Bladder, Blood, Rheumatism, Nervous, Female Troubles. Doctor's advice free. West Sixth street car line. Phone 19421.

Beverly Hills Hotel and Bungalows
Golf, Tennis, Music, daily. Surf Bathing, Horseback Riding, Bowling, Accommodations 100 Guests. Stanley & Anderson, Mgrs. Hollywood 4

Superb Routes of Travel
Orange Empire Trolley Trip \$3.50
TO VISIT THE BEACHES AND RECLINERS THROUGH ORANGE GROVE
AT 7 A. M. DAILY FROM MAIN STREET STATION, LOS ANGELES

Go On Tuesday
THE STEAMSHIP WAY

SAN FRANCISCO - \$ 7.35
PORTLAND - \$20.35
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BERTHS AND MEALS INCLUDED.

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Regular Service to Mexico
Twice a month—

The S. S. "CORWIN" leaves Port Los Angeles about December 15, for Acapulco, Tepic, Manzanillo, Guaymas, and other Gulf ports. Fast passenger, freight and express service. SOUTHWESTERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY, Ltd. Home 4244; A4344. Room 211, 703 S. Spring St.

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All Fares Include Berth and Meals.

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Sailings Dec. 3, 14, 25, 34, 35.

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AUSTRALIA
OCEANIC S. S. CO.
"KORONA", "SONOMA", "VENTURA", "Good Luck" (T.O.A.)
Leave Los Angeles 11:30 P. M. for Honolulu, San Francisco, and other ports. Home 4244; A4344. Room 211, 703 S. Spring St.

BLACK EYES FOR STUDENTS.
BOYS ATTACK PRESIDENT OF SCHOOL IN ARKANSAS.

Although Overpowered by Overwhelming Numbers Prof. Scott Administers Severe Punishment to Crowd of Strikers Who Rebel Against Strict Discipline.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

RUSSELLVILLE (Ark.) Dec. 10.—Following the second strike within ten months of students of the Second District State Agricultural College, the strikers waylaid President Charles E. Scott tonight and attempted to chastise him with a razor strop.

President Scott said he was overpowered by overwhelming numbers and that he administered vastly more punishment than he received. He is of powerful physique and the black eyes and bruised and swollen features of some of the students corroborated the president's assertion.

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YOUNG CUNNINGHAM SUSPECTED
Son of Chicago Professor is Held in Connection With Death of Jack Wedlake.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

CHICAGO, Dec. 10.—J. P. Cunningham, son of Prof. James Cunningham, head of the department of mathematics at Bowdoin High School, is in police custody under suspicion of having knowledge of the death of "Jack" Wedlake, found in an early morning in a rooming house in Chicago.

Near the body was a revolver identified by Cunningham himself as belonging to his father.

Wedlake and the younger Cunningham, it is said, had frequently quarreled over the wife of the former.

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THE RELIABLE SPECIALISTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Specialists in Catarrh, Gleet, Gonorrhea, Syphilis, and all other venereal diseases. Examination free and confidential. New system of treatment. No pain, no expense. Medicine free to patients. Rooms 215 to 218 Main Bldg., Third and Spring Streets, Los Angeles. Office Hours: 9 to 6, Sun. 10-12.

SAN DIEGO Hotel St. James
European Plan
410 Broadway, San Diego, Cal.
Free Auto Bus met at Hotel St. James. Rates: 1 person, \$1.00 up; 2 persons, \$1.50 up; 3 persons, \$2.00 up; 4 persons, \$2.50 up. Free breakfast. Free room service. Free laundry. Free baggage. Free storage. Free parking. Free telephone. Free radio. Free music. Free games. Free entertainment. Free everything.

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\$3 San Diego and Return.
DAYLIGHT TRIP AND RETURN.
Our Low One-Way and Round-Trip Fares Include Berth and Meals.

NEW OIL COMPANY.
DENVER (Colo.) Dec. 10.—Announcement of the incorporation in Maine of the Greyhound Refining Company, a \$1,500,000 concern, was made today at the Denver offices of the Midwest Refining Company. The Midwest Company holds a substantial interest in the new company, and will control the marketing of the product of the new corporation's oil wells, located in Big Horn Basin, Wyo.

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Bromwell Kills Self.
(Continued from First Page.)

and after that of the Cleveland engineering district, a student of the engineering school at New York, N. Y.

He was 44 years old and was born at New York, N. Y.

Mr. Bromwell left his office at noon today and was found dead in his apartment at 100 West 10th street, New York, N. Y.

It is believed by his friends here that the colonel was driven to his death as the result of a nervous breakdown, caused by overwork.

The shooting occurred in a bedroom at his residence. He was removed to the department hospital immediately, but all efforts to save his life proved futile and he died an hour or so after arrival.

A board of investigation was convened shortly after his death was announced. The findings of the board were not made public and the individual members refused to discuss the tragedy.

MRS. BROMWELL IN CALIFORNIA.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

BLOOMINGTON (Ill.) Dec. 10.—Mrs. Charles E. Bromwell was in this city last week, visiting her mother, Mrs. M. T. Scott. She departed a few days ago for California with the expectation of sailing from San Francisco December 16 to join her husband.

Scott Bromwell, a son, is attending Harvard, and the daughter, Mildred, is attending a girl's school near New York City. Mrs. Bromwell will leave at once for San Francisco to accompany Mrs. Bromwell to Honolulu.

Mrs. M. T. Scott, mother of Mrs. Bromwell, was twice President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and was also president of the United States during Cleveland's second term.

Mrs. Bromwell was a sister of Mrs. Woodman, whose husband is assistant secretary of Agriculture.

SON OF FORMER CONGRESSMAN.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

CINCINNATI, Dec. 10.—Lieut.-Col. C. S. Bromwell was the only son of former Congressman Jacob H. Bromwell of this city.

INFORMED OF HUSBAND'S DEATH.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—Mrs. Bromwell arrived here today from Bloomington, Ill., in high spirits, she told her friends public and the individual members refused to discuss the tragedy.

News of Lieut.-Col. Bromwell's death was broken to her tonight by army friends here. Lieut.-Col. J. Franklin Bell, commander of the Western Department of the United States Army, it was reported that he was "struck by the news."

MRS. BRESHKOVSKY IN NEW PRISON.
FAMOUS POLITICAL EXILE IS GIVEN BETTER QUARTERS BY RUSSIANS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

BOSTON, Dec. 10.—A letter from Mrs. Catherine Breshkovsky, the famous Russian political exile, received in this city by Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, president of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, reports another change in the place of detention for the aged revolutionist.

At one time Mrs. Breshkovsky's health was so broken down as a result of her close imprisonment in her case attracted world-wide attention. Eventually she was removed to a hospital in London, and a few months ago a letter received from her by Miss Blackwell reported a considerable improvement in health.

Mrs. Breshkovsky's letter was begun at Yakutsk on September 11 and was finished September 30 on a steamer going up the Lena River. She had been confined to the Governor-General of Irkutsk would assign her place of residence either in the southern part of the province or in the north, and she had left her Irkutsk quarters by the last boat before the river was closed by ice.

Mrs. Breshkovsky wrote that she had been ill for a fortnight, but that her health was again improving.

TEXAS PREPAREDNESS.
Gov. Ferguson Says the Kind We Need Most is that Wrought by the Floods.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—Gov. James E. Ferguson of Texas, addressing the Association of Life Insurance Presidents today, said one kind of preparedness this country needed was that which could be wrought by the floods.

The war loans we have made abroad, he said, would have given every tenant farmer in the United States capital that would have put him well on the road to home ownership. This is the kind of preparedness we must use to further peace and prosperity within, whatever external clouds may threaten from without.

The Governor said that in his opinion there was no denying the growth of socialism in this country. That sentiment, he added, favored the kind of preparedness he had named.

NEW OIL COMPANY.
DENVER (Colo.) Dec. 10.—Announcement of the incorporation in Maine of the Greyhound Refining Company, a \$1,500,000 concern, was made today at the Denver offices of the Midwest Refining Company. The Midwest Company holds a substantial interest in the new company, and will control the marketing of the product of the new corporation's oil wells, located in Big Horn Basin, Wyo.

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TURKS GAINING IN MESOPOTAMIA.
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 10.—An official report given out here indicates that the Turks are steadily gaining the ascendancy in Mesopotamia and that the British expedition, following its long retreat from the vicinity of Bagdad, now is offering less effective resistance. The report follows:

"Mesopotamian front: The enemy's resistance is decreasing sensibly. Our troops repulsed all British sorties with heavy losses to the attackers. Six captured aeroplanes have been repaired and are being used against the enemy."

"Cardassian front: Near Anaharta hostile artillery opened fire from the sea. Our artillery replied, scattered hostile troops and drove transport ships to the shoals of Kinkil Liman Bay."

"Near Al-Burni there was violent bomb fighting on our right wing. A hostile cruiser participated in the engagement. An ironclad monitor and a torpedo boat of the enemy opened fire. Our artillery replied and compelled the monitor to withdraw after being hit twice."

"In the vicinity of Sedul Bahr there was the customary artillery duel."

REVERSE FOR ITALIANS.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

BERLIN, Dec. 10 (via Bayreuth, N. Y.).—Reports from Constantinople say that well-organized Senussi tribesmen and Tripolitarians have occupied the whole valley of Tripoli. The Senussi forces also entered Kasmay, where they are reported to have routed the Italians. The Italians are said to have lost 4,000 men killed to 10 to have abandoned a large quantity of arms and ammunition.

LOSS OF ALLIES.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

BERLIN, Dec. 10 (via London).—In the battle between Bulgarian and British forces in Southwestern Serbia guns were captured from the British, the War Office announced today.

A FREE LUNCH FOR SUBMARINES.
AUSTRIAN BOAT STOPS AMERICAN SHIP AND FORCIBLY TAKES PROVISIONS.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The American tank steamer Petroli, attacked Sunday in the Eastern Mediterranean by an Austrian submarine, arrived safely at Algiers today with the report that the submarine forcibly took her provisions.

A consular dispatch from Algiers said the captain told of being held for nineteen hours out of Alexandria by an Austrian submarine. The dispatch, which allowed him to proceed after examining his papers and selling his provisions, said the submarine was slightly injured by a shell fragment. The report did not say whether the steamer was warned and ordered to stop before the submarine opened fire.

On this question will hinge largely the nature of any representations which may be made by the United States to Austria. The seizure of provisions, however, is likely to be the subject of a vigorous protest, regardless of what happened before the tanker came to a stop and submitted to search and visit.

THINKS AMERICA WON'T INTERVENE
ROME, Dec. 10 (Olahy).—All those who still hoped for American intervention in the war must have been definitely disillusioned by President Wilson's message to Congress, says the Idea Nazionale, in its comment on the document.

"Under the appearance of pacifism," adds the newspaper, "the message conceals American imperialism masked by the desire to expand the American empire toward the other nations on the American continent over which the United States intends to extend its tutelage, for the purpose of a strong mercantile fleet as a weapon for American economic imperialism."

FRENCH CURB
COURTS-MARTIAL.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

PARIS, Dec. 10.—A bill abolishing arbitrary procedure in courts-martial was passed by the Chamber of Deputies today after a long debate. M. Meunier pointed out that Deputy Paul Meunier had said he had occurred. He cited cases where judgments were rendered contrary to law and the guarantees of citizens. He said that a regime, which he said was too intolerable to be longer maintained.

The new laws make numerous changes in military statutes. It protects the rights of defense and will aid in avoiding judicial errors.

TO ASK GREECE TO BE PRECISE.
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

PARIS, Dec. 10.—The newspapers of Paris this afternoon publish a report that the Entente powers, in view of contradictory statements concerning the attitude of the Greek government, are likely to request Greece to give a precise answer to the notes presented by the Entente ministers.

SLAVS DEFEAT TURCO-GERMANS.
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

PETROGRAD (N. Y.) Dec. 10.—The following official communication was issued today:

"On the western (Russian) front there is no change. Near Khumskeit and Kremenets, an Austrian aeroplane fell inside our lines."

"In Persia, half way between Teheran and Hamadan, our troops defeated a Turco-German detachment, consisting of several thousand members of the rebel Persian gendarmes and armed bands having artillery and machine guns. The enemy fled, leaving a large number of men killed and wounded."

GERMAN ARMY TAKES GIEVGELI.
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Dec. 11, 2:11 a. m.—A dispatch to Reuters' Telegram Company from Saloniki, says:

"It is reliably reported here that German forces under Gen. von Gallwitz occupied Gievigeli on the railway line a short distance north of the Greek frontier, in Serbia, Friday morning. The force includes two divisions."

THE CHAMPION COW.
(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)

BUFFALO (N. Y.) Dec. 10.—Lady Pontiac Johanna, a cow valued at \$20,000, has just broken the world's record for butter production by yielding 653 pounds of milk in one week, from which was made 41 1/2 pounds of butter. This eclipses the former butter record by 8 1/2 pounds. Lady Pontiac Johanna is owned by Oliver Calahan, Jr., of Buffalo.

FIFTY-TON GUN HAS BEEN MISLAID
CARELESS RAILROAD MAN HAS SENT TEN-TOUCH RIFLE TO WRONG ADDRESS.

(BY DEBET WIRE—RECEIVED DISPATCH.)

SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 10.—Some careless railroad man has either mislaid or delivered to the wrong address one perfectly good, ten-inch, disappearing, coast-defense rifle, intended for use at the State Arsenal here by the Coast Artillery Corps of the National Guard, and local militiamen are getting worried about it. The rifle weighs fifty tons and one would think that it would be rather difficult to mislay it. However, that is just what has happened.

The War Department shipped the rifle from the Watervliet Arsenal, New York, seven or eight weeks ago. Nothing has been heard of it since, and railroad tracers fail to bring results.

BIG INCREASE IN RECRUITING.
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Dec. 11.—The last day of the trial period for the Earl of Derby's recruiting plan opened with reports from all parts of London to the effect that there was no diminution, but rather an increase, in recruiting, and all officers and reports of excellent progress. Although single men are coming forward in better proportion, married applicants seemed to predominate in many centers. Nearly all of the recruiting stations kept open all night.

BANK HOLIDAY ON NEW YEAR'S.
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Dec. 10.—The following official announcement was made here tonight:

"At the request of bankers, Premier Asquith has decided that January 1, 1916, shall be a bank holiday in England and Wales, in order that the banks, with their greatly depleted staffs, may attend without interruption to work that day, which is always very unusual for the banks of the banking year. It is not intended that the day should be kept as a general holiday, as in Scotland."

PEACE TALK IN SWITZERLAND.
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

PARIS, Dec. 10.—The Socialist group in the Swiss National Council, says a Havas dispatch from Bern, has introduced the following interpellation:

"The Federal Council thinking of offering alone or co-jointly with other countries, its good offices to the belligerents in order to bring about soon the concluding of an armistice and prepare for negotiations for peace."

The interpellation will be developed by M. Greulich, the dean of the group.

MERCHANT MARINE RULE IN BRAZIL.
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

RIO DE JANEIRO, Dec. 10.—The Brazilian government has issued a decree withdrawing all applications for the national merchant marine during the war. Among other measures adopted is one prohibiting the exportation of metals.

MRS. SUSAN NICHOLS DIES.
Widow of One of Founders of Mills College Passes Away at Age of 82 at Berkeley.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

BERKELEY, Dec. 10.—Mrs. Susan P. Nichols of Pomona, Cal., 82 years of age, died here tonight of pneumonia. She was the widow of Dr. David P. Barrows, wife of Dr. David P. Barrows, dean of the faculty, University of California.

She was the widow of the late Dr. P. Nichols, who in 1877, with Cyrus F. Mills, founded Mills College in the county. She is survived by two sons, A. P. Nichols and Harvey D. Nichols, both of Pomona.

BRIDGE IS DEDICATED.
Half Holiday Declared at Marysville for Ceremony Celebrating Completion of State Highway Work.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

MARYSVILLE, Dec. 10.—Marysville took a half holiday today and 10,000 people from Yuba, Butte and Sutter counties joined in the dedication here of the \$150,000 State highway bridge over the Yuba River.

There was a big parade to the bridge, from which a huge hammer was thrown into the river as a sign that it was announced that a community with a brand-new bridge had no place for the "knacker."

The bridge was christened with champagne poured over it.

PRISON HIS SALVATION.
Former Soldier Hero is Cured of Drug Habit and Gains Freedom as New Man.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

SALEM (Or.) Dec. 10.—With his wife waiting to greet him, Edward High Martin stepped from the Oregon State penitentiary here today a parolee signed by Gov. James Witherby.

It was Martin's first taste of freedom since he was arrested in Portland on May 5, 1904, for the murder of Nathan Wolfe, a pawnbroker. He was charged with murdering Wolfe while under the influence of drugs. Martin always maintained his innocence of the crime.

Martin is a graduate of Fordham University and West Point, and is now in law, contracting and medicine. As a first lieutenant he served in Cuba during the Spanish-American War and won a medal for bravery for carrying three wounded comrades from the battlefield of Santiago under fire. He also was awarded medals for saving the lives of drowning persons on two occasions.

While serving in Cuba he was stricken with yellow fever and a drug was administered which left him addicted to it. He entered the penitentiary weighing 100 pounds and came out weighing 200. As a prisoner he performed valuable engineering work for the State.

Martin left with his wife today for New York, where he will spend Christmas with his aged parents.

EQUITY WINS LAKE.
Commissioner Oliver Wins Case of Man Who Had Taken Thirty Years.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—The case of a man who had taken thirty years to win equity in a lake was decided today by the Supreme Court. The man, who had been in the lake for thirty years, was awarded equity in the lake.

PUPILS SUSPENDED.
Members of Secret Society Debarred from Classes and Graduation Next Week.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—Four high schools here today debarred from classes and graduation next week the members of a secret society, who had been suspended from school for a month.

The suspension was a result of a decision by the Board of Education, who had been informed by the principal of one of the schools that the members of the society had been using force to enter the school.

The suspension was a result of a decision by the Board of Education, who had been informed by the principal of one of the schools that the members of the society had been using force to enter the school.

BOMB-MAKING BOOK.
San Francisco, Dec. 10.—A book on bomb-making was found in a room at the Hotel Hamilton, when it was searched by police.

The book, which was found in a room at the Hotel Hamilton, was a book on bomb-making. It was found in a room at the Hotel Hamilton, when it was searched by police.

LOS ANGELES PUZZLER.
Police Commission Says it is Near Responsible to Put Value on the Ed.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 10.—The Police Commission here today said that it was near responsible to put value on the Ed.

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BUNKER FIRES ON MINNESOTA
Threatened Conflagration Vessel is Reported

Eight of Steamer's are Still in Use

Disabled Freighter Sighted Los Angeles Harbor

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—Through the announcement of the Minnesota Steamer Company, it was brought under control, it was here today for the first time threatened conflagration was the trouble, real and imminent.

Which Capt. Gifford of the Northern Steamship Company, freighter, has had to control at a distance, a steamer, the ship left Seattle, Nov. 20, for London, with a 14,000-ton cargo of foodstuffs.

C. W. Wiley, marine engineer of the company, who is in charge of the Minnesota's arrival, said that he had received word from Capt. Gifford that the fire was under control. He said that the fire was not a new one, but one that had been burning for some time.

The Minnesota and her cargo were in danger from that cause, but further belief that the fire was under control. It was stated that the Minnesota's cargo was in use, but that after the fire, the operation of the ship was greatly hampered, and there was little left over for the crew.

ONE MAN KILLED FIFTEEN INJURED

MINNESOTA

and Conflagration in
is Reported.

Steamer's Boiler
Still in Use.

Freighter Sighted at
Angeles Harbor.

A. P. MONT WIRE.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 10.—An announcement that the
of the ship's hull had been
control, it was reported
for the first time that
conflagration was
real and surmised.
Officer of the
Company's
had to contend
Seattle, November 14,
with a 10,000-ton
cannon.

any, who is here
Minnesota's arrival, and
he had received word
that the fire was
not a new experience
and that he did not
in that case. He
the fire originated
natural causes.

ated in channel.
The Minnesota
passed here some
clock this afternoon
wrecking steamer
The Minnesota
the channel at 4 p.m.
for this port. The
breakwater, however,
was changed and
was little for them to do. Most
homeless either had been taken
to Richmond, or were
and for the few remaining
of the town by relief
from neighboring cities.

SALES OF COTTON BURN.
ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.
YORK, Dec. 10.—Late
about 100 bales of cotton
shipment on the Southern
Railway Company's pier
at this port is 3,000.
of the fire is unknown.
The company refused to state
outside route, and
opinion that in the case
are much less danger
shore with a fire if a
shore is started.

INGTON DRY
ANUARY FIRST.

PHOLOWS LAW DRIVEN
SALOON AND BUREAU
OUT OF BUSINESS.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

IA (Wash.) Dec. 10.—The
reme Court today af-
of the lower court,
the validity of the
adopted by the voters of
November, 1914, pro-
of liquor in judges
1915, upholding the
others concurred.

rt unanimously up-
of Judge D. F. Wright, of
County, Bureau Court,
held that the law was
respect. As a result of
conclusion, every saloon
every in the State will
be closed on January
1, 1915, and no individ-
uals may import or
use not to exceed two
of such societies, and
of pupils were girls and
them belonged to the
receive diploma next
year.

WINS LAND.

Winner Gives Ranch to
Who had Tilled Soil
Years.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

ANCISCO, Dec. 10.—The
to be superior to the
the law in determining
the law, according to a ruling
today by J. B. Sanford,
of the land. He de-
the title of Fredrick
of land near the
by land's heirs, but
held it undisturbed
he was appointed by
Commissioner of the
Washington, in a
fired today.

MAJORITY HANGED.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

IX (Ariz.) Dec. 10.—The
the first time to
inishment since Ariz-
wash hanged this
o'clock.
was convicted of the
Sherriff Phil Brown,
the scaffold un-
setting his innocent.

ONE MAN KILLED,
FIFTEEN INJURED

Explosion in the Bethlehem
Fuel Plant is Fatal.

Heavy Loss in Cotton Bales
is Caused by Fire.

Activities of Von Rintelen
may Involve Consuls.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

HEAVY BETHLEHEM (Pa.) Dec.
explosion today in the fuel
of the Bethlehem Steel Company
in Bethlehem, six miles from here,
killed one workman and injured
others, several of them se-
verely.

The accident occurred in the pellet
plant of the plant and resulted,
in addition to the loss of life,
with quantities in the
plant.

Adams of Boston, Pa., was
the only one who was not
to recover.
The fire plant employs several hun-
dred men who are at present employed
in making shell fuses for the
army.

This is the second explosion that
has occurred at the Bethlehem plant
in the last few months. On August
last, a fire broke out in a pow-
der mill, and several men were
killed.

REBUILD HOPWELL.
ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.
WELL (Va.) Dec. 10.—Re-
of Hopwell at a mass meet-
ing, made plans to replace
buildings of brick and concrete
which was swept away by
the fire.

The meeting, attended by more than
thousand of the town's 25,000 home-
less, also reconstructed the
government, and took first
steps toward securing a city charter.
The meeting was elected to have
of the town's affairs until the
of the Legislature next month,
at which date a charter
is to be voted.

troops, brought here late yes-
terday to control the throngs driven
from their homes by the conflagra-
tion, were on guard tonight, but
were little for them to do. Most
homeless either had been taken
to Richmond, or were
and for the few remaining
of the town by relief
from neighboring cities.

SALES OF COTTON BURN.
ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.
YORK, Dec. 10.—Late
about 100 bales of cotton
shipment on the Southern
Railway Company's pier
at this port is 3,000.
of the fire is unknown.
The company refused to state
outside route, and
opinion that in the case
are much less danger
shore with a fire if a
shore is started.

MAIN ELEVATORS BURN.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

PA) Dec. 10.—Two of the
main grain elevators
by the Pennsylvania Railroad
here, were destroyed by fire
today, with the loss of about
\$750,000. The wheat
Canada, and awaited ship-
ment to Great Britain and her allies.
The origin of the fire is
unknown.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

YORK, Dec. 10.—United
States Marshall said today
that jury investigating the
activities of Franz von Rintelen
should reconvene next week,
Wednesday.

of new evidence, obtained by
Attorney's office, in con-
sultation with agents of the Depart-
ment of Justice, it was learned today
that certain members
of the staffs of Germany and
Austria were involved.

St. Marshall returned to his office
after a hurried trip to Wash-
ington, where he conferred
with the State Department.
He said he would be brought into the
case diplomatic entanglements
and the phase of the
of business, was dis-
cussed at yesterday's conference in
the State Department.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

ANCISCO, Dec. 10.—The
of pupils of San Francisco
schools found themselves
barred from their classes
today because they were
not made as known and
of such work.
The Board of
is to hold a special
to decide what to do
of such societies, and
of pupils were girls and
them belonged to the
receive diploma next
year.

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ANCISCO, Dec. 10.—The
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wash hanged this
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was convicted of the
Sherriff Phil Brown,
the scaffold un-
setting his innocent.

President on Peace.

(Continued from Second Page.)

put at its service before. Therefore,
it is imperative that no impediment
should be put in the way of com-
merce with the rest of the world.
You cannot sell unless you buy. Com-
merce is only an exalted kind of bar-
ter. The bartering may not be direct,
but directly or indirectly, it is an
exchange of commodities and the
payment of the balances; and there-
fore there must be no impediments
to the free flow of the currents of
commerce back and forth between
the United States upon which the
world will in part depend, and the
other countries, which she must sup-
ply. And for the first time, gentlemen,
it happens—I believe providentially—that the busi-
ness men of America have an instru-
mentality in the new banking law
such as they never had before for the
ebb and flow and free course of the
natural process of credit. For the
first time we are not bound up in an
inelastic currency. Our credit is cur-
rent, and that current will run
through all the channels of commerce
in every part of the world.

THE CURRENCY.

"A gentleman present here today
told me that he had done what I
trust not his habit to do; he said he
had been looking up an old speech of
mine and that when I addressed the
American Bankers' Association in
Denver some years ago, he said that
I had been called upon a little while
before to speak to the bankers of
New York on the elasticity of the
currency, and that I had replied that
I spoke upon it with the more free-
dom because I knew nothing about
it. Being a professor at that time on
a salary, I was not in a position to
know anything of the elasticity of the
currency. I hope that he is ready to
believe that in the time that has in-
tervened I have taken pains to find
out something about elasticity of the
currency; for I was an enthusiastic
supporter of the bill which finally es-
tablished the Federal reserve system,
and I think that I understood it."

"At any rate, gentlemen, jesting
apart, it does furnish the business men
of this country with an instrument
such as credit never possessed before.
Credit is a very spontaneous thing;
its excursions ought not to be per-
sonally conducted; there have been
times in this country when the ex-
peditions of credit were personally
conducted. I could name some of
the agencies where guides were
provided. But if you are starting an
enterprise in one part of the country
I do not want any guides; you
rather recent guidance from another
part of the country."

"And there were times when there
were limited circles in the eastern
portion of our great country who
thought they knew more about busi-
ness in the other parts of the country
than the people who lived in those
parts of the country. I always doubted
them. I now know that they did not."

VISION OF DEMOCRACY.

"The vision of a democracy that I
have is that you must not be
presumptuous enough to determine be-
forehand where the vitality is going
to come from. The beauty of a de-
mocracy is that you never can tell
when a youngster is born what he
is going to do with it, and that no mat-
ter how humbly he is born, no matter
where he is born, no matter what
circumstances hamper him at the out-
set, he has got a chance to master the
minds and lead the imaginations of
the whole country. That is the beauty
of democracy, that you do not fore-
hand pretend to pick out the vital
centers, but they pick themselves
out. The men who are going to lead
you and elect themselves by an elec-
toral process over which legislation
can have no control whatever. I like
to think that the youngsters now
playing somewhere, perhaps in a gut-
ter, are some time or other going to
stand up and speak the voice of
America for all the world to hear."

"So I want you to share with me
this vision of the future of American
business—a cosmopolitan spirit, of
a spirit of enterprise out of which
the old timidity has gone. For you
will have to admit, gentlemen, that
the American business must have been
timid. They have constantly run to
Washington and said: 'It looks like
rain; for God's sake give us shelter.'
You do not need Washington. There
is genius enough in this country to
master the enterprise of the world,
and it ought not to ask odds of any-
body. I would like to have the thrill-
ing pride of realizing that there was
nobody in America who was afraid to
match wits with the world. When I
move about this country I feel as you
do the vitality of the thing that is
going on in the quick origination
of minds when they meet new cir-
cumstances, the readiness with which
Americans adapt themselves to new
conditions, because that is the spirit of
conquest."

LAUDS SCOTCH-IRISH.

"I, originally, for example, belonged
to a stock which have never failed
me. I feel at home anywhere as soon as
I get there. I mean the Scotch-
Irish. The Scotch-Irish have taken
leave to belong to the minute they
landed and presently a good deal else
has belonged to them besides them-
selves; and I like to picture that as
also typical of America. Whom
would you pick out among the early
Americans as the typical American?
You know that for more than a hun-
dred years after the settlement of this
country for nearly a hundred years
after the establishment of the Union—
there was always a frontier on this
continent, and the typical American
was the man who did not need any
assistance from anywhere or any-
body, but who went out into new
country, made his own home for him-
self, established his own government,
arranged everything to suit himself
and his family, and somewhere in what
used to be the frontier back in Jack-
son's day who sent a pitiful plea to
Washington that Congress would
hurry up and give them a territorial
form of government, because they
did not have any government; they
happened to be beyond the bounds of
the government, therefore set up.
Jackson sent them a very proper re-
proof. He said that they were the
first Americans he had heard of who
did not know how to set up a govern-
ment for themselves and take care of
themselves."

WORD TO FREE-BORN.

"The characteristic American com-
munity for a long time was the fron-
tier community made on the spot
and made according to the local pat-
tern. So that when I hear Ameri-
cans begging to be assisted by au-
thority, I wonder where they were
born. I wonder how long they have
breathed the air of America. I won-
der where their papers of spiritual
naturalization are. For America now
makes peaceful conquest of the world,
and I say that with all the greater
confidence, gentlemen, because I be-
lieve and hope that the belief does
not spring from the hope, that when
the present great conflict in Europe
is over, the world is going to wear a
different aspect. I do not believe
that there is going to be any patched-
up peace. I believe that thoughtful
men of every country and of every
sort will insist that when we get peace
again we shall have guarantees that

Outrages of War.

(Continued from First Page.)

"Whether murdered in detail and ob-
scurely in Mexico or on 'high seas.'
To me," he said, "the spectacle
of the body of a child victim of a
ship destroyed at sea is more tragic
than a unaided bale of cotton."
Second in importance to the loss
of American lives are the conspi-
racies of our hyphenated Americans.
"I do not want this country to
turn over the book of time," he said,
"and leave closed those pages where-
in are written the Mexican outrages
and the outrages committed against
American lives on the high seas and
fix our whole attention to those
pages wherein are written profit and
loss."

WORKER'S INQUIRY.

Senator Works of California in-
quired frostily if the Committee of
Foreign Affairs will also inquire as
to whether we were sending munitions
to England on the ships that
were destroyed.
Before Senator Lodge had a chance
to reply, Hoke Smith burst back into
the fray. Hoke was sore. "For a
good many months," he said, "there
have been many good people who
have succeeded in suspending all in-
quiry as to the English blockade by
holding up the Lusitania case every
time the blockade was mentioned.
But I have noticed that those who
made these full-hearted pleas and
who have stopped criticism of Great
Britain by their scorn of the blockade
have not been above making a
few of these dollars in the manu-
facture of ammunition."

He said that he felt the loss of
American life no less keenly than
those who, to say the least, have not
lost anything through the manu-
facture of munitions for England.

WALSH'S ROLE.

Senator Walsh of Montana came to
support of Senator Smith, express-
ing his indignation that at this time,
when copper is soaring, no coppr
can leave our shores except under
humiliating conditions, except by the
gracious permission of the British
Admiralty."

In this Senator Smith said he
had no objection to the Lodge
amendment and the whole matter will
be thrashed out by the Committee
of Foreign Affairs.

SUPPRASTIGS EXTEND FIGHT.

Organization Work to be Taken Up
in Enemy's Country—Mrs. Kent
Elected to Board.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Ex-
tension of the work of the Congressional
Union for Women Suffrage into States
not now organized, was planned here
today at the union's annual conven-
tion. An immediate campaign will be
started in the West, with Mrs. Harriet
Stanton Blatch of New York in charge.
The union's board of directors for
next year, elected today, comprises:
Miss Alice Paul, New Jersey; Miss
Lucy Burns, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont,
Mrs. John Winters Brenton, New
York; Mrs. Sibson Gardner, District
of Columbia; Miss Elsie Hill, Connec-
ticut; Mrs. Donald R. Hooker, Mary-
land; Mrs. William Kent, California;
Mrs. Lawrence Lewis, Pennsylvania,
and Miss Anne Martin, Nevada.

COMMERCE.

NEW COUNCIL
ON SHIP CASES.

BRITISH TO HASTEN PRIZE
COURT PROCEDURE.

Organization to be Created in Lon-
don will be Authorized to Deal
with Any Questions and Com-
plaints Which may Emanate from
American Ambassador.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The
special council recently created by the
British government to sit in London
and deal with questions arising out
of restrictions upon neutral com-
merce, will not be limited in its func-
tions, as was at first supposed, to
cases arising out of the detention of
American-owned goods of German
make sought to be exported from Hol-
land and other neutral countries of
North Europe.
It was stated today at the British
Embassy that in addition to acting
on cases of this character, the coun-
cil would be prepared to entertain any
complaints made through American
Ambassadors, or the diplomatic
representatives of neutral powers re-
garding detention of ships, exercise
of the right of search, and in fact
all questions touching the rights of
neutral commerce as affected by the
British orders in council and other
measures incident to the war.
A corps of experts will be em-
ployed by the council capable of giv-
ing technical information upon any
of the complex questions likely to
arise out of the activities of British
cruisers and the application of vari-
ous embargoes. In this way it is be-
lieved that not only will the proceed-
ings in prize courts be shortened, but
that it will be possible in many cases
to dispose entirely with prize court
proceedings.

GREGORY RETAINED.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Stephen
S. Gregory of Chicago, former presi-
dent of the American Bar Associa-
tion, was retained as special counsel
for the Federal Trade Commission.

TYPHUS DEATHS REDUCED.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

GALVESTON (Tex.) Dec. 10.—Dis-
patches from Mexico City received to-
day by the Mexican Consulate say that
the death rate from typhus in the
capital is only slightly higher than
the normal for this season.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

ANCISCO, Dec. 10.—The
transport Buffalo sailed from here to-
day with supplies for the United
States warships at Topolobampo,
Sinaloa, Mex. She will put in at San
Diego on the way south. No orders
have been received so far as to
whether or not marines are to be
taken aboard at San Diego.
The Buffalo was in command of
Lieutenant-Commander Mark St. Clair
Ellis.

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time the blockade was mentioned.
But I have noticed that those who
made these full-hearted pleas and
who have stopped criticism of Great
Britain by their scorn of the blockade
have not been above making a
few of these dollars in the manu-
facture of ammunition."

He said that he felt the loss of
American life no less keenly than
those who, to say the least, have not
lost anything through the manu-
facture of munitions for England.

WALSH'S ROLE.

Senator Walsh of Montana came to
support of Senator Smith, express-
ing his indignation that at this time,
when copper is soaring, no coppr
can leave our shores except under
humiliating conditions, except by the
gracious permission of the British
Admiralty."

In this Senator Smith said he
had no objection to the Lodge
amendment and the whole matter will
be thrashed out by the Committee
of Foreign Affairs.

SUPPRASTIGS EXTEND FIGHT.

Organization Work to be Taken Up
in Enemy's Country—Mrs. Kent
Elected to Board.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Ex-
tension of the work of the Congressional
Union for Women Suffrage into States
not now organized, was planned here
today at the union's annual conven-
tion. An immediate campaign will be
started in the West, with Mrs. Harriet
Stanton Blatch of New York in charge.
The union's board of directors for
next year, elected today, comprises:
Miss Alice Paul, New Jersey; Miss
Lucy Burns, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont,
Mrs. John Winters Brenton, New
York; Mrs. Sibson Gardner, District
of Columbia; Miss Elsie Hill, Connec-
ticut; Mrs. Donald R. Hooker, Mary-
land; Mrs. William Kent, California;
Mrs. Lawrence Lewis, Pennsylvania,
and Miss Anne Martin, Nevada.

COMMERCE.

NEW COUNCIL
ON SHIP CASES.

BRITISH TO HASTEN PRIZE
COURT PROCEDURE.

Organization to be Created in Lon-
don will be Authorized to Deal
with Any Questions and Com-
plaints Which may Emanate from
American Ambassador.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The
special council recently created by the
British government to sit in London
and deal with questions arising out
of restrictions upon neutral com-
merce, will not be limited in its func-
tions, as was at first supposed, to
cases arising out of the detention of
American-owned goods of German
make sought to be exported from Hol-
land and other neutral countries of
North Europe.
It was stated today at the British
Embassy that in addition to acting
on cases of this character, the coun-
cil would be prepared to entertain any
complaints made through American
Ambassadors, or the diplomatic
representatives of neutral powers re-
garding detention of ships, exercise
of the right of search, and in fact
all questions touching the rights of
neutral commerce as affected by the
British orders in council and other
measures incident to the war.
A corps of experts will be em-
ployed by the council capable of giv-
ing technical information upon any
of the complex questions likely to
arise out of the activities of British
cruisers and the application of vari-
ous embargoes. In this way it is be-
lieved that not only will the proceed-
ings in prize courts be shortened, but
that it will be possible in many cases
to dispose entirely with prize court
proceedings.

GREGORY RETAINED.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Stephen
S. Gregory of Chicago, former presi-
dent of the American Bar Associa-
tion, was retained as special counsel
for the Federal Trade Commission.

TYPHUS DEATHS REDUCED.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

GALVESTON (Tex.) Dec. 10.—Dis-
patches from Mexico City received to-
day by the Mexican Consulate say that
the death rate from typhus in the
capital is only slightly higher than
the normal for this season.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

ANCISCO, Dec. 10.—The
transport Buffalo sailed from here to-
day with supplies for the United
States warships at Topolobampo,
Sinaloa, Mex. She will put in at San
Diego on the way south. No orders
have been received so far as to
whether or not marines are to be
taken aboard at San Diego.
The Buffalo was in command of
Lieutenant-Commander Mark St. Clair
Ellis.

TYPHUS DEATHS REDUCED.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

GALVESTON (Tex.) Dec. 10.—Dis-
patches from Mexico City received to-
day by the Mexican Consulate say that
the death rate from typhus in the
capital is only slightly higher than
the normal for this season.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

ANCISCO, Dec. 10.—The
of pupils of San Francisco
schools found themselves
barred from their classes
today because they were
not made as known and
of such work.
The Board of
is to hold a special
to decide what to do
of such societies, and
of pupils were girls and
them belonged to the
receive diploma next
year.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

ANCISCO, Dec. 10.—The
to be superior to the
the law in determining
the law, according to a ruling
today by J. B. Sanford,
of the land. He de-
the title of Fredrick
of land near the
by land's heirs, but
held it undisturbed
he was appointed by
Commissioner of the
Washington, in a
fired today.

ST. A. P. MONT WIRE.

IX (Ariz.) Dec. 10.—The
the first time to
inishment since Ariz-
wash hanged this
o'clock.
was convicted of the
Sherriff Phil Brown,
the scaffold un-
setting his innocent.

Suggestive of Good Things to Come

GLOBE MILLS
"A-1" FLOUR
GLOBE MILLS

Expectancy fills the air.
There is a bustle of preparation in the kitchen. The Christmas plum pudding and the fruit cake must be made in ample time.
"Globe A-1 Flour" will figure largely in these preparations, for those who want a cake and a pudding worthy of the festivities. So be prepared with a sack of "Globe A-1."

Globe Mills
Los Angeles

We can deliver land at \$400 an acre with aqueduct water, within 2600 feet of electric car line.

Parcels of 5 acres or more (WITHIN

Natty Dollarshirt says—

"I'm the man's
Santa
Claus!
Get me?"



There's a pack of smartly-patterned

Dollar Shirts

ready in my shops. Get some for that man!

He'll exclaim—"Bully, just what I needed!"

Add a few of my snappy, rich-hued ties (some value at 50c), and complete his Xmas outfit with a box o' silk socks (4 pairs, \$2.00).

That will make him say—"Now, that's what I call a sensible gift! Classy Shirts, Scarfs, Hosiery—always useful!"

The Dollar Shirt is always certain to delight any man.

Open Evenings until Xmas."

The Dollar Shirt Shops

Shops also in San Francisco, San Diego, New York City,
Newark, New Jersey, and Washington, D. C.

Maxwell

Motor Non Stop Mileage

Reliability, 9109.3 total miles to 4 p. m. yesterday.

Consistency, 501.4 miles averaged daily.

Economy, 22.1 miles per gallon of gasoline.

Maxwell Started Nov. 22nd, at 12:30 P. M.

Still Running Without a Motor Stop

LORD MOTOR CAR CO

Eleventh and Hope Sts.

Phone 45 and 46 for the Maxwell car.

MOTOR CAR
DEALERS
ASSOCIATION
DIRECTORY

CHANDLER—Chandler Motor Car
Co. of Cal. 1144 So. Hope St.
Main 3459, F5047.

BEARDSLEY ELECTRIC—Beards-
ley Electric Co., 1250-1260 W. 7th.
Home phone 53018; Pac. Wil. 788.

BUICK—HOWARD AUTO CO.,
1323 S. Flower St. Home 60009,
Main 9040.

FRANKLIN and SCRIPPS-BOOTH.
Rau & Lang and BAKER ELECT-
RICS, R. C. HAMLIN, 1040 South
Flower. Phone: 60249, Main 7877.

CHALMERS—HUPMOBILE—Greer-
Robbins Co., Twelfth and Flower
Streets. Broadway 5410; A1187.

Our American
Wonderlands

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

In this remarkably interesting and instructive volume Mr. James gives living glimpses of what America offers of anti-
quarian, scenic, geologic and ethnologic interest. He shows
what the public is missing in not "seeing America first," and
claims that our scenic features at least are more wonderful
and alluring than those of Europe. A splendid gift book.

150 Beautiful Illustrations.

Price \$2.50 Net.

A. C. McClary & Co.
Publishers.

GOODYEAR'S Balmacaans and Gabardine Dress
324 South Broadway and Motor Coats for Men and
Women

\$10 WATCHES MONTGOMERY BROS.
Jewelers
4th and Broadway

MANUAL PLAYS
HILLMEN TODAY.Two Hollywood Players are
Declared Ineligible.Tollers Appear to Have the
Odds with Them.Game will Take Place this
Morning.

With the odds heavily against her
in the scrap with Manual this morning
the chances of Hollywood High
were greatly weakened with the an-
nouncement yesterday that Joe Bir-
nbaum and Hoag may not be allowed to
play.

It seems that a last-minute discov-
ery has unearthed the fact that these
pugnacious chasers are five-year men and
ineligible under the interscholastic
rules. Joe has played a good game at
end and Bannister will play at
quarter-back for a part of the game
with Polytechnic High. Hoag has
been a demon guard and graced the
backfield by his presence several
times.

THROUGH SIGNALS.

Joe's brother, Mel, will replace him
at end and Bannister will play at
quarter-back for a part of the game
with Polytechnic High. Hoag has
been a demon guard and graced the
backfield by his presence several
times.

Coach Moody of Hollywood will not
say much concerning the battle. His
boys have been working hard and are
out to put up the best kind of a fight
that is in them. If they do win, and
the odds are heavily against them,
they will pull ahead because of over-
confidence on the part of the Tollers.

Fritch of Manual has not the slight-
est doubt but that his team will cap-
ture the scalp-lock of the Hillmen.
The Tollers boys are just beginning to
hit their stride.

The game will begin at 10 a. m.

The line-up:

Hollywood. Manual.
Bannister. Bannister.
Hoag. Hoag.
Fritch. Fritch.
Moody. Moody.
Bannister. Bannister.
Hoag. Hoag.
Fritch. Fritch.
Moody. Moody.

HOLLYWOOD WINS
AT BASKETBALL.FOOTBALLERS BEAT HARVARD
BY A VERY DECISIVE
SCORE.Harvard Military Academy fell be-
fore Hollywood High's first basket-
ball team in the Hollywood gym yester-
day afternoon. The score was 24
to 12.

Wayman and Prester, forwards for
the Footbills, were the stars of the
game and piled up most of the points.
Ide was in the thick of things for
Harvard.

The line-up:

Hollywood. Harvard.
Wayman. Prester.
Ide. Ide.
Bannister. Bannister.
Hoag. Hoag.
Fritch. Fritch.
Moody. Moody.

HOLLY SECONDS
ARE VICTORIOUS.WALK OVER MILITARY ACADEMY
PLAYERS BY A BIG
SCORE.While the first basketball team was
winning over the Harvard firsts at
Hollywood the Hollywood seconds
walked over a scrub team from the
same school. The score was 28 to 13.

The team lined up as follows:

Hollywood. Harvard.
Wayman. Prester.
Ide. Ide.
Bannister. Bannister.
Hoag. Hoag.
Fritch. Fritch.
Moody. Moody.

TROLLS WILL
FEAST MONDAY.ANNUAL BANQUET WILL BE
HELD AT ROOMS OF
Y.M.C.A.The football players of U.S.C. will
meet Monday evening at the Y.M.C.A.
for their annual banquet and the elec-
tion of the captain for next year. The
two candidates for the job are Phil
Murray and Ed Marxen. Both are
stars and have the markings of a good
captain in them.TROLLS TO MEET
BEARS ON TRACK.ARRANGEMENTS ARE COMPLETE
FOR A CONTEST WITH
NORTHERNERS.Arrangements have been com-
pleted whereby U.S.C. and California
will meet on the track this spring. A
wire was received from Johnny
Stroud yesterday which clinched mat-
ters.The varities will meet at Bovard
Field on March 15, and on March 25
the Trojans will perform in the
north.SECOND TEAM TITLE
WILL BE SETTLED.The second teams of the Manual
Arts and Santa Ana high schools will
play for the scrub championship on
the Manual Arts field this afternoon.
The Manual seconds claim that they
are invincible and the Santa Ana boys
also are confident of victory. A lively
fight is expected, and many fans are
intending to come in from Santa Ana
for the fray.CALLAHAN IS
ON HIS WAY.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH)

EL PASO, Dec. 10.—Jimmy
Callahan, former manager of the
Chicago White Sox, arrived
here today on his way to man-
age the Los Angeles club of the
Pacific Coast League. Callahan
spent the day here and in
Juarez and left tonight for Los
Angeles.

While here he declared that
he would make a pennant-win-
ning team out of the Los An-
geles club if men, money and
hard work would do it. He
declared that he had always
been wanting to go to the Pa-
cific Coast and was now getting
his wish. While in Juarez he
called on Col. Hipolito Villa,
brother of Gen. Villa.

BURKE'S WHITES
BEAT THE REDS.GAME IS A VERY CLOSE AND
EXCITING ONE.

Poul by Hudson Cuts Score of the
Reds Down—Hugh Drury in a
Star—Carleton Burke Makes Dif-
ficult Goal—Game is Finally Called
Because of Darkness.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH)

RIVERSIDE, Dec. 10.—Carleton
Burke's White polo team today won
in a close game against Hugh Drury's
Reds four by a score of 4 to 3. A
foul by Hudson in the third chukkur
put the score of the Red one-half
point.

Hugh Drury was the start perform-
er for the Reds. He made the three
scores for his team, one following a
spectacular dash down the field for
three splendid drives.

Hillyard Lett made three of the
four goals for the Whites. Carleton
Burke, the Midwick star, came
through with a fine goal in the sec-
ond chukkur and was given a recep-
tion by the big crowd of society folks
watching the game from automobiles
and the grand stand.

J. Langford Stack of the Chicago
Polo Club was the referee. The game
stopped the game at the end of the
third chukkur. The score:

WHITE. REDS.
Carleton Burke.....00000000
Hillyard Lett.....00000000
Hugh Drury.....00000000
Total.....00000000

RED.
Hugh Drury.....00000000
Hillyard Lett.....00000000
Carleton Burke.....00000000
Total.....00000000

WHITE.
Carleton Burke.....00000000
Hillyard Lett.....00000000
Hugh Drury.....00000000
Total.....00000000

RED.
Hugh Drury.....00000000
Hillyard Lett.....00000000
Carleton Burke.....00000000
Total.....00000000

WHITE.
Carleton Burke.....00000000
Hillyard Lett.....00000000
Hugh Drury.....00000000
Total.....00000000

RED.
Hugh Drury.....00000000
Hillyard Lett.....00000000
Carleton Burke.....00000000
Total.....00000000

WHITE.
Carleton Burke.....00000000
Hillyard Lett.....00000000
Hugh Drury.....00000000
Total.....00000000

RED.
Hugh Drury.....00000000
Hillyard Lett.....00000000
Carleton Burke.....00000000
Total.....00000000

WHITE.
Carleton Burke.....00000000
Hillyard Lett.....00000000
Hugh Drury.....00000000
Total.....00000000

RED.
Hugh Drury.....00000000
Hillyard Lett.....00000000
Carleton Burke.....00000000
Total.....00000000

WHITE.
Carleton Burke.....00000000
Hillyard Lett.....00000000
Hugh Drury.....00000000
Total.....00000000

RED.
Hugh Drury.....00000000
Hillyard Lett.....00000000
Carleton Burke.....00000000
Total.....00000000

WHITE.
Carleton Burke.....00000000
Hillyard Lett.....00000000
Hugh Drury.....00000000
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Hugh Drury.....00000000
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Hillyard Lett.....00000000
Hugh Drury.....00000000
Total.....00000000

RED.
Hugh Drury.....00000000
Hillyard Lett.....00000000
Carleton Burke.....00000000
Total.....00000000

DOUBLE JUMP
SECRET OUT.McGill Clears up the Mystery
of Kauff's Jump.Giants and Indians Have
Deal for Fed.Pitcher Smith Puts Name to
Seraph Contract.

BY HARRY A. WILLIAMS.
Have just learned the inside story
of Bennis Kauff's jump to the New
York Giants, and his failure to re-
main.

Fans will recall that one bright day
last summer the prize slugger of the
Federal hid himself from Brooklyn
and reported at the Polo Grounds all
replenished in a New York uniform.

Boston protested against McGraw us-
ing him and Bennis returned to Brook-
lyn a greatly chastened young man—
his dream of playing ball in a regular
town having been rudely shattered.

The public generally put this down
as the irresponsible act of a dis-
gruntled player. In fact, it was but
part of a deal which had been care-
fully planned. McGraw had pur-
chased Kauff for \$10,000—not from the
Brooklyn club, but from Jimmy
McGill.

Back of it all is a bit of baseball
history. In the fall of 1913, In-
dianapolis drafted Kauff from one of
the Federal circuits. Bennis had not
yet arrived in a big town scene. He
was hardly known out of his own
township, and the scouts who recom-
mended him did so on the theory that
a long chance sometimes wins.

Indianapolis sent Kauff a contract
for \$200 a month in the spring of
1914. Bennis asked for \$400. As he
had not yet "arrived" in a baseball
scene, this was considered exorbitant
and he was allowed to sign with the
Federal who were just then grabbing
everything in sight.

"Kauff was an unknown quantity,"
said McGill. "Had I paid him \$400 a
month, in order to be consistent it
would have been necessary to boost
some of the men already with me to
\$1000 a month."

Kauff proved to be a star-arrived
over night. He became demoralized
with the Federal, and aspired to play
with New York. He told his troubles
to McGill, and the result was the
sale of the player to the Giants for
\$10,000. C. O. D. Kauff reported to
the Giants at the Polo Grounds today.

The Braves were scheduled with
the Giants. Bennis took his place in
the outfield. He didn't stay long. His
appearance was the signal for an
angry protest from President
Gaffney of Boston. So Bennis packed
up his little grip and beat it back to
Boston.

As McGill was unable to deliver the
player, no money changed hands, but
it is understood that the deal never
was declared off. Kauff still in-
tends that he will be with New York
next season.

"Gaffney has shown himself to be
inconsistent," said McGill. "He pro-
tested Kauff as he had a right to do.
Later, however, he went to the other
extreme. Compton jumped from or-
ganized ball to the Federal and back
again. Later, Gaffney used him on his
contract-breaker in any sense of the word. He
had never signed with Indianapolis,
and Pennsylvania, Carnegie Institute
and the Massachusetts Aggies are sub-
stituted for Virginia Poly and Wash-
ington and Lee."

Smith Signs.
Boots Weber, secretary of the Los
Angeles club, yesterday received the
signed contract of R. W. Smith,
pitcher.

Therefore it is necessary to explain
how the R. W. Smith mentioned here
is, he being unknown here and not
related to any of the Los Angeles
Smiths.

His home is in Centennial, Okla.
He first got his name in the papers
when the Kansas City Federal went
down to Oklahoma and played the
Centennial nine an exhibition game.
Smith won and fanned eighteen of the
Kansas City players—shifted eighteen
deceptive outlaws with his right hand.

Stoval, it is said, made bold to
offer him a Fed contract. But one of
the scouts in the employ of Johnny
Powers advised Smith not to do so, and
later persuaded him to sign with Los
Angeles.

He is a large, vigorous youngster
and on his record seems to be worthy
of a tryout.

Rube to Show.
Eastern players wintering in Los
Angeles opine that Rube Marquard
will prove of some value to Brooklyn
next season. It is their theory that
McGraw's "riding" tactics put the ec-
centric southpaw on the bum. Funny
old game. Marquard's success, it was
generally conceded, was due to Mc-
Graw's patience in nursing him along
for years when he looked the part of
a hopeless bloomer. Now, it is
claimed, McGraw went to the other
extreme and put him on the hummer.
That would seem to make it 50-50.

Funny Experience.
Bob Fisher of the Chicago Cubs, for
whose purchase Jimmy Callahan,
manager of the Angels, has been
dickering for two weeks, had a pecu-
liar experience with Brooklyn.

He was going along there nicely and
playing good ball, when he was, with-
out warning, and for no apparent re-
ason, released to the Toronto club.
What made the action surprising was
that it left the Dodgers without a
shortstop. They had O'Mara coming,
but he was an unknown quantity.
Some of the critics still rate Fisher
as a better shortstop than O'Mara.

Last season Fisher got back into the
club before April of each year, it was
announced today. The new rule was
adopted by the club to prevent in-
jury to the breeding industry by the
racing of immature horses.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS
ARE NOT ALLOWED

JOCKEY CLUB PASSES MEASURE
TO SAVE THE BREEDING
INDUSTRY.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE)
NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—No two-
year-old thoroughbred will be allowed
to race in 1916 or thereafter on the
tracks under the control of the Jockey
Club before April of each year, it was
announced today. The new rule was
adopted by the club to prevent in-
jury to the breeding industry by the
racing of immature horses.

GIRL'S TENNIS
MATCH PLAYED.

Miss Griffin triumphed over Miss
Ashler 6-3, 5-2 in the Polytechnic
High School's tennis tournament
yesterday. Elimination play is being
held at the Dudley Cup tournament
to be held at Santa Monica on
December 17 and 18.

WATER POLO IS
TO START SOON.

With an eye to the opening of the
season the water polo league held
a meeting yesterday afternoon, to talk
over a schedule. A tentative one was
adopted and will be made public in
several days.

The schools in the league are Manual,
Polytechnic, Huntington Park,
Long Beach, Redondo and Inglewood.

GILMAN TO
LEAD HARVARD.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH)

CAMBRIDGE (Mass.) Dec.
10.—Joseph A. Gilman of
Honolulu was elected captain of
the Harvard football team for
1916 at a meeting today of
eligible members of this year's
eleven.BOWLING
NOTES.The much talked of match between the rival
clubs, the C. H. Baker Bowling Club and
the Royal Bowling Club, was played at the
C. H. Baker Bowling Club, 1000 S. Main St.,
last night. The Baker club took the first
game, 300 to 200, and looked as if they were going to
repeat their success in the second game. But the
Royal Bowlers did not lose their nerve and
took the second game, 300 to 200, and looked as if
they were going to repeat their success in the third
game. The Baker club did not lose their nerve
and took the third game, 300 to 200, and looked
as if they were going to repeat their success in the
fourth game. The Baker club did not lose their
nerve and took the fourth game, 300 to 200, and
looked as if they were going to repeat their suc-
cess in the fifth game. The Baker club did not
lose their nerve and took the fifth game, 300 to
200, and looked as if they were going to repeat
their success in the sixth game. The Baker club
did not lose their nerve and took the sixth game,
300 to 200, and looked as if they were going to
repeat their success in the seventh game. The
Baker club did not lose their nerve and took the
seventh game, 300 to 200, and looked as if they
were going to repeat their success in the eighth
game. The Baker club did not lose their nerve
and took the eighth game, 300 to 200, and looked
as if they were going to repeat their success in the
ninth game. The Baker club did not lose their
nerve and took the ninth game, 300 to 200, and
looked as if they were going to repeat their suc-
cess in the tenth game. The Baker club did not
lose their nerve and took the tenth game, 300 to
200, and looked as if they were going to repeat
their success in the eleventh game. The Baker
club did not lose their nerve and took the eleventh
game, 300 to 200, and looked as if they were
going to repeat their success in the twelfth game.
The Baker club did not lose their nerve and took
the twelfth game, 300 to 200, and looked as if
they were going to repeat their success in the
thirteenth game. The Baker club did not lose their
nerve and took the thirteenth game, 300 to 200,
and looked as if they were going to repeat their
success in the fourteenth game. The Baker club
did not lose their nerve and took the fourteenth
game, 300 to 200, and looked as if they were
going to repeat their success in the fifteenth game.
The Baker club did not lose their nerve and took
the fifteenth game, 300 to 200, and looked as if
they were going to repeat their success in the
sixteenth game. The Baker club did not lose their
nerve and took the sixteenth game, 300 to 200,
and looked as if they were going to repeat their
success in the seventeenth game. The Baker club
did not lose their nerve and took the seventeenth
game, 300 to 200, and looked as if they were
going to repeat their success in the eighteenth
game. The Baker club did not lose their nerve
and took the eighteenth game, 300 to 200, and
looked as if they were going to repeat their suc-
cess in the nineteenth game. The Baker club did
not lose their nerve and took the nineteenth game,
300 to 200, and looked as if they were going to
repeat their success in the twentieth game. The
Baker club did not lose their nerve and took the
twentieth game, 300 to 200, and looked as if they
were going to repeat their success in the twenty-
first game. The Baker club did not lose their
nerve and took the twenty-first game, 300 to 200,
and looked as if they were going to repeat their
success in the twenty-second game. The Baker
club did not lose their nerve and took the twenty-
second game, 300 to 200, and looked as if they
were going to repeat their success in the twenty-
third game. The Baker club did not lose their
nerve and took the twenty-third game, 300 to 200,
and looked as if they were going to repeat their
success in the twenty-fourth game. The Baker
club did not lose their nerve and took the twenty-
fourth game, 300 to 200, and looked as if they
were going to repeat

For quick action, Down answers in Times letter boxes in down-
town buildings. The locations of the
are printed in the first column of
the "Down" section.

TO LET— Furnished Rooms

[illegible]

Arizona.

SHERIFF CASH CALLED DOWN

Officials Say He Is Violating the Utility Laws.

Union Blight Descends on Mine Company Stores.

Gov. Turner Intercedes for Walking Delegates.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

CLIFTON (Ariz.) Dec. 8.—The Arizona State Corporation Commission has struck a new and strange note at the Capitol, for it has just addressed a letter to Sheriff J. G. Cash of Greenlee county, in which the officer is "called down" for over-assumption of authority and for violation of the State's public utility laws. The Sheriff is advised of the surprise of the commissioners on learning that he had for two months been operating a public utility plant (the Clifton electric lighting system) without reporting to the commission. A full explanation is demanded. The information that his case should be confined to protecting the property involved. The letter continues: "We note that you appealed to this commission only when the Arizona Copper Company's apparent refusal to pay to the men operating the plant. If the men operating the plant were not selected or employed by the Copper Company, it would appear to us that they were wholly within their rights, morally and legally, in refusing payment of salaries or wages for work selected by your company. This declaration that a corporation has a right to control its own property locally is considered as a violation of the State's public utility laws in the State administration."

THE UNION BLIGHT.

From Morenci there is an intimation that the company stores may have to be closed and the railroad strikers. Over a thousand men lately made a demonstration against L. J. Ryan, store manager for the Copper Company. The men's offense consisted in having complained of the mistreatment of Andres Gonzales, one of his employees. It was charged that Ryan had "beaten" the workmen. Still more to the point, all the store employees who joined in the protest against Ryan's exercise of authority to "beat" their papers from the mob. All in the same mixture is the order of the union for the demonstration to be held at the Southern Railroad. If Ryan goes there will be left no responsible head of the railroad system, and it too, will stop work.

The Morenci Club, provided by the Detroit Company for the comfort of its men, has had to be closed, and the authorities to the store have been "beaten down, one by one, as the better class of workmen leave."

Capt. W. V. Hall, commanding the Arizona National Guard, is in the strike district, has advised the Governor's office that all is quiet.

HUNT AIDS THE MOB.

A fortnight ago the Supervisors of Greenlee county refused to contemplate the closing of the stores. A complaint of 200 of the faithful as deputies, to guard the property they had closed down. Secondly they requested to be armed. A third arrangement, as he is said to have advised the Supervisors that they must provide the Sheriff with the additional force to keep the stores closed. He took charge of the matter and directed the militia to use every means at their command to discourage any further strike. Ryan is being shut down, one by one, as the better class of workmen leave.

The people of Duncan have issued a statement that no workmen are being engaged at that point.

According to the Arizona Herald support from outside, \$4390 coming from Miami alone.

According to a letter purporting to have been written by Strike Leader Powell, the men are "willing to keep this place closed down until the whole outfit rots."

PULP KIDDIES HOSTS.

Will Entertain This Afternoon at Hollywood's Polynesian Fete—Older Stars to Attend This Evening.

Today's programme at the Polynesian fete in Hollywood will feature children in the afternoon, as a reception has been arranged for them by the small "movie" stars from the various producing companies. All the little tots so well known in the pictures, including Baby Early, Henry Butterworth, Baby Hornton, Marjorie Dawn and Billie Jacobs, will be there. The night will be "Universal night," and from indications Universal City will be deserted, for all have promised to be there and all the stars to participate.

The Carter de Havens have been working up their new polynesian fete, and promise a big show. The comedy they will be plenty, as both the Nestor companies, under Al Christie himself, and the L.K.O. companies will compete.

Miss Virginia Calhoun has promised to repeat her history of Hollywood for the children who were unable to attend the day's show. She has secured several new relics loaned by the L.K.O. Hall—firearms used by the earliest Spanish settlers.

At the fete, the stars appear are J. Warren Kerrigan, Miss Lole Webber, and Mrs. Carter de Havens. Eddy Lyons, Les Moran, Jane Novak, and Watson's Royal Scotch Pipe Band will play during the evening.

WANTS MONEY BACK.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

SANTA ANA, Dec. 10.—Anxiety to increase his income caused William Hanks, an Anaheim rancher, to threaten to sue himself. He thought he would pay him 20 per cent, but which now says is utterly worthless. Hanks is a ranchman, and he has a son, and W. C. Atkinson for the return of his fourteen acres, worth \$18,000, mortgaged for \$3500. Hanks says he has been paid \$1000 for the "farmer."

In August, 1914, he was persuaded that stock in the National Funding Company, which had headquarters in Los Angeles, was paying 10 per cent. dividends and had large assets. Hanks took 571 shares of the company, and he says that the company was insolvent. Instead of treasury stock he says that he was given a stock that was owned by the company's secretary and treasurer of the company.

THE CITY
AND ENVIRONS.

EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD.

Death in Junior Republic.

Sophia Eleanor Atwood, widow of Charles F. Atwood, died Thursday at the California Junior Republic in China.

Forming a Society.

A call has been issued to all former Perry county (Illinois) residents in this vicinity to meet in front of the Art Hall, Exposition Park, tomorrow at 3 p.m. The object is to organize a permanent society.

Peer Gint.

Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam will speak on Ibsen's Peer Gint, with Edward Grier's musical suites to Peer Gint, at 10:45 o'clock, next Sunday morning, at the College Theatre, on Hill street, near Fifth street. No admission will be charged.

What was Gained.

The effect upon civilization of the Panama-Pacific Exposition will be the subject of a talk by Mrs. Eva Rugg Harrison, on next Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock, before the People's Church Lyceum in room No. 432, Hanchard Building.

Michigan Pioneer Here.

D. L. Davis, president of the Pioneer Society of Oakland county, Michigan, is in the city for a short time. Friends will give a picnic in his honor at Sycamore Grove next Wednesday afternoon. Oakland county people are invited to attend.

Ohio Society.

At the Ohio Society meeting next Tuesday evening at No. 845 South Figueroa street, Dr. Charles L. Edwards will deliver his illustrated lecture on "The Depths of the Sea." Each member is permitted to invite five Ohioans as guests. New officers will be elected.

The Glendale Poultry Show, which has been in progress in the football city for the past three days, will close this evening after a highly successful exhibition of some 500 fine fowls of nearly every variety. The attendance has exceeded expectations throughout. A feature of the affair was a banquet to the judges at the Gray Hotel Thursday evening with an automobile ride afterward.

Will Feed the Poor.

The Knights of Columbus are completing plans for a great Christmas dinner for the poor of this city, and expect to feed several thousand persons on Christmas Day. A committee of 100 four degree members has been appointed to take charge of this work. Volunteer help will be used wherever possible, so that every cent possible of the contributions for this great dinner will go towards securing food for a vast multitude.

Produce Exchange Banquets.

The Los Angeles Produce Exchange will give an elaborate banquet to 200 guests at the Hotel Alexandria Saturday evening of next week. An entertainment committee of five will have charge of the affair, consisting of Thomas Downes, chairman; Ben Franklin, Chauncey Wells, O. C. Pickrell and E. Davis. Many of the problems that are vital to the produce business will be discussed. A large delegation of railroad men will be present and an effort will be made to obtain their views in regard to improving shipping facilities.

Care of Animals.

During November the Humane Animal Commission examined 322 animals, suspended fifty-two from labor, destroyed twenty-six, issued 121 warnings and reprimands, caused eight arrests, secured six convictions of persons for abuse of animals, and collected \$60 in fines and \$30 for six ambulance calls; also 293 dogs were impounded, 162 destroyed, nineteen redeemed, and twenty-two remained in the pound, and 134 cats were destroyed. Thirty-two head of stock were impounded during the month. To December 1, receipts of the commission were \$24,475.

The Hollywood Carnival Association has been formally organized as a corporation without capital stock, non-profit-making. Its purpose is to hold an annual festival about May 1, and smaller fiestas at intervals through the year. The officers are: Director-general, Col. Charles A. Cooke; vice-director-general and director of membership, C. C. Craig; director of finance, J. B. Wilcox; director of parade and decorations, Joseph W. Norvell; director of music, Mrs. Edward Winter; director of entertainment and concessions, G. G. Greenwood; treasurer, Harlan G. Palmer; executive secretary, H. T. Wright; secretary of publicity, De Furon Giddon.

Clubwoman on National Defense. Mrs. Seward A. Simons, president of the Friday Morning Club, will address the members of the West Washington Boulevard Civic Association and their friends at the Sprague-avenue School Monday evening on "Military Preparedness." About a

month ago Congressman Stephens addressed the association members on the same subject. The Sprague-avenue school building is just west of Lafayette square, north of Washington boulevard.

Armenian Bazaar Continued.

The Armenian women of Los Angeles who are trying to raise funds for relief in Armenia, have decided to continue the benefit bazaar they are giving at No. 729 South Olive street, until tonight. Considerable crowds have been drawn there and, while the patronage has been generous, there are still many beautiful articles waiting to be exchanged into coin.

Scotch Night.

The Men's Brotherhood of the First Congregational Church announces Dr. Robert Freeman of Pasadena as its speaker for the closing meeting of the year next Monday evening. It will be a "Scotch Night," the women of the church are invited and an old-fashioned southern Christmas dinner will be served. The brotherhood quartette will sing and officers will be elected.

Students as Salesmen.

A hundred and thirty-four students at the University of Southern California are anxiously learning how to wrap bundles, return change and say "What else, madame?" preparatory to doing yeoman's service as salesmen during the Christmas rush in the large department stores. The college Y.M.C.A., acting as intermediary, has secured positions as extra salesmen for that number of students. So if the salesman from whom you buy a doll, a pound of candy and a velocipede uses equippable verbiage in assuring you of their hyperbolic desirability you will know the reason.

PERSONALS.

Dr. Samuel M. Slocum, a local physician, has returned to his home after an absence of three months in San Francisco.

WANTS ONLY LIBERTY.

To be Let Alone All Asked by Wife Who Alleges she was Beaten, Choked and Threatened.

"All that I want is to be let alone." That is the plea of Mrs. Augusta C. Bolik after seventeen years of married life, two of which were rather stormy, she alleges. No alimony, just liberty is all she seeks by her divorce complaint filed yesterday.

A year of separation from her husband, marked by frequent meetings, beatings and chokings, she alleges, culminated last Thanksgiving Day when he met her on a downtown street, slapped her face and, smiling at the smart sting, said: "There's something to be thankful for."

He was arrested and convicted in the Police Court only has he been beaten and choked her, she alleges, but many times threatened to kill her, declaring that on some dark night he would bring a ladder, climb into her room at No. 916 Francisco street and dispatch her from all troubles. Lee Roy E. Keeler is her attorney.

Bolik is a decorator and resides at No. 1055 Byram street. The couple married in Germany in 1899 and came to this country and then a disagreement two years ago. He is 50 years of age and the wife 45.

CHARGE POCKET-PICKING.

A Russian woman giving her name as Ida Clayborn, address unknown, was arrested at Sixth and Broadway yesterday afternoon by private detectives charged with being a pick-pocket. According to the arresting officers three coin purses, containing small amounts of money, were found in her possession. One of these purses, it is alleged, was later identified as the property of Mrs. H. G. Lynch, No. 1654 Toberman street.

BUSINESS BRIEVITIES.

Doctor W. F. Huddell announces that he still retains his office at 202 1/2 South Broadway, under the personal management of Mrs. Huddell until his return. Only experienced dentists are employed, and the same high grade work which Doctor Huddell established is maintained. Both old and new friends and patients will be given most careful attention.

Weaver Roofing is a strong waterproof fabric that can be applied over old roofs of any kind. Expert report and estimate without charge. Weaver Roof Co., manufacturers roll roofing and waterproofing, 329-341 East Second street. F2555, Broadway 784.

For quick action drop answers to Times "liners" in Times liner boxes in downtown office buildings. The locations of the boxes are printed in the first column of The Times "liner" section.

Ostrich eggs \$1, delivered anywhere. Cawston Ostrich Farm, downtown store, 723 South Broadway.

The Times Branch Office, No. 619 South Spring street. Advertisements and subscriptions taken.

Radium for Rheumatism. 325 W. 3d.

The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel
Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices

Myer Siegel & Co.

443-445-447 South Broadway

Extra Special

Nearly 200
Women's, Small Women's and Misses'

Fur Trimmed Suits at \$14.50

Suit Values never heretofore offered. This selection includes all favorite fabrics and weaves as well as the very newest styles. Remember the special price only \$14.50. (Second Floor)

Ostrich Boas

These fluffy Boas, which add charm to any costume, we offer in lovely color combinations and in black and white. Very appropriate for Holiday gifts. Specially priced at... \$1.95 up (Main Floor)

Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices
The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel

ALLIGATOR PEARS 10c

Or AVOCADOS 10c up

Just For Today

408 LUDWIG-MATTHEWS CO.,

West Seventh Street.

Home A2238
F4847

AUCTION

REAL ESTATE—WEST ADAMS HEIGHTS.
SATURDAY, 2 P.M.
2378 West 21st St.

Just West of Berkeley Square.
Modern bungalow of 7 rooms, hardwood floors, tile bath, all built-in features. Garage, Lot 6x10.10 ft. to alley, street, sidewalk and sewer work all in. All assessments paid. Exclusive neighborhood, surrounded on all sides by beautiful homes. Situated in one of the most exclusive residence districts of the city.

BONA FIDE SALE.—A rare chance to buy high grade property in restricted district at public sale. Take West Washington St. cars to Cimarron St., walk south to 31st St. For further information, call up Auctioneers. Phone F2146, Broadway 2146.

REED & HAMMOND, Auctioneers.

THOS. B. CLARK

General Auctioneer and
Importer of Antique Furniture
840 SOUTH HILL STREET
F1907, Broadway 1921

Rhoades & Rhoades
REAL ESTATE, LIVE STOCK
AND GENERAL AUCTIONEERS
Guaranteed estimates on household furniture or bought outright for cash.
Salesroom 1501-5 South Main. Both phones—Main 1259; Home 25679.

B. FORER CO.

Auction and Commission House
201 No. Spring St.

We buy for cash and advance money on stocks of merchandise of every description.
Phone: MEWY 1273-7449

AUCTION

J. J. ROEMAN,
Auction and Commission House
General Auctioneer,
Furniture, Merchandise, Pictures,
Office and Salesroom, 112-114-116 Court St.
(Between Spring and Main.)
Main 2114. —PHONE 228— F4314

AUCTION

EXTRAORDINARY!
Very fine furniture auction
Monday, December 13th, 5 p.m.
506 N. Kenmore Ave.
Take Heliotrope Drive to Kenmore Ave.
BIG ALL-DAY FURNITURE AUCTION!
Tuesday, December 14th, 9:30 a.m.
Fidelity Storage Warehouse
W. Washington St. and Arapahoe.
STROUBE & HULL, Auctioneers. M. 3215; 32152.

-FULL DRESS-

—the Overcoat

One of the important requisites of Full Dress is the Overcoat. We can supply you with these street coverings for Formal Attire in any of the desirable styles—the Full Dress Overcoat, Inverness, Cape Overcoat or the Military Cape which has a five yard sweep and is made from one piece of material.

These at lowest prices.

Wolf & Bean

THE FULL DRESS MEN
310-112 Merchants
Bank Building
6th and Spring — F2316
65 Spring — 65V6034

Make Reservations NOW for
New Year's Eve.

GOSH!
THAT'S
HAIR-RISING!

BULL-ETIN

A FRENCH SOMMET
HAS DISCOVERED
A WAY TO PREVENT
EYELASHES AND
EYEBROWS.

A harrowing discovery.
Another harrowing discovery is to find your hand-me-down suit fitting like a house afire after a few weeks' wear.

But get into a splendid made-to-measure Brauer suit for perfect comfort, natty appearance and perfect fit. For 18 years Brauer's have been TAILORS TO MEN WHO KNOW.

Suits and Overcoats,
\$20 to \$50.

A.K. Brauer & Co.

TAILORS TO MEN WHO KNOW
Two Spring Street Stores
345-347 and 529-527K
TIMES CIRCULATION FOR NOVEMBER, 1915.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

I, Harry Chandler, Assistant General Manager of the Los Angeles Times, being duly sworn, depose upon oath that the following is a true and correct copy of the daily circulation of said newspaper for the month of November, 1915:

NOVEMBER, 1915.		Copies
November 1	1915	61,210
November 2	1915	61,210
November 3	1915	61,210
November 4	1915	61,210
November 5	1915	61,210
November 6	1915	61,210
November 7	1915	61,210
November 8	1915	61,210
November 9	1915	61,210
November 10	1915	61,210
November 11	1915	61,210
November 12	1915	61,210
November 13	1915	61,210
November 14	1915	61,210
November 15	1915	61,210
November 16	1915	61,210
November 17	1915	61,210
November 18	1915	61,210
November 19	1915	61,210
November 20	1915	61,210
November 21	1915	61,210
November 22	1915	61,210
November 23	1915	61,210
November 24	1915	61,210
November 25	1915	61,210
November 26	1915	61,210
November 27	1915	61,210
November 28	1915	61,210
November 29	1915	61,210
November 30	1915	61,210
Total		1,836,300

Average for every day in November, 1915, 61,210.
Total for month of November, 1915, 1,836,300.

Witness my hand and the Seal of the County of Los Angeles, California, this 11th day of December, 1915.

H. C. CHAPMAN,
Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, California.

S-Y-Chile

"Makes a hundred dishes more delicious"

FREE RECIPE BOOK

INDESTRUCTO TRUNKS
Are Guaranteed
For Five Years
Against Rust, Fire,
Loss or Theft.

INDESTRUCTO SHOP
224 West Fifth

JESBERG'S

Walk-Over

Boot Shops
612 So. Broadway — Cor. Fourth & Spring

\$15 to \$20 Values
Suits and
Overcoats
at \$11.85

SACRIFICIAL SALE.
CHARLES W. KENNIS CLOTHING CO.
309-311 E. Spring St.

RUPTURE

Dr. Joseph Pandey, European specialist, cures all curable ruptures permanently, no matter how long standing nor the age of the patient. Operation or injection not detention from business. For further investigation call at my office, 1421 Bantue St., Los Angeles, Cal. Phone Broadway 4314. Hours to 11 a. to 8 p., except Sunday.

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MADE IN U.S.A.
GUARANTEED OVERS CALIFORNIA
PIONEER PAPER CO. 241-251 S. LA ST.

Watches for Gifts

A constant reminder of the giver. A dependable watch is a worthy gift.

Samuel's
743 South Broadway

CHICAGO AND EAST

EVERY DAY
Through Salt Lake City

LOS ANGELES LIMITED
PACIFIC LIMITED
OVERLAND EXPRESS
OBSERVATION, SLEEPING, AND DINING CARS
TICKETS AT 401 SOUTH SPRING STREET

For Your Health's Sake

Eat WHOLE WHEAT HEALTH BREAD. Little sugar, starch, or yeast. Physicians recommend it for stomach, bowel and kidney trouble. Order your grocer. Made exclusively by PACIFIC BAKING COMPANY, 1802 Tennessee St.

Don't fail to see Bartlett Music Co., opp. City Hall, about a Christmas piano. We will suit you and make lowest prices and terms.

THE WEATHER.

(Official Report.)

LOCAL OFFICE. U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, Los Angeles, Dec. 10.—(Reported by Fred A. Carpenter, Local Forecaster.) At 5 o'clock a.m. the thermometer registered 80.1; at 2 p.m., 80.0. Thermometer for the corresponding hour showed 71 deg. and 58 deg. Relative humidity, 5 a.m., 80 per cent.; 2 p.m., 61 per cent. Wind, 5 a.m., northeast, velocity 5 miles; 2 p.m., southeast, velocity 8 miles. Highest temperature, 64 deg.; lowest, 49 deg. Rainfall for season, 2.72 inches; last season, 1.34 inches. Barometer reduced to sea level.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.—The eastern area of low pressure is clearing light precipitation in Pennsylvania and northward to the valley of the St. Lawrence River. The ridge of high pressure slowly eastward, and the northwestern end of low pressure took a southeasterly course and is centered over Oklahoma. This movement was attended by showers of rain in Wyoming and North Dakota, and by a depression in fall in Los Angeles and vicinity by cloudy and heavy weather conditions, becoming threatening, Saturday.

STATE FORECAST.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—(Weather forecast: San Francisco and vicinity: Occasional rain Saturday. Moderate to heavy rain Sunday. Bay fog Sunday. Northern California: Occasional rain Saturday; southerly wind, high along the coast. Sacramento, Santa Clara and San Joaquin valleys: Occasional rain Saturday; light south wind. Southern California: Cloudy and unsettled weather Sunday; light southerly and heavy weather conditions, becoming threatening, Saturday.

ARIZONA FORECAST.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Forecast for Arizona: Rainy and southerly for the next 24 hours. Not much change in temperature.

UTAH FORECAST.—Heavy rain Sunday and Monday. The U. S. Reclamation Service: Grand height Colorado River, 16.40 feet; discharge, 6900 second-foot.

Opera Glasses

Will Please Her

The gift supreme—something she will appreciate as a lasting remembrance of the donor. We show "Lennax" glasses, with extra fine lenses in the gold, silver, pearl and leather, from \$7.00 up. Eyes examined and all kinds of lenses fitted for longrange, Oxford eye glasses, etc.

Horne & Brown

Quality Opticians
329 West Seventh St.

Protect Yourself!

AT FOUNTAINS, HOTELS, OR ELSEWHERE
Get

HORLICK'S

THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK

The Food-drink for All Ages.
Delicious, invigorating and sustaining.
Keep it on your sideboard at home.
Don't travel without it.
A quick lunch prepared in a minute.
Unless you say "HORLICK'S" you may get a Substitute.

Subscribe to the

CHRONICLE

San Francisco's Leading
Daily and Sunday Paper.

You cannot afford to overlook its special Sunday features, which team with interest.

Subscription and advertising rates given upon application to the Los Angeles representative of the Chronicle.

F. A. TAYLOR,
434 So. Hill St.

FREE HELPS for

Poultrymen

Helping poultrymen has been our business for 44 years. We will gladly serve you. The experts connected with the PRATT EXPERIMENT STATION will give you dependable advice on all poultry matters free of charge.

They will tell you how best to house, feed and manage poultry for profit. How to hatch and raise chicks. How to avoid and treat poultry diseases. Write them your questions—they will give you personal advice FREE!

Ask for free poultry books

Poultry Service Department
PRATT FOOD CO. Philadelphia

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND
Largest and Best Purgative
Pills in the World and Gold Medal
Winners at the World's Fair
Take no other. Buy of your
DRUGGIST or send for a
FREE TRIAL BOX.

MADE IN U.S.A.
PIONEER PAPER CO. 241-251 S. LA ST.

HARBOR INVESTMENTS

of all kinds.
Excursions every week.
F. P. NEWPORT CO.,
206 Central Building.

ARMY & NAVY STORE

526 So. Main St.

In addition to our U. S. Army Blankets we have a fine line of Hudson Bay Blankets.

Don't fail to see these. Write for catalogue.

The Electric Lighting Supply Co.

216 West Third St.
Home F6497—Sunset Main 3462

VITAL RECORDS

MARRIAGE LICENSES
The following marriage licenses were issued during the week ending December 10, 1915:

EDWARD E. WESTWORTH, 45, of Los Angeles, to Edna E. Westworth, 45, of Los Angeles. Issued by J. A. Leachman, 25, of Los Angeles. License No. 10,000.

EDWARD E. WESTWORTH, 45, of Los Angeles, to Edna E. Westworth, 45, of Los Angeles. Issued by J. A. Leachman, 25, of Los Angeles. License No. 10,001.

EDWARD E. WESTWORTH, 45, of Los Angeles, to Edna E. Westworth, 45, of Los Angeles. Issued by J. A. Leachman, 25, of Los Angeles. License No. 10,002.

EDWARD E. WESTWORTH, 45, of Los Angeles, to Edna E. Westworth, 45, of Los Angeles. Issued by J. A. Leachman, 25, of Los Angeles. License No. 10,003.

EDWARD E. WESTWORTH, 45, of Los Angeles, to Edna E. Westworth, 45, of Los Angeles. Issued by J. A. Leachman, 25, of Los Angeles. License No. 10,004.

EDWARD E. WESTWORTH, 45, of Los Angeles, to Edna E. Westworth, 45, of Los Angeles. Issued by J. A. Leachman, 25, of Los Angeles. License No. 10,005.

EDWARD E. WESTWORTH, 45, of Los Angeles, to Edna E. Westworth, 45, of Los Angeles. Issued by J. A. Leachman, 25, of Los Angeles. License No. 10,006.

EDWARD E. WESTWORTH, 45, of Los Angeles, to Edna E. Westworth, 45, of Los Angeles. Issued by J. A. Leachman, 25, of Los Angeles. License No. 10,007.

EDWARD E. WESTWORTH, 45, of Los Angeles, to Edna E. Westworth, 45, of Los Angeles. Issued by J. A. Leachman, 25, of Los Angeles. License No. 10,008.

EDWARD E. WESTWORTH, 45, of Los Angeles, to Edna E. Westworth, 45, of Los Angeles. Issued by J. A. Leachman, 25, of Los Angeles. License No. 10,009.

EDWARD E. WESTWORTH, 45, of Los Angeles, to Edna E. Westworth, 45, of Los Angeles. Issued by J. A. Leachman, 25, of Los Angeles. License No. 10,010.

DEATHS

With funeral services.

EDWARD E. WESTWORTH, 45, of Los Angeles, died December 10, 1915. Burial in the Los Angeles National Cemetery. Funeral services at 2 p.m. at the Los Angeles National Cemetery.

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YOUR CH

—BLACKS—

Whether you buy now or later, you will find the store to patronize for your Christmas shopping.

Nothing but the best in quality and price. We have the store to patronize for your Christmas shopping.

Coquette

50

A fine, fresh, new lot of elegant, made of emerald and other silks—exquisite Christmas remembrance.

Blackstone

—TH—

You speak of the best? Ask the opinion of anyone who has won a permanent—Very latest styles received.

—Women's two-clasp gloves, \$1.50, \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

—Women's two-clasp gloves, \$2.25.

—Children's Mocha gloves, \$1.25.

Glove and Mitt

—If you are not sure of what you want to give, then give us up to any amount.

Furs for

1 to 15 Years—

A choice selection of very happiness to the heart of—Muff and scarf sets, come in Angora, Leopard, etc.

Children's

—Ultra stylish, dashing sweaters in black and white and \$5.00.

—Also stunning little fur coats to \$12.00.

FREE HELPS for

Poultrymen

Helping poultrymen has been our business for 44 years. We will gladly serve you. The experts connected with the PRATT EXPERIMENT STATION will give you dependable advice on all poultry matters free of charge.

They will tell you how best to house, feed and manage poultry for profit. How to hatch and raise chicks. How to avoid and treat poultry diseases. Write them your questions—they will give you personal advice FREE!

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THE DIAMOND BRAND
Largest and Best Purgative
Pills in the World and Gold Medal
Winners at the World's Fair
Take no other. Buy of your
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Excursions every week.
F. P. NEWPORT CO.,
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In addition to our U. S. Army Blankets we have a fine line of Hudson Bay Blankets.

Don't fail to see these. Write for catalogue.

The Electric Lighting Supply Co.

216 West Third St.
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—Handsome silk stockings—A new onyx creation in vertical boot effects.

JOYLAND DOORS TO OPEN WIDE.

Carnival's Gaieties Begin with a Rush Tonight.

Midgits and Wild West Show Among Star Features.

Santa is to Greet Kiddies; Race for Crown Lively.

With the blaze of two big bands of music the Los Angeles Prosperity Carnival and Indoor Fair will open at 8 o'clock tonight in the old Boston Store Building, No. 229 South Broadway. Scores of well-known amusement enterprise promoters, who have been on the scene for more than a week, completed their arrangements last night for the entertainment of the thousands of visitors who will view the features at the carnival during the next thirty days.

The wedding of Mr. Midgits and Miss Midgits, popular residents of the Midgits City, one of the leading attractions of the fair, will be conducted immediately after the merry-making begins tonight. The prospective bride is 23 inches tall and her fiancé 23 inches. She is an enthusiastic suffragette and declares she is interested in every movement for the vote-for-women cause.

Princess Winona arrived yesterday with her Miniature Wild West Show, after a successful run at the San Francisco exposition. The princess was formerly with the 101 Ranch and is well known in Southern California. Daily performance will be given by Miss Winona and her troupe during the carnival.

Hundreds of valuable pigeons and rabbits have been listed among the entries in the rabbit and pigeon show, which will be a part of the fair. Pasadena and Los Angeles clubs will strive for honors in this interesting exhibit.

And there will be a cat show, with all sorts of members of the great feline family. Some of them have been imported for this exhibit and others have been brought from different parts of this country after winning valuable prizes.

The little folks are not to be forgotten by the committees in charge of the carnival programmes. One of the biggest Christmas trees ever brought to this city will be a part of the fair. Santa Claus will distribute toys and other gifts from this big tree to all the kiddies who visit the fair during the holiday week. Miss Margaret Moran, a member of the Women of Woodcraft and the candidate of that organization, was the latest entry yesterday in the contest for coronation honors at the carnival. She entered the race with more than a thousand votes and holds the lead in this merry queen contest.

MORE CARE FOR CHILD IS PLEA.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS URGES TEACHERS TO GREATER EFFORT.

Shaping the environment for the child in its leisure hours to provide better protection for its development, and the necessity of deeper co-operation between teachers in the interests of economy to save departmental work threatened by the cut in the budget, were the two topics of Superintendent of Schools Francis yesterday afternoon in an address to more than 1200 teachers and school workers. The auditorium of the Polytechnic High School was crowded to overflowing.

Supt. Francis characterized it as a pre-Christmas talk. But it was almost entirely a child's welfare speech.

"This time has come throughout the country that we must do more for the best development of the child," he said. "The child's leisure hours must be provided for. If the parents do not see that this leisure time is spent for the best interests of the child, we, the teachers, must lend our hand. We do not want some other organization must. There are too many evil influences for the child who has the leisure on its own hands."

"We must afford those recreations which will build up character; we must provide for play, music, games, mechanics, drama, library and reading, and offer inducements appealing to the child. We must provide the place to go, and see that the work is such that the child will choose it and benefit therefrom."

Speaking on the cut in the school budget Mr. Francis pointed out that many lines of work have been undertaken for which the larger budget was necessary and these are threatened unless there is co-operation and a study of economy.

"Take care of your work, and the finances will take care of itself," he said. "We must do the best that is in us and there will be adjustment."

JAPANESE MAKE A FIND.

Locate a Nipponese Stone in Washington Monument that Even Careaker did not know was there. Very studious Japanese and careful observers are James K. Sakamoto and S. Ishikawa, who arrived in Los Angeles yesterday on a tour of America to get material for forthcoming works in their native tongue on sociological and economic subjects. They found in the Washington Monument, at Washington, D. C., an inscribed native Japanese stone that not even the caretaker knew was there and which is mentioned in new descriptive articles concerning the great shaft.

The stone is a small one set in the interior of the shaft about half way up—204 feet from the bottom. Mr. Sakamoto says. He measured it, besides taking a number of photographs of it and a huge tracing of its inscription. The latter, translated reads: "Exported from the harbor of Simoda in the province of Izu, the fifth month of the year Ansei Tora, April, 1852." Mr. Sakamoto does not know who made the inscription but he is of the opinion that the stone was brought to this country by Commodore Perry, to whom history accords chief credit for opening to civilization the gates of the island empire.

The two Japanese are at the Maryland Hotel for their two-weeks' stay in Los Angeles. Mr. Sakamoto is a graduate of the University of Minnesota. His tour of study has already occupied three years. He expects to return to Japan ultimately.

In the Brilliant Prosperity Carnival.



Princess Winona and Miss Jane Greene.

The former, on horseback, is a crack rifle shot, and brings her miniature Wild West show here. Miss Greene is a contestant for carnival queen.

Blocked. WHOLE COUNTY ONE COMMUNITY

WOULD BRING AID NEARER TO HEART OF CITY.

Electric Railway Head Tells of Two Great Improvements Which are Thwarted by Increased Taxes and Decreased Earnings Due to Practically Untaxed Jitneys.

Making Los Angeles city and county one great community, with very few towns of importance more than forty minutes from the heart of the city, is contingent on two improvements, declared President Shoup of the Pacific Electric yesterday in an address before the Proximo Club.

"Construction of the elevated road back of the Pacific Electric station," he said, referring to the Main-street terminal, "connecting with the private right of way beyond the river and with the private right of way of the Long Beach line, would fairly revolutionize our service and bring the eastern and southern parts of Los Angeles county much nearer in the matter of time to the heart of the city."

"We are earning prospects such that we could build the subway to the west, that, in connection with the elevated, would indeed make Los Angeles city and county one great community, with very few towns of importance more than forty minutes away from the heart of the city."

However, increased taxes and growing competition by motor vehicles, Mr. Shoup stated, have made serious inroads on the earnings of the Pacific Electric. He estimated the road's taxes for the year ending June 30, 1916, at \$115,000, an increase, based on gross revenue, of from 4 per cent. to 8 1/2 per cent. in three years.

Speaking of the disposition to heap increased burdens on the railroads and leave the "jitney bus" and the motor truck operate under little or no restrictions, Mr. Shoup stated that the Pacific Electric is vitally interested in the upkeep of highways.

"Our records show," he said, "that during the past four years the Pacific Electric has contributed \$1,229,000 toward the construction and maintenance of good roads and streets in the territory served by its lines, and this without reference to the reduced rates made for the movement of road-making material for the county and State."

"This amount was made up by assessments against rights of way, the estimated taxes mentioned, paving of streets, maintenance of pavement, installing crossings, signals and signs and maintaining them. This is a serious burden, making it necessary to find for good road purposes over \$400,000 every year."

Mr. Shoup also estimated that the Pacific Electric has contributed \$160,000 to the people the past four years through reduced rates on road-making material, the Santa Fe \$77,000 and the Salt Lake \$22,000.

"I mention these figures because I want it particularly well understood," said Mr. Shoup, "that the railroads are not fighting good highways. We believe in them. We believe in what-ever makes and develops a community, but we do think that these highways, if used as roadbeds for common carriers, should have part of their upkeep borne by them. I mean the jitney buses and the motor trucks."

TROUBADOURS.

A troupe of Spanish troubadours from the Panama-California Exposition will give two entertainments in the Polytechnic High School auditorium, under the auspices of the Modern Language Association, at 3 o'clock this afternoon, and again this evening. The dancing by Senorita Bella Sevilla, character songs by Senorita Bella Toledo and violin solos by Senor Guerra are features of the programme. The concert was given in the Los Angeles High School auditorium last night and was well received.

Every new piano at reduced prices for ten days. One whole year's payments free. Autopiano, A. B. Chase, Schumann, Kohler and Campbell. Chance of a lifetime. See Bartlett Music Co., 231 S. Broadway, opp. City Hall.

A Foothold Gained.

(Continued from First Page.)

gasoline, distillate, horses, mules, hogs, flour, wagons, drugs, cotton, eggs, tires for automobiles, iron and steel, cotton seed, leather, sugar, vegetables and lumber.

Principal exports to various countries: Canada, automobiles, oranges and fuel oil; Nicaragua, malt liquors; Chile, fuel oil; Hawaii, fuel oil, gasoline, distillate and manufactures of cotton; Mexico, hogs, horses, mules, wheat flour, wagons, medicines, cotton, colored cloths, manufactures of cotton, eggs, automobile tires, manufactures of iron and steel, harness, cotton seed, sugar, beans and lumber.

The following table shows the comparative statement of imports and exports during November, 1915, as compared with the same month in 1913, before the beginning of the war:

IMPORTS.		
Country—	1913.	1915.
Austria	1,792
Belgium	4,751
France	32,684	3,458
Germany	39,782
Italy	4,275	8,707
Russia	1,074
England	24,556	3,261
Canada	30,710	39,412
Mexico	285,704	279,142
Japan	113,258	29,570

EXPORTS.		
Country—	1913.	1915.
Canada	2,453	9,860
Costa Rica	225
Honduras	252
Nicaragua	1,287
Mexico	75,119	124,808
Chile	4,260
Hawaii	16,390
China	150
France	18,135
New Zealand	175
England	2,400
Netherlands	2,923
Germany	2,556
Norway	500
Belgium	2,108
Australia	685

BANKRUPT TRAGEDY.
A tragedy in domestic life was revealed yesterday in a bankruptcy petition filed by C. E. Carpenter, a book-keeper of this city. He gave his debts as \$4741, nearly all due physicians in Denver and Los Angeles. His wife had been ill for a number of years before her death. His assets are given as \$350, all exempt.

Come!

There are more than 20 different Gift assortments ranging in price from \$1 to \$7.



JEVNE'S

"Where Prices are Lowest for Safe Quality."

Did You Attend to Ordering Those Gifts?

It's getting along toward Christmas—be sure you see those irresistible California Gift Packages. Every day the crowds grow larger at our Sixth and Broadway Store—for Californians appreciate that no gift can more appropriately convey the happy, golden, sunny California Christmas Spirit to those "Back East" than a beautiful basket overflowing with a bountiful assortment of the wonderful products of our groves and orchards. Better "Shop Early"—come down TODAY. Christmas is almost here when you consider the time for the gifts to travel. Just tell us "how many" and "where to"—we attend to the rest—packing, shipping, etc. At prices named we prepay Express Charges to any Express Office in the United States—guaranteeing Safe Delivery of the Gift.

HOME 10651 BROADWAY
TWO H. JEVNE CO. 4900
STORES! COR-SIXTH & BROADWAY
208-10 SO. SPRING STREET

Doubtful?
A Merchandise
Order.



A Choice of Two Choice Gifts Smoking Jackets Lounging Robes

Add to HIS comfort and you make him happy. Thoughtful consideration is displayed in the selection of either of these two gifts.

Smoking Jackets

Wool, silk or velvet in browns, blues, greens, reds, checks and plaids. Braid bound collars, pockets, cuffs and lapels—an enormous selection in sizes 35 to 46.

\$5.00 to \$25.00

Lounging Robes

Silk, broadcloth, blanket cloth or terry cloth robes—fastened with silk cords, belts or buttoned. Pockets and collars braid bound.

\$3.50 to \$50.00

Harris & Frank

437-443 SOUTH SPRING ST.

Known For Better Values

Grand Prize, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915
Grand Prize, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa



The Food Drink Without a Fault
Made of high-grade cocoa beans, skillfully blended and manufactured by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals; it is absolutely pure and wholesome, and its flavor is delicious, the natural flavor of the cocoa bean.

The genuine bears this trade-mark, and is made only by

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Gift Givers

Big Saving SALE

Here you will find a wondrous amount of useful and acceptable gifts "him" at genuine reduction from retail prices. A visit will convince you of the wonderful economy of Christmas gifts that we are showing. Shop early.

Give "Him" a Hat Order

There are gifts and gifts—but none more appreciated than an order for a Siegel hat. The name Siegel is "his" of correct style and proper fit.

Shirts

\$1.50 Oxford and golf shirts made of high grade materials in many pleasing colors and patterns, \$1.00.

\$2.00 Figue and Madras shirts with soft cuffs attached in pleasing colors, \$1.35.

\$2.50 and \$3.00 imported silk mixed linen and madras with satin stripes in galaxy of seasonable designs and colors, \$1.35.

\$6.00 guaranteed all silk shirts with satin stripes, a most exclusive gift, in mammoth colors and pattern creations. A special purchase of mill run made permits us to sell these for the unusual price of \$2.65.

Neckties

The fine quality silk four-in-hand in extreme and conservative patterns, \$1.00.

\$1.00 extra quality silk tie in unusual designs and colors, \$1.00.

\$1.50 heavy all silk neckties in exclusive patterns and extra wide ends, \$1.00.

\$2.00 imported silk tie made from exceptionally heavy and the quality material in truly beautiful designs and colors \$1.35.

Other Him

\$10 high grade silk hat in many colors, \$1.00.

\$1.50 Shaker rough-cut hat in many colors, \$1.00.

To match fabric and color to \$1.

Also handkerchiefs, socks, underwear, shoes, etc., at full dress sale.

Siegel's

349 S. SPRING

You can find just what will make "his" Christmas happiest at Siegel's.



2 P.M. and NO lunch?

E-C's for yours—the toasted corn flakes with the inviting flavor.

At the better hotels and restaurants.

If you lunch at home, keep your pantry stocked with E-C Corn Flakes.

10 cents at all good grocers. DON'T ACCEPT SUBSTITUTES



co, 1915
ge, 1915

Cocoa

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ully blended and
process, without
pure and whole-
tural flavor of the

made only by

Co. Ltd.

RCHESTER, MASS.

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LE

find a wondrous array
acceptable gifts for
ine reduction from ne-
visit will convince you
erful economy in the
ts that we are showing

Hat Order

ore appreciated by "the
me Siegel is "his" assu-

Other Hints

the high grade silk hose is all
and since \$2.
\$1.50 double rough-neck ball
in many colors, \$2.50.

IMPORTED CARS

To maintain fabrics and garments
to \$1.

Also handkerchiefs, hosiery, pajamas,
underwear, caps, collar bands and
full dress sets.

gel's
PRING

ted corn
flavor.

aurants.

our pan-

Flakes.

CEPT SUBSTITUTION

WIFE'S CHEER RESTORES HIM.

WOMAN FINDS TRYING DAY AT
HUSBAND'S SIDE.

Returned to Cot in Receiving Hos-
pital, Man Who Had Prepared for
His Own Death is Brought Back
to Normal by Patient Efforts of
Wife.

After a long and painful illness, a man who had prepared for his own death, was brought back to normal by the patient efforts of his wife. The man, who had been in the hospital for several weeks, was brought back to his home by his wife, who had been with him throughout his illness. The man's condition was so bad that he had been given up for dead, but his wife's persistent care and attention brought him back to life.

On his cot, Mr. Mosley, who had been in the hospital for several weeks, was brought back to his home by his wife, who had been with him throughout his illness. The man's condition was so bad that he had been given up for dead, but his wife's persistent care and attention brought him back to life.

Dr. A. Bryant, physician of the hospital, said that the man's recovery was a remarkable one. He had been in the hospital for several weeks, and his condition was so bad that he had been given up for dead. But his wife's persistent care and attention brought him back to life.

WOMEN TO
"THE TIMES."

Women who work for wages, and who are not paid as much as they should be, are the subject of an article in "The Times" this morning. The article is a plea for better wages and conditions for women workers.

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out of her life when she starts in to be a wage-earner; consequently, the home suffers, society at large, the State and the nation suffer, because of these women who would "help out."

And it is all done with no evil intentions—at least, they do not realize it. If she would keep her place in her heart, make a good housekeeper of herself, learn to save that they may live on his wages, and let him care for her and keep her; let him maintain his God-given manhood and pride; if she would keep him optimistic and let him have something to live for and a place he can rightfully call "home"—then the State would prosper in accordance with the happiness in that home.

CLARE E. HUNT.

MUST PRODUCE BOOKS.

Ohio Corporation Sues Guarantor of Local Concern to Recover Large Sum Alleged to be Due.

The suit of the 'Acorn Refining Company of Cleveland against Charles Frankish of this city to recover about \$13,000 alleged to be due from him as guarantor for F. F. Foster & Co., dealers in contractors' supplies, was continued until next January by Federal Judge Trippett yesterday. At the close of arguments Judge Trippett made an order requiring the Ohio company to produce its books in court. Alleged copies from the books of the entries covering the transactions involved in the suit were presented by the company's attorneys, but these were not satisfactory to the court, and the trial went over, to give time to secure the originals.

Mr. Frankish contends that his guarantor for the Foster company was limited to \$5000; also, that conditions of the agreement between the Acorn company and the Foster company were not complied with by the Ohio concern.

BLUFF SUCCEEDS.

Threatening the intruder with instant death if he did not at once leave, D. W. Putnam, armed only with a short nickel-plated stove poker, succeeded in frightening a burglar away from a side window of his home, No. 4701 Holmes street, early yesterday morning. Evidently thinking the weapon a long-barreled revolver, the thief deserted the half open side window through which he was entering, and disappeared into the night.

BROTHER MADE DEPUTY.

Shelley Walton of Fresno, a brother of United States Marshal Walton, has been appointed a deputy in the latter's office, and assumed his duties yesterday. This selection fills the quota of men allowed the office under the recent ruling of the Attorney-General.

\$150 up



NO BETTER gift for any man or woman than a pair of cozy slippers. They're easy to select at Staub's, because our stock is so fresh, attractive and varied.

Staub's
The Popular Price Shoe Store.
336 SO. BROADWAY

Open Saturday until 9 p.m.

Eveready Lites.
\$1.25



Our stock of Eveready Flash Lights is complete, as we carry in stock a complete line of all goods made by this concern. Our experience has taught us that it is the best, therefore the cheapest, article of its kind. This line offers many reasonable and attractive presents. We would be pleased to mail you circulars of what the "Electric Shop" offers for Xmas.



ALFALFA
Carload lots arriving daily.
Lowest prices.

Flory Hay and Grain Company,
301-15 Macy St.

Do you want music in your home? Never was a better time than now to buy a piano or Autopiano. Bartlett Music Co. offer Christmas prices on any new piano. Do not fail to investigate. Just opposite City Hall. Don't delay.

"I seen Max Maikafer in the subway this morning," said Louis Birskey the real estater, to Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer---

And then the fun started. All the same "Potash & Perlmutter."

MONTAGUE GLASS

whose "Potash & Perlmutter" stories in The Saturday Evening Post are still making people laugh and whose characters have been put into two plays, has created Birskey and Zapp, two new characters, for

The Sunday Times

The first of the series will appear Tomorrow Morning. A Tremendous Hit.

Montague Glass has never before written for a newspaper, and in adding this exclusive feature to the already big list of things you get on Sundays, The Times is once more demonstrating that whenever a subject is to be treated—whether it is international politics, music, the stage, the war, finance, books, sports, or general news, or amusing specialties, the best qualified man (or woman) is chosen.

Begin this series at the start. If you speak to your newsdealer now he will see that you do not miss a single Sunday's laugh.

The Sunday Times

First to Last—

The Truth:

News—

Editorials—

Advertisements

Also "Mutt and Jeff"

PUBLISHERS:
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 MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER, Vice-Pres. and Sec'y.

Los Angeles Times

EVERY MORNING IN THE YEAR.
 Daily and Sunday, Illustrated Weekly and Semi-
 Monthly Magazine. Yearly, \$9.00; Monthly,
 75 cents. Postpaid, Daily, 10 cents; Night,
 5 cents. Dec. 4, 1915—25th Year.

Member, Class A, of the Associated Press. Licensed
 wire mileage covered: Day, 25,000; Night,
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 New Times Building, First and Broadway.
LOS ANGELES, Cal. *Loco Ahng-hay-lis*
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TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.

CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.
 (At Home.) Complaints of deferred buying have ceased, and in their place comes reports of difficulty in meeting the expanding requirements of the domestic trade. In many lines the consumptive demand is far in excess of the supply. The congestion of freight cars, loaded with goods of all kinds, is growing worse, and railroads are finding themselves pushed to the limit to meet requirements of shippers. Exports, despite the shortage of vessels, continue to increase, while imports are falling off, indicating that home goods are being more freely used than ever before.
 (For details see financial pages.)

A LITTLE IRONICAL.

An English innkeeper whose hotel is on the banks of a river has just been awarded \$100 and a Humana Society medal for rescuing seven persons whose boat was overturned. All were of German origin, registered aliens. And to think that a couple of million Englishmen are being paid to see how many Germans they can kill!

TRAINED FOR IT.

John S. Mitchell has been chosen as chairman of the 1916 Orange-Day Committee. That serves him right. He has nearly worked his head off as a member of the various 1916 entertainment committees, and this should just put him in training to do next year's work. Any man who doesn't know any better than to reveal as much capacity for public boosting as Mr. Mitchell has shown deserves a life's sentence.

BOYS AND WINGS.

There is a popular misconception about angels. These creatures do not wear wings and wrestle with one on a ladder or confine themselves to other Bible stories, nor are they guests that one entertains in large numbers. Angels are small boys who act like the dorks for eleven months in the year, but whose angelhood is perfectly in evidence for three weeks before Christmas.

NERVE.

The Northumberland Miners' Association in England announces that two years ago its funds stood at half a million dollars. But this has all been expended on strikes in the collieries since the war broke out, and they are now bankrupt. They are appealing to the public for subscriptions, and one speaker went so far as to suggest that the government might decently make an appropriation for the purpose. In short, the British are calmly asked to finance a little more trouble.

OPEN TO DISPUTE.

We submit that logic consists of a play on words, practiced by untaught minds. Let us prove it. One man asked another, "What do you know?" The other answered, "I know two things: I know that I know nothing, and I know that I know less than nothing. You see, I know that I know nothing, and if I were not sure of that knowledge I would know less than nothing." Thus did this reasoner use his knowledge to explain his ignorance while exposing his ignorance to prove his knowledge.

ACTION OF BRITISH COLONIES.

"Ceylon's spicy breezes" are to contribute to the aid of King George in cutting the throats of Germans. The legislative council of the Colony of Ceylon has contributed \$500,000 a year for ten years to assist Great Britain to defray the cost of the war.

But "Africa's sunny fountains" are not so lavish in donation of simoleons for war purposes. Advice from Cape Town are to the effect that the House of Assembly there is urging a policy of amnesty, although Sir Thomas Smartt insists that amnesty would imperil the state.

SENTIMENTAL BOSHI.

A Maryland girl and a druggist who was a married man formed a suicide pact because they were talked about. The man died and the girl is not expected to recover. Meanwhile the wife is made a widow under these saddest of circumstances. The man left a note in which he eulogized the girl in the case as a high-minded, innocent child. If she was, she was getting a bad start in taking a married man seriously enough to allow him to shoot her and himself. The tragedy of the wife is that she had given her life for a man of no great worth only to find that she did not have the little amount of character, purpose and affection which he possessed. It is always a tragedy to give much for little and then awaken to find that you did not have that.

FEROCEOUS STATESMEN.

The Chancellor, who is the mouthpiece of the German government, when asked in the Reichstag for his terms of peace replied that they must first "tear the mask from the face of Great Britain," and a British Cabinet officer, when asked a similar question, answered that they must first crush Germany and deprive her of militarism.

It will not be forgotten that during our Civil War the draft dodgers of both armies did not see for peace. They were eager for a continuation of the war. They desired—like Job's war horse—to "smell the battle from afar off"—just as far off as possible. The present European war is not unlike the southerner's description of the struggle made by the Confederacy. He said it was "the rich man's war and the poor man's fight."

UNFAIRNESS TO OIL MEN AND THE PUBLIC.

In all his middle-class and unscrupulous life as Chief Forester, as agent of the Pochontas Coal Company, and as a pretentious conservator of coal lands and timber lands and oil lands Gifford Pinchot has never menaced any important industry of the country with greater or more undesired disaster than that which, in accordance with his policy, if not at his direct instigation, now threatens the great oil industry of California.

All oil lands patented by the government were acquired under the laws governing the location and working of placer claims, although the government, prior to September 27, 1909, never exacted compliance with that provision of the mining law which, in the case of both quartz and placer claims, requires discovery of mineral as a condition precedent to a valid location.

In the case of oil, discovery prior to location was impossible, for an expenditure of \$50,000 or more in drilling to depths of 2000 feet or more was often necessary in order to ascertain the oil-bearing value of the land.

On the 27th of September, 1909, President Taft temporarily withdrew from all terms of location, settlement, selection, filing, entry or disposal under the mineral or non-mineral public land laws certain lands in the oil district in Kern county, California, aggregating 2,041,000 acres.

Those who had located such lands in accordance with the placer mining laws, by marking boundaries, recording notices of location and beginning development work by drilling, naturally supposed that the order of withdrawal did not affect their claims because the lands withdrawn were no longer "public lands," having lost that character by virtue of being segregated from the public domain by the fact of location, followed by development work largely in excess of the \$100 per annum of work required by the mining law.

Congress refused to ratify the withdrawal order of President Taft, and it was believed by many lawyers that the order was one beyond his power to make, and was invalid. President Taft, in his annual message to Congress, expressed doubts as to its validity; the Attorney-General's office pronounced it void; no attempt was made for over five years to interfere with operators who proceeded in the belief that the order would not be enforced and who openly and with the full knowledge of the Department of the Interior spent tens of millions of dollars in developing the lands.

In the meantime (on June 25, 1910), the Pickett bill was passed giving the President authority to do what it was believed he had done without authority in September, 1909, in other words, authorizing him, at any time in his discretion, to temporarily withdraw any of the public lands of the United States, and providing that such withdrawal shall remain in force until revoked by him or by an act of Congress.

The Pickett bill provided "That the rights of any person who, at the date of any order of withdrawal heretofore or hereafter made, is a bona fide occupant or claimant of oil or gas-bearing lands, and who, at such date, is in diligent prosecution of work leading to discovery of oil or gas, shall not be affected or impaired by such order, so long as such occupant or claimant shall continue in diligent prosecution of said work."

It was further provided that, with respect to claims located after the order of withdrawal, such should not be abridged, enlarged, recognized or affected by the law.

The Pickett act seemed to settle the question so far as claims located before the order of withdrawal of September, 1909, was concerned, and to leave for dispute only those which had been located after that date, as many claims had been on the theory that President Taft's order of withdrawal was invalid.

After five years' delay, during which time millions had been expended, flourishing companies built up and 250 oil-producing companies placed in operation, with a pay roll of over \$1,000,000 per annum, suddenly, on February 23, 1915, like thunder out of a clear sky, came a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, by a vote of five to three, not only confirming President Taft's withdrawal order, but holding that, since Congress had not in the Pickett act expressly disavowed the order, it should be considered valid.

And now the government says that the companies which, at the date of President Taft's order, had not yet actually struck oil, although they were expending tens of thousands of dollars in boring for it, had not made the "discovery" required by the mining law and, not having made it, had acquired no title to the land. And the government, on this theory, is now proceeding to bring suits to forfeit these claims and place receivers in charge of the properties, and even claim judgments against the oil operators for the value of the oil which has been extracted.

The remedy suggested by the Oil Industry Association of California is to give to the oil men their developed lands just as before September 27, 1909, the government would have promptly patented to an oil miner the quarter-section of land on which he made his discovery. As a temporary withdrawal the order of September 27, 1909, has more than served its purpose. It was never contemplated that it should cause the distress and ruin which is following in its wake. As a conservation measure it can accomplish no more. If strictly enforced it can only be a weapon of destruction and damage. It is being made the basis of a vast and ruinous and costly litigation. The men who created the valuable oil fields of the San Joaquin Valley are entitled to be relieved of such a useless burden and to just treatment. Each company or operator should receive patent for every quarter-section on which discovery has been made or on which work has been continuously and diligently performed since the date when Congress first prescribed continuous work as a necessary condition to patent.

All this can be accomplished by an act of Congress which all the people of California are interested in having passed. Every industry in the State is dependent upon the production and use of oil. The government is claiming and endeavoring to recover 40 per cent. of the producing properties in this State. What will it do with them if it succeeds? The suggestion that the oil might be reserved for naval use is met by the statement of experts that it could not be so

Two Kinds of Christmas Shoppers.



used on account of its high gravity and value for refining purposes.

The government is no more likely to go into the business of pumping and refining oil for sale than it is to mine and peddle coal from its coal lands, or cut logs and make lumber from its timber lands.

The truth probably is—if it could be uncovered—that some Pinchot agent of the owners of patented oil wells is behind the suits that the government has brought and is bringing, so that by reducing the production of oil the price to the purchasers can be doubled, with corresponding increase in the cost of fuel and light to consumers and immense profits to the conspirators who are using the United States to obtain illicit gains.

THE HOCKING CASE—A PETTIFOGGING PLEA.

Article 57 of the Declaration of London declares that "Subject to the provision respecting transfer to another flag, the neutral or enemy character of a vessel is determined by the flag which she is entitled to fly."

Recently the British government, claiming that the stock in American ship-owning corporations was owned, to a greater or less extent, by German subjects, caused to be enacted the following order of council:

"Whereas, by the Declaration of London order of council No. 2, 1914, His Majesty was pleased to declare that, during the present hostilities, the provisions of the said Declaration of London should, subject to certain exceptions and modifications therein specified, be adopted and put in force by His Majesty's government; and whereas, in article 57 of the said declaration, it is provided that the neutral or enemy character of a vessel is determined by the flag which she is entitled to fly; and whereas, it is no longer expedient to adopt the said article; now, therefore, His Majesty, by and with the advice of his Privy Council, is pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that from and after this date article 57 of the Declaration of London shall cease to be adopted and put in force. In lieu of the said article, British prize courts shall apply the rules and principles formerly observed in such courts."

With article 57 of the Declaration of London abrogated and the old prize law re-established, a ship flying the American flag will be liable to seizure on the high seas and confiscated by Great Britain if she is owned entirely by Germans.

But Great Britain goes further than the re-established prize law warrants. She claims that if a vessel is partly owned by Germans the whole vessel may be sold and the value of the German interest forfeited, if it is proved to the satisfaction of the prize court that a German is part owner. According to this dictum proclaimed by the British order of council, if nine-tenths of the Hocking was owned by Americans and one-tenth by Germans, a British prize court would decree that nine-tenths of the value of the vessel should be paid to the American owners (God knows when) and the tenth belonging to Germans be confiscated by Britain.

The vice of England's position in seizing the Hocking because there are said to be Germans among the stockholders of the American Trans-Atlantic Company is the assumption that the stockholders are co-owners and tenants in common of the property of the corporation. Such is not the law. The title to the property of a corporation, the right of control and possession is in the entity, is in the corporation itself exercised through its officers and not in the stockholders of the corporation. Could a holder of one-thousandth part of the stock

of the Southern Pacific Company sell and convey and give a good title to a one-thousandth part of its Los Angeles depot grounds? Could an execution creditor of a stockholder levy on a one-thousandth interest in its roadbed and rolling stock?

The title to the Hocking is in the American Trans-Atlantic Company as an American corporation, and the plea of Great Britain of a right to seize the ship because there are a few Germans holding stock in the corporation is a pitiful piece of pettifoggery.

The telegraphic dispatches in The Times of yesterday announced that in response to the protest of Secretary Lansing Great Britain has abandoned her original intention of using the Hocking in the government service pending a determination by a British court as to whether or not Germans are stockholders in the American Trans-Atlantic Company; that the Winnebago and the Kanakoo will be released on bonds pending a decision of a British prize court in the case of the Hocking and the Genesee, and that, in order to expedite such a decision, the cases would be transferred from a prize court at Halifax to a prize court at London.

This apparent concession is practically no concession at all. It may be assumed that a British prize court will find whatever facts the British council desire to have found, and that traces of German ownership of some of the stock of the American Trans-Atlantic Company will not be lacking.

But what of it? Suppose one-twentieth or one-fourth of the stock of the Trans-Atlantic company is owned by Germans, is such alien ownership of stock to authorize the British government to divest an American corporation of the control and use and possession of its ship and vest the title thereof in Great Britain subject only to payment by her, at her leisure and pleasure, of so much of the value of the vessel as was not owned by German stockholders?

The everlasting, incontrovertible fact is that no portion of the Hocking is or ever was owned by German or for that matter by American stockholders. The whole vessel is owned by the corporation, and by the corporation only. A stockholder in a corporation owns stock. He does not own any part of the real or personal property of the corporation. He could not sell or mortgage or hire or control even a one-hundredth interest in the corporation that owns the ship.

The attempt of Great Britain, by an order of council, to repeal the Declaration of London, disregard the law of nations and defy the law of common sense is a brazen defiance of all law and justice and should not be tolerated for one instant by our government.

How's Business?

"Dead slow," complained the undertaker. "Gone to the dogs," growled the sausage maker.

"At a complete standstill," said the stationery dealer.

"Just sew sew," remarked the dressmaker.

"Picking up," observed the rapscallier.

"Pretty fair," admitted the exposition promoter.

"Booming!" exclaimed the man who manufactures ammunition. — [St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Let Wilson Do It.

[Kansas City Journal.] Of course the people like properly under the Wilson administration, but what assurance can the President's friends give that the war will continue through another term?

PATTERNS.

BY AMY LOWELL, IN THE LITTLE REVIEW (CHICAGO.)

[This poem, one of the most striking examples of modern "vers libre," is pronounced by Mr. W. S. Braithwaite, the distinguished critic, the greatest poem of the year.]
 I walk down the garden paths,
 And all the daffodils
 Are blowing, and the bright blue squilla.
 I walk down the patterned garden paths
 In my stiff, brocaded gown,
 With my powdered hair and jeweled fan.
 I, too, am a rare
 Pattern. As I wander down
 The garden paths.

My dress is richly figured,
 And the train
 Makes a plink and silver stain
 On the gravel, and the thrift
 Of the border.
 Just a plate of current fashion,
 Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned shoes.
 Not a softness anywhere about me.
 Only a whalebone and brocade.
 And I sink on a seat in the shade
 Of a lime-tree. For my passion
 Was against the stiff brocade.
 The daffodils and squilla
 Flutter in the breeze
 As they please.
 And I weep.
 For the lime-tree is in blossom
 And one small flower has dropped upon my bosom.

And the splashing of waterdrops
 In the marble fountain
 Comes down the garden paths.
 The dripping never stops.
 Underneath my stiffened gown
 Is the softness of a woman bathing in a marble basin.
 A basin in the midst of hedges grown
 So thick she cannot see her lover hiding.
 But she guesses he is near.
 And the sliding of the water
 Seems the stroking of a dear
 Hand upon her.
 What is summer in a fine brocaded gown?
 I should like to see it lying in a heap upon the ground.
 All the pink and silver crumpled up on the ground.

I would be the pink and silver as I ran along the paths.
 And he would stumble after.
 Bewildered by my laughter.
 I should see the sun flashing from his sword-hilt and the buckles on his shoes.
 I would choose
 To lead him in a maze along the patterned paths.
 A bright and laughing maze for my heavy-booted lover.
 Till he caught me in the shade,
 And the buttons of his waistcoat bruised my body as he clasped me.
 Aching, melting, unafraid.
 With the shadows of the leaves and the sundrops.
 And the popping of the waterdrops.
 All about us in the open afternoon—
 I am very like to swoon
 With the weight of this brocade,
 For the sun sifts through the shade.

Underneath the fallen blossom
 In my bloom
 Is a letter I have hid.
 It was brought to me this morning by a rider from the Duke.
 "Madam, we regret to inform you that Lord Hartwell
 Died in action Thursday evening.
 As I read it in the white, morning sunlight,
 The letters quivered like snakes.
 "Any answer, Madam?" said my footman.
 "No," I told him.
 "See that the messenger takes some refreshment."
 No, no answer.
 And I walked into the garden.
 Up and down the patterned paths.
 In my stiff, correct brocade.
 The blue and yellow flowers stood up proudly in the sun.
 Each one.
 I stood upright, too.
 Held rigid to the pattern
 By the stiffness of my gown.
 Up and down I walked,
 Up and down.

In a month he would have been my husband,
 In a month, here, underneath this lime,
 We would have broken the pattern;
 He for me, and I for him.
 He as Colonel, I as Lady.
 On this shady seat.
 We had a whim
 That sunlight carried blessing.
 And I answered, "It shall be as you have said."
 Now he is dead.

In summer and in winter I shall walk
 Up and down
 The patterned garden paths
 In my stiff, brocaded gown.
 The squilla and daffodils
 Will give place to pillared roses, and to asters, and to snow.
 I shall go
 Up and down
 In my gown.
 Gorgeously arrayed,
 Bored and staid.
 And the softness of my body will be guarded from embrace
 By each button, hook and lace.
 For the man who should loose me is dead,
 Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,
 In a pattern called war.
 Christ! What are patterns for?

RIPLING RHYMES.

TRAGEDIES.

The king was riding slowly, reviewing of his troops, when, with a seal unholy, the hand sent up some whoopee. The steed was much affrighted, the king was scared, alas! and over its head he skidded, and landed on the grass. And operators tireless the dreadful tidings hurried by wires and by the wireless, all o'er a breathless world. To Greenland's icy mountains the dreadful message flew, by Africa's sunny fountains the sweating heathen knew. By many an ancient river, on many a palmy plain, the news made people shiver, and filled their souls with pain. And as their ire grew larger, we heard the nations sing, "Oh, let us lynch the charger that bucked and threw a king!" Know all men by these presents, and also by this sign: That day ten thousand peasants were shot and killed like swine. Yes, while that worst of horses indulged in leap and bound, ten thousand nameless corpses were piled upon the ground. They lay beside their rifles, all stained with blood and dirt, but who can heed such trifles when royalty gets hurt? WALT MASON.

Inevitable Result.
 [Baltimore American:] Mrs. Grammercy: What do we need for dinner?
 Bridget: Shure, mum, OI tripped over the rug and we need a new set of dishes.

Pen Points By the Sea.

Not too early, is mobilized the Christmas.

Don't forget to do your Christmas office mailing early.

It has not yet been decided whether the shoes left by Father in St. Carran.

A special session of the California legislature is threatened. To pass or not, oh, ye people!

There is no telling what Santa Claus has done if Sophie had not been the fatness and the rolling gait.

The success attending the loan means that there must be a coin in that old French shilling.

Col. Roosevelt says he is the American people. He has since the night of November 1.

Attlee Pomeroy of Ohio has been president of the Senate, and the statesman has his bit of calling.

But little money for the post Congress this winter. The post office consist for the most part of money.

One of the things we do not know is, where do the Belgians get their shoes that the Germans take away from them.

There is not the least reason in the world to love your neighbor, good auto, that he is willing to with.

One of our eminent divines, the meaning of words, says that of difference between a comparison and a collection.

More than one king in Europe is feeling a draught on the feet. The kinging business is a bit out of fashion.

As much as we regret it, a lot of noises in this world will be shut off. There is nothing to make the best of a bad situation.

China has declined to join the country are in the best of years. Of course, he takes the demand for additional revenue.

The recall of Attaches from Papan is likely to result in Washington being left vacant of the war. Oh, well, we'll wait along!

If the Democratic defense is framed in caucus, they will be by the Republican Senators, they will take no orders from Wilson.

The recommendation of President that taxes be laid on naptha and power of automobiles in order to raise national revenue will be greeted with "sal" by the auto owners of the country.

"Gum-shoe" Bill Stone says the country are in the best of years. Of course, he takes the demand for additional revenue.

A bill providing for a commission has been introduced under Clark. The Democrats will under the criticism that it is a law that fails to provide money.

Magnus A. Hess of New York the man who first boosted the Presidency. This is the bones of the late Mr. Hanna turn over about twice.

Billy McCombs will hold the chairman of the National Committee until the close of his term. meantime his statement of the made by the Democrats is pending bill goes both ways.

Supervisor Hamilton is County Counsel Hill will be as he desires, without law. The ex-convicts of the law should not be allowed to

Ellis O. Jones, who led the President Wilson, asked the ship, is a Socialist, formerly of O. who was born with a silver mouth, and has been engaged in writing pieces for the among other things.

And so you want to marry me, Me, petite Mignon, whom you I should be someone else, you You oftentimes have found by Quaver, temperamental and A meek, submissive role Do you expect through married That you could ultimately

If I could be made over to From bargain virtues, well I should be someone else, you And not the Mignon that you So soften some too-lively I might not to your mind An after-dinner anecdote Sounds deadly at the breakfast

An old adage, your head But, carefully the ship down; But I—my cards still Am not yet ready for a Am played a merry game To make the warm blood But there, dear Sir, Because of course I How I perchance may

Yes, we have found ourselves Our many bouts with But if we let the climax That's how I feel But there, dear Sir, Because of course I How I perchance may

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SATURDAY MORNING

Today's

At 35c

Breaded Lamb

Cream Sauce

Baked Potato

Fruit Jello

Tea, Coffee or M

Suggest

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Section

These are the good

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Fountain Pens

Pen Craft Novelties

Calendars

Gift Books

Envelope Cards, tags, seal

Labels, postage

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HARRY BOWEN

Today's Special Luncheons

At 35c
Breaded Lamb Cutlets
Cream Sauce
Baked Potato
Fruit Jello
Tea, Coffee or Milk

At 50c
Mock Turtle Soup aux Quenelles
Pepper Roast of Oyster (or)
Roast Young Turkey, Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Cucumber Salad
"Home-made" Mince Pie
Demi Tasse

—Home of Ostermoor Mattresses— —McCall Patterns—

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FOUNDED IN 1873

U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station. W. U. Telegraph Branch. American Express Branch.

Italian Silk Underwear Reduced

Genuine Kayser Italian silk vests and union suits:

Silk Vests
—embroidered; regularly \$2.50, \$2.75 and \$3.00, on special sale today at \$1.95, \$2.25, \$2.45.

Silk Vests
—plain style; regularly \$1.75 and \$2.00, at \$1.50.

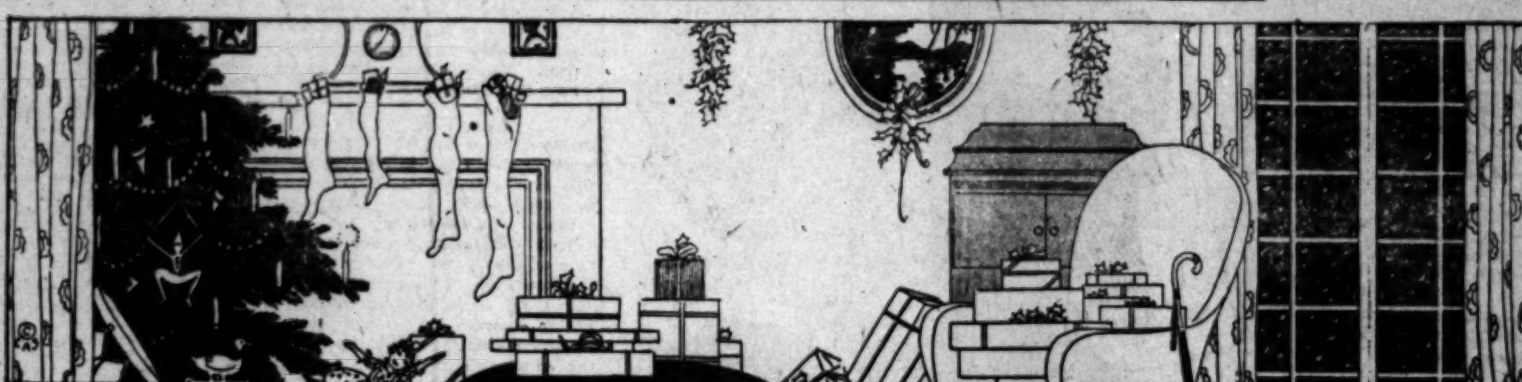
Silk Union Suits
—in white; regularly \$6, \$5.00.

(Knitwear: South Aliso)

Suggestions in the Stationery Section

These are the good things from which very many of our patrons are making their gift selections:

- Stationery Sets, \$1.00 to \$10.00
- Blank Notebooks, 25c to \$1.00
- Stationery, 25c to \$1.50
- Blank Books, 10c to \$7.50
- Stationery Cards, tags, seals, 5c to 25c
- Stationery and Engagement Books, 35c to \$2.50
- Blank Books, 25c to \$1.50
- Stationery Notebooks, 50c
- Stationery Sets, Ash Trays, \$1.00 to \$2.50
- Stationery Books, 50c to \$6.00
- Stationery Sets, 25c to \$2.50
- Stationery Cards, \$1.25 to \$5.50
- Stationery Leather Photograph Albums, \$1.50 to \$4.50
- Stationery Cards, 5c to 60c
- Stationery Cards, leather cases, 50c to \$1.25
- Stationery Tablets, \$1.25 to \$3.50
- Stationery Pads, Shopping Lists, Memos, \$1.00 to \$1.50
- Stationery leather bindings, 50c to \$1.85 (Stationery: South Aliso)



No School; Free Paint Books for Kiddies at Coulter's Today

Every little girl and boy in Los Angeles should be here—the girls to see the wonderful, enchanting house of dolls; the boys to look over the thousand and one toys, games and similar things dear to boyish hearts. And every kiddie, accompanied by some older person, will be given without charge a Santa Claus Wild West Paint Book, in which are Indians, landscapes and animals to be reproduced in crayon or colors.

- Children's Books, 25c**—bedtime stories; rainy day stories.
- Children's Chairs, 85c**—mission chairs, rockers or straight; regularly \$1 and \$1.15.
- Toy Trains, 50c**—engine, tender and coaches, 50c to \$1.00.
- Child's Rockers, \$4.75**—upholstered; in fumed or weathered finish.
- Baby Dolls, \$2.75**—full jointed, with sewed wigs; they go to sleep; regularly \$3.25.
- Doll Clothes, \$1**—coats of satin and poplin; braid trimmed; values to \$3.
- Friction Toys, \$1**—limousines, fire engines or water towers; regularly \$1.50.
- Swing Seats, 75c**—safety style; others, \$1.
- Doll Cradles, \$3.50**—wicker cradles, 20-inch size; lined with pink or blue, finished with cream net and ribbon.
- Doll Beds, \$2**—metal frames with mattress pillows, canopy of silkoline; beds 15x30 inches.
- Toy Drums, 25c**—for little boys; others at 50c and 75c; brilliantly decorated.
- Unbreakable Dolls, 25c**.
- Doll Go-Carts, \$1.25**—black enameled frames; brown, black or dark green tops; regularly \$1.50 and \$1.75.
- American Builders, \$2**—the American Model Builder, \$2, \$3, \$4.
- Tricycles, \$4.25**—20-inch rear wheels; upholstered strong seat. (Toy Section: Third Floor)

Jewelry—Good to Give Anyone at All

Suggestions of the better sort here, for any member of the family, or to friends whom you wish suitably to remember:

- Solid Gold Baby Lockets and Chains, \$4.00
- Gold filled styles, 75c to \$2.00
- La Vallieres, \$1.50 to \$2.50
- Brooches, 50c to \$10.00
- Pearl Neck Bands, \$1.50 to \$7.50
- Cuff Links, \$1.00 to \$6.00
- Watch Chains, \$1.75 to \$9.50
- Gold or Silver Mesh Bags, \$1.50 to \$7.50
- Silver or Gold Vanity Cases, \$5.00 to \$37.50
- Jam Jars, \$2.25 to \$5.50
- Coaster Sets, \$3.75 to \$6.00
- Condiment Sets, \$3.00 to \$15.00
- Cheese Knives, Tea Strainers, Tea Balls, Cream Ladles, Cold Meat Forks, Pickle Forks, Sugar Shells and Butter Knives, Bottle Openers and dozens of other table accessories, all reasonably priced.
- Complete sets of silver, in chests, for really elegant gifts. (Silverware: South Aliso)

A Stirring Sale of Fine Suits and Dresses Now at Enormous Reductions

Simple, of course; and by their timely reduction, you can choose better than you had anticipated. The sale occurs now so that people can have these beautiful garments for wear in the holiday season, instead of waiting for a January clearance.

Suits Worth to \$55.00 Now \$14.75 to \$36.50

Distinguished garments; from well-known makers of women's suits; in rich fabrics—broadcloths, poplins, serges and gabardines.

Natty styles—box jackets, semi-fitted models and the more elegant cuts, for semi-formal wearing. Sumptuously trimmed with fur, velvet or braid. The variety of colors is great, of course.

In Finer Suits
Will be offered chiffon velours, waterfall Vicuna, velours and gabardines, all at marked reductions from first prices.

Suits for Large Women
Are included also, in this sale—garments now \$25 to \$40, will be sold at \$18.75 to \$28.50. (Garment Section: Second Floor)



Afternoon and Evening Frocks At \$16.75 to \$128.50—Real Values

Just the garments which women of fashion want for the round of gayeties throughout the social season are in this sale, practically our entire stock being affected by the price-cuts.

Among Dresses for Street Wearing
Will be found soft taffetas, crepes, Meteor, etc., in black, navy, green, browns and plum shades; dresses formerly \$22.50 to \$37.50, are on sale at \$16.75 to \$24.50.

A Group of Dresses at \$9.75
Consists of taffetas, and smart combinations of taffeta or satin and serges; values to \$15 here.

Gowns for Afternoon Wear
Show all that is fine and fashionable in fabrics—broadcloths, silk velours, silk nets, and satins combined with lace; regularly \$75 to \$97.50; now \$53.75 to \$71.75.

Our Very Choicest Evening Gowns
In exquisite materials—chiffons, nets, taffeta silks, in delicate evening shades; in perfect condition; were \$97.50 to \$195, now cut to \$65 to \$128.50. (Garment Section: Second Floor)

Corsets Among Practical Gifts

A better gift from one woman to her woman friend can be suggested than a thoroughly good corset.

Usually, if the original choice does not suit, we will arrange for its exchange.

If you prefer, select a Corset Order, and allow the recipient to do her own choosing.

Presently our entire stock of models and colors are here now, offering wonderful values.

(Corsets: Second Floor)

\$2 Pure Thread \$1.65 Silk Hose at . . . 1.25

A medium heavy silk stocking, with 4-inch garter top, and protection against wear of the foot by an interweaving of lisle thread on sole, heel and toe; this does not show, but adds much to the wear; in black only, special, \$1.65. (Hosiery: Main Floor)

Handkerchiefs, 25c 100 Patterns at 25c

Yes, more than a hundred patterns and styles in white and colored embroidery designs; wide hems or double hemstitchings, initials; novelty handkerchiefs in crepe de chine, silk and voile (these at 35c, or three for \$1.00), with others at 25c.

The New Van-I-Kerchief will contain your powder puff, 20c, 35c and 45c. (Handkerchiefs: Main Floor)

All Wool Albatross Bed Sacques at 95c

Neatly finished with embroidered scallops; in rose, blue or red.

Other sacques of albatross at \$2, \$2.50 and \$3.50.

Eiderdown Sacques—plain or figured, \$1.50 and \$1.75; gray, red, lavender or blue.

Such garments make excellent gifts to invalids or shut-ins, being warm and attractive in style. (Sacques: Second Floor)

Hand-Knitted Sacques \$1.50 to \$6

All kinds of hand-knitted sacques in white, with pink, blue or lavender trimming, or of

Chinchilla gray, at . . . \$1.50 to \$6

Hand-Knitted Shawls—in white, black or gray . . . \$1 to \$5.00

Fancy Silk Sacques—in all shades, at . . . \$5, \$6.50 and \$8.50 (Sacques: Second Floor)

Distinctive Gifts for Women

Stunning bags, baskets and rollups, in various designs; these are prettily lined, and are fitted with all necessary articles for sewing, \$2 to \$5.50.

Marabou Sets
—toilet cases with adjustable strap locks, convenient for any fittings; feather weight; practically indestructible; in several sizes and water-proofed materials, or leather, \$2 to \$5. (Leather Goods: Main Floor)

Wonderful Values in Dresser Scarfs Here at 50c, 75c, \$1.25 and \$2—Worth Double

It is truly remarkably good fortune that brings to the best store in Los Angeles the best line of decorative linens we have had in years to sell for such low prices—just when women are on the lookout for genuine bargains. They come from a well-known manufacturer, and were purchased at a price about half what they usually bring:

- Scarfs at 50c**—light blue, dark blue, pink or yellow embroidered edge with a neat lace inset.
- Scarfs at 75c**—novelty lace scarfs; new lace-trimmed designs; copies of the finest laces.
- Scarfs at \$1.25**—Wonderful values, these; they have all the appearance of a scarf selling at \$5.00.
- Scarfs at \$2.00**—Pure linen, lace trimmed, with pure linen center; they look like \$10 scarfs.
- Bathroom Sets, \$3.45**—A seven-piece set, including one large bath mat, two large towels, two guest towels and two wash cloths; all to match, neatly boxed, complete, \$3.45.
- Bath Sets, \$2.00**—Including one large bath mat;
- one large bath towel; one guest towel and one wash cloth, all to match; complete, \$2.
- Madeira Napkins**—100 dozen real hand-embroidered and hand-scalloped tea-napkins; regularly \$10, dozen, \$6.75. (Linens: Rear South Aliso)

These Make Good Gifts

Because they are intrinsically good, and priced fairly:

- \$1.50 Shaving Mug and Brush . . . \$1.25
- Safety Razor Sets, \$2.50 to \$8.50.
- French Ivory Toilet Accessories . . . 25c to \$7.50
- Shaving Stands . . . \$2.50 to \$8
- Tourist Roll-ups, cretonne and silk covered . . . 50c to \$1.50
- Carving Sets . . . \$3.50 to \$12.50
- Scissors, all styles, 40c to \$1.50
- Manicure Sets . . . 75c to \$7.50
- Hair Ornaments; a large and complete stock, 25c to \$16.50.
- Brushes—clothes, hair and military styles . . . \$1.50 to \$5
- \$1.25 Air Cushion Hair Brush . . . 65c
- Sweet Grass Baskets, \$1.00 to \$4.50.
- Jewel Pockets . . . 35c to \$1.50
- Fancy Imported Perfumes, 75c to \$28.00.
- Fancy Imported Sachets, 75c to \$2.00.

(Toilet Goods: South Aliso)

Marabou Neckpieces

Capas, stoles, muffs and shawls have just arrived for Christmas buyers in this soft, downy-weight marabou, with plain and two-tone combinations, and rich combinations of marabou and ostrich.

New Marabou Muffs—show satin frills, are fox-head scarfs; new ribbon finish, or tassel ends in plain and combinations—these are in the fresh shades in plenty.

White Marabou Scarfs—mixed with gray silk fiber ostrich; 1 1/4 yards long; 4 inches wide; made to taper into a neckerchief, and finished with large ribbon ends with ash ends—new as can be seen, remarkably handsome.

COULTER'S—215-229 South Broadway

Particularly Good Ribbons in a Sale at 20c a Yard

Beautiful Dresden and stripe ribbons to make up into clever novelties, or children's hair-bows; a little later you cannot buy 4 1/2 to 6-inch ribbons of values up to 50c, for . . . 20c (Ribbons: Main Floor)

A Carpet Sweeper
—makes a good gift; the famous Bissell Standard offered, for a limited quantity, at \$2.00, instead of \$2.50, its regular price.

Amxminster Rugs
—36x70 inches in size; good Oriental and floral designs; regularly \$4.00. . . \$2.95 (Rugs: Third Floor)

Giftips

Cluny Scarfs and Centers
—now in the Art Needlework Section; white pieces. Regularly \$3, \$5 and \$6 for \$1.75, \$3 and \$4.

Nickel Plated Shaving Stands—mug, brush, mirror and container for shaving powder, on sale in the Toilet Goods Section. Regularly \$7.50, for . . . \$5.85

Full Double Bed Size Blankets, white or gray, suitably bound and finished, our best numbers at \$6, on sale in the Bedding Section for, pair . . . \$4.90

Children's Furs

To add cuteness to cunning youngsters—white fox, thibet and ermine; large sizes at . . . \$7.50 to \$12.00

Dark Furs—mouffon, squirrel or summer ermine, at . . . \$8.50 to \$20

White Hats—in felt or plush; trimmed in dainty colors; regularly \$3.50 to \$5.50, at . . . Half

Serge Dresses—for older girls attending school; black or navy serge; Middy and Peter Thompson styles; 6 to 14-year sizes, at \$8.50 and \$9.50 (Children's Wear: Second Floor)

For Nature Lovers Nothing Could be More Pleasing Than One of These Mahogany Trays

A gift unique, in that there is but one article of a kind in the collection and in the fact that only at Coulter's in Los Angeles can you purchase this exquisite ware at any price.

Here are solid mahogany, handled trays—oval, round and coaster style; mounted on glass over natural butterflies, the majority of them rare specimens from Brazil; sizes range up to 16-inch:

Oval Trays				Round Plaques			
Reg.	Now	Reg.	Now	Reg.	Now	Reg.	Now
\$15.00	\$9.00	\$11.00	\$7.00	12-in. \$5.50	\$3.00	9-in. \$4.00	\$2.25
\$12.75	\$8.00	\$10.00	\$6.75	11-in. \$5.00	\$2.75	8-in. \$2.50	\$1.75
\$7.00				5-in. \$2.00			\$1.50

(Art Needlework Section: Third Floor)

224-228 South Hill Street—COULTER'S

Life's Gentler Side—Society, Music, Song and the Dance—The Theater

MOVEMENTS IN SOCIETY.

A DISTINGUISHED visitor in the person of Dr. William Frederick Dade of the State university is due this morning to be the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman and Dr. and Mrs. William Horvath Day.

A score of former university men are to gather at the University Club at noon to lunch with Dr. Dade, and tonight Mr. and Mrs. Rodman are to be dinner hosts in his honor. Motor rides to near-by places will also add to his special enjoyment.

Dr. Dade has filled many important posts at home and abroad. Just now he is centering his interests on the relief of Belgium, and has associated with him the Governor, Dr. Wheeler of the State university, Edward Lawrence Doherty and William May Garland, in a movement to collect warm clothing for the sufferers. He is to tell publicly of conditions in Belgium at Trinity Auditorium tomorrow night, that added support and supplies may be obtained.

To Greet Her Friends.
Mrs. Marion Holden Pope, the well-known artist, who has been in San Francisco throughout the exposition, is back in her home in St. Andrews place, and will this afternoon welcome a number of her friends to tea.

At Midweek.
A round robin tennis tournament is the magnet which promises to attract society in numbers to the Midweek Country Club tomorrow.

This afternoon tea is to be served following the polo match, and the usual dinner-dance promises to be especially well attended.

Doll Bazaar Day.
Today is the much talked-of and incidentally well-planned and hard-worked-for doll bazaar at Hotel Alexandria, on which many of the prominent society leaders have been centering their activities recently. The Children's Hospital might have additional funds. And such an array of the little beauties and bits of Dresden have Mrs. J. A. Kaashoven, who is chairman of the Doll Committee, and her assistants, in readiness to be sold to the highest bidder. Most of the film queens have contributed their counterpart in miniature, and dolls of all periods and styles are in the collection.

Mrs. Hancock Banning has been in a way mistress of the affair, which really was fostered from her home, as are so many worthy charities.

Miss Alice Elliott and a boy of young buds are to sell flowers during the afternoon, augmented by an invaluable list of bachelors for the evening.

The bazaar is to terminate in a hall with buffet supper from 6 to 12. Mrs. J. Fielding Stilson, who returned yesterday from San Francisco where she went to say farewell to the exposition, is to be at the latter, and the Harry Coburn Turners are having John H. Newton and Mrs. James Souter Porter with them. Thomas Brown is to entertain Mrs. Hancock Banning at supper, and Lieut. Don Sutton, U.S.A., aviator, up from Colorado to attend the Kellough-Fitzgerald wedding, means to do the handsome thing by entertaining a party. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Goodwin, Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Kaashoven, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll H. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Barrows and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Williams have also agreed guests, the affair giving every promise of being successful.

pecially brilliant, in addition to adding the dollars to a worthy cause.

Benefit Musical Tea.

Sociability, art and philanthropy promise to enter into the benefit musical tea which Mrs. Lillian Jones-Simmons will give at her studio, 100-101 Blanchard building (Hill street entrance), this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Mrs. Simmons is making this occasion an opportunity for asking her friends to help collect miscellaneous articles for the children of the David and Margaret Home at Lordsburg, some forty children, both boys and girls, being much in need of everything and anything—old and new clothes, toys, etc. A short musical programme is to be given by well-known artists.

MUSICAL EVENTS.

Mme. Johanna Gadske will be heard in her second recital here on her present tour, this afternoon at Trinity Auditorium, the programme being especially alluring, with its array of German lieder and selections from the Wagner operas. The latter will include "Du bist der Lenz" from "Die Walkure" and "Wie Lachend sie mir Lieder singen" from Act 1 of "Tristan und Isolde." Schubert, Franz, Wolf, Strauss, Brahms and Liszt will be among the lieder writers whose music will be heard. There will also be a group of English selections. Mme. Gadske's cold is greatly improved, and she gave an unusually successful recital at Stanford University Thursday. Paul Eisler will be the accompanist and will give several groups of solo numbers. This, it is said, will be the last opportunity to hear Mme. Gadske for some years to come.

Music at Arrowhead.

Arrangements have been made for special concerts to be given this evening and tomorrow afternoon at Arrowhead Hot Springs for the enjoyment of week-end guests. Mme. Griesel Ward, dramatic soprano; Miss May Gates, violinist, and Miss Marjorie Hicks, pianist, will render the programmes.

TRIANGLE FILMS FOR MAJESTIC.

DEAD, WHEREBY MOROSCO HOUSE IS TO OFFER PHOTO-PLAY, CLOSED.

The Majestic is to be given over to the showing of Triangle motion pictures. This rather astonishing announcement was made yesterday by the Morosco office here.

This is the result of a big deal that was closed yesterday afternoon after weeks of dickering between the Clune Auditorium management and Manager Morosco. J. L. Kerr, representing a big eastern syndicate, has leased the Majestic for the exploitation of Triangle films. The theater will open on Sunday, December 13, showing the regular Triangle programme.

"The Bird of Paradise" therefore will not nest at the Majestic, but will be transferred to the Morosco Theatre, where the next sale will begin next Monday.



Mrs. Robert Shearer, a recent hostess at the Orpheum, with tea later at the Alexandria. Mrs. Shearer is making her home at the Rampart.

WOMEN'S WORK, WOMEN'S CLUBS.

Friday Morning Club.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman was the chief speaker at the Friday Morning Club yesterday, in a programme which included several interesting talks.

Mrs. Seward Simons, who is a pronounced pacifist, took pleasure in introducing a speaker sympathetic with those views. For while Mrs. Perkins insisted that the present war is all that is bad and shameful, that progress never had come out of war, and she is at pains to prove conclusively that it never could, she went on to show that this one will nevertheless be responsible for the greatest progress towards human enlightenment and government the world has ever known, since it must inevitably bring feminism to the fore and be the prelude to "a sweeping wave of advance bringing hope to humanity."

While apt to contradict herself in this wise on many counts, Mrs. Gilman is certainly a first-class lecturer in that she speaks well and forcefully with a fine but specious effect of logic, and never fails to inject those touches of humor which enliven the heaviest debate.

She made many good points for feminism. Notably when she reminded us that the argument that when all women vote the world will be a better place is an equally strong argument that when the women don't vote the world is far too masculine, and that only a co-operation of the sexes can adjust a nice balance.

Only three things are possible in Europe after this war, said the speaker, or—polygamy, a tremendous increase of the social evil, or feminism. And she predicted that feminism will win, that the women of the world will be content to be celibates, devoting their lives to other and larger interests, a feminism which is already coming to pass in the large number of hitherto exclusively masculine jobs which are being undertaken cheerfully and efficiently by the women of the warring nations today.

But when Mrs. Gilman asserted that it was an undeniable fact that men never killed women and children or even each other when these were in the immediate vicinity, and that if the women and children of Europe would go and camp on the battle line war would instantly stop, someone murmured, "What about the Lusitania, the Arabia, the Ancona, the Zeppelin?" and we felt that possibly the lecture was a little old-fashioned after all.

In advocating a new system of teaching for our children, by which the glories of peace shall occupy the place of honor in history and war be relegated to a footnote to the effect that "History was continually interfered with by a habit of making war," Mrs. Gilman won applause by suggesting that instead of tin soldiers our children should be presented with tin plumbers, tin carpenters, and the like. The sentiment of the club certainly seemed to be in line with the abolition of war.

Miss Talte, the newly-elected head of the State bureau for dealing with tuberculosis, also gave the speaker a health officers' impression. She was the successful competitor in the civil service examination for the post against numerous men, including several health officers. Her election is immensely popular with both sexes, for she is young enough to be progressive, charming enough to win sympathy in any undertaking, capable and efficient enough to win success.

Indeed, the club had an embarrassment of good speakers. Their lunch—"I don't bleeve in wimmin drinkin' and smokin'," observed Mrs. Jonathan Hep, as she sent a veteran spider into eternity, "but I sorta agree with the man what said that they'd 'cashually indulge to soothe their nerves they'd be less stren'us about reformin' the world in twenty-four hours."

son guests were Caroline L. Ransom, assistant curator of the Egyptian section of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, who gave a highly illuminating account of the work, joys and tribulations of her department; Mr. and Mrs. Inlivi, the Japanese educators, who have contributed much to the educational discussion at the fair; and Mr. Humphreys, the English investigator of the work of proportional representation in government.

Petite Mrs. Inlivi charmed her hearers with some faultless English expressing some hopeful feminist views for her country and asking the co-operation of American women to that end. Mr. Inlivi borrowed from Mrs. Gilman, reminding us that the Japanese are also human.

Mr. Humphreys, whose investigations of the proportional representation as tried out in Australia has resulted in the conviction that only when minorities are represented in government as well as majorities can just government be obtained, gave some interesting examples of the anomalies possible and frequent under present systems.

The next meeting of the Friday Morning Club will be for members only and the luncheon will take the form of Christmas festivities.

UNPOPULAR FARMING.

Objectors to Pasadena Sewer Ranch Tell Supervisors Cards were Stacked for Them.

The Board of Supervisors' investigation yesterday of conditions relative to the establishment of a sewer farm by Pasadena, South Pasadena and Alhambra, at Ramona Acres, was not without its features of excitement. On arrival at the Inhoff sewer farm, the present plant of the three cities, Thomas A. Berkable, chairman of a protesting committee, declared that the stage had been set for the coming of the Supervisors.

Catching her heel on the edge of a step, Mrs. Aetha Gilbert, city mother, tripped and fell down a flight of stairs in the old Normal School building at Fifth street and Grand avenue, yesterday afternoon, the fall breaking her right arm. Mrs. Gilbert had just left a committee meeting in the headquarters of the city mother, the organization there, at which meeting details had been made for a series of lectures at the Los Angeles Civic Center. The lectures are to be given under the auspices of the Parent-Teacher Association.

FALL BREAKS ARM.

City Mother the Victim of an Accident in the Old Normal School Building.

Catching her heel on the edge of a step, Mrs. Aetha Gilbert, city mother, tripped and fell down a flight of stairs in the old Normal School building at Fifth street and Grand avenue, yesterday afternoon, the fall breaking her right arm. Mrs. Gilbert had just left a committee meeting in the headquarters of the city mother, the organization there, at which meeting details had been made for a series of lectures at the Los Angeles Civic Center. The lectures are to be given under the auspices of the Parent-Teacher Association.

Mrs. Gilbert was treated at the Receiving Hospital before leaving for home.

UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS.

There are telegrams at the Western Union for Mrs. John Barry Willard Brotherton, E. W. Fisher, E. J. Howard, Thomas C. Howard, F. D. Hawn, S. C. Jacobus, Mrs. E. Mann, E. B. Mears, Henry M. Piani, Mrs. A. Pratt, R. B. Thomas, M. T. Teneon, William Taylor, S. Ureshino, Herman Winter and Lizzie Whitaker. At the Postal for W. Knox Martin and Fred H. Hober.

DASHING DOLLS TO DIM SADNESS.

DAINTY, DIMINUTIVE AND ALL DRESSED TO KILL.

A Thousand in All to be Assembled at Alexandria in Bazaar that will Set New Mark in Charity Affairs. Grand Musical Programme Opens Fete this Afternoon.

One hundred and fifty of the cutest, most charming and interesting guests that ever assembled in such a group to pass a night at the Alexandria gathered there yesterday.

They were silent. They made no fuss of themselves. But such a fuss was made over them! Not one who saw them could pass by without a phrase rounded out by a joyous exclamation point coming to tip in voicing admiration.

They are real dolls! And by 1:30 o'clock tonight the number will be swelled to 100-odd of the real swells—and then besides there will be some 800 more, cute and charming, more diminutive.

Promptly at 7:30 o'clock the 200 elect will be marshaled in their most captivating pose, for at that minute an auctioneer's gavel will sound in the ballroom of the Alexandria, and one of the most spectacular auctions of the year will start.

A galaxy of motion picture stars that staggers even a press agent will be the auctioneers. Each will auction off a doll miniature. The film favorites made and donated the dolls themselves, and all their art of make-up is shown in the effort to reproduce a real likeness.

And the affair is to make children happy, to cheer sick and sad hearts, for it is a benefit for the Children's Hospital.

The day will be opened with a remarkable afternoon programme. Constantino and Mme. Gadske feature it singers, and Irma Gunter Wright, the contralto, who won the favor of Queen Helena, will also be heard, accompanied by Miss Louise Davison at the violin.

Modern fancies of dancing will be exhibited by Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Payne. This programme will commence at 8 o'clock.

Following the musical programme there will be a tea dance, which will be followed by supper parties by many society leaders.

Then at 7:30 o'clock the event of the day will start.

Among the auctioneers will be Cornelia Poole, Ed Wolf Hopper, Fred Sterling, William S. Hart, Fay Tincher, Robert Leonard, Max Marsh, Frank Isbell, Douglas Gerard, Mack Bennett, Beanie Marelda, Fred Mills, Frank Church, Roscoe Arbuckle, Harry Lane, Cecil Holland, Harry Devere, Jack Kerrigan, Harry Carey, who has won the favor of the Queen of the Year, a four-foot figure, most elaborately costumed; George Ovey, Blanche Sweet, Mabel Normand, Charles Chaplin, Constance Tetterton, Robert Herron, Edward Tell, W. H. Cluna, Elsie Auburn, Jack Pickford, Tolly Marshall, City Attorney Stephens and Councilman Crawford, who will auction off the dolls donated by the city officials.

Among those to assist the auctioneers will be Anita Clark, Fred Knight, Leonore Ulrich, Margaret Wood, Constance Collier, Mrs. Jesse Laskey, Mrs. Cecil de Mills and Mrs. Frank Miller.

The entire third floor of the Alexandria will be devoted to the function. Society women patronesses are Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mrs. Hamilton D. Robbins, Mrs. Henry James, Mrs. Vernon Goodwin, Mrs. J. J. Van Kaathoven and Mrs. Marjorie Bergey.

Flowers will be in charge of Alice Elliott, Mrs. Robert Monroe, Mrs. Chester Moore and Mrs. Robert Hartington. In charge of the refreshments will be Mrs. Samuel Brown, Mrs. Harry Lombard, Mrs. Henry Warner and Mrs. Frank Miller.

100 smaller dolls will not be auctioned, but sold at marked prices.

HER QUEER SORROW.

Girl Escaped from Whittier Regrets She Isn't a Boy and Tries to Be One.

Susie Hartman, who escaped from Whittier Reform School, with two other girls a week ago, was brought to the County Jail yesterday afternoon. She was captured in a West Temple street house by Probation Officer Marlow and Policeman Murphy.

The girl's hair had been cut and combed like that of a boy, and she told of having worn boy's clothes to escape detection. "I stumped the cops," she said, laughingly, as she told of having waded through the river when followed by six officers on Thursday night. "I was afraid of the quicksand and I got away."

Susie's regret is she is not a boy, so she might enjoy life in the country as a farmer boy, on the railroad. When she managed to get hold of boy's suit that would fit her she had one of the other girls cut her blond tresses and she wore them away, being afraid to try to sell the hair, which might have led to suspicion and arrest.

During flight from a chase by officers, Susie became separated from Virginia Brooks and Eleanor Dalsell, her companions. They were captured on Thursday, and all three will be taken back to Whittier today.

RAILROAD WINS.

The jury in the case brought by Richard Miller and his children against the Santa Fe Railroad, for \$60,000, on account of damages growing out of the accidental death of Mrs. Leah Miller at Pasadena, a year ago, gave a verdict in favor of the corporation by direction of Judge Boardman yesterday.

The evidence showed that Mrs. Miller was full view of the approaching train and that, although her hearing was bad, her eyesight was good, and she should have saved herself.

HEARING CONTINUED.

The Federal grand jury has taken up the investigation of the chase against William Taylor, Warren Thurlow and Frank Sawyer, charged with dealing in counterfeit Curranas money. The preliminary examination of the defendants was set before United States Commissioner Ham-mack, yesterday, but went over until Wednesday. In the meantime it is expected that the grand jury will make a report.

SUCCESSFUL BAZAAR.

Ladies at St. Paul's Parish Guild Find Their Goods Sold Out and Profitable Business.

It was a rushing business that the ladies of the St. Paul's Parish Guild did yesterday afternoon and last evening at their annual bazaar, held in the parlors of the Clark Hotel. The event opened at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. By 2:30 o'clock some of the booths had practically sold out their supplies.

This was a forerunner of the brisk business that kept up all afternoon and evening, and resulted in a substantial replenishing of the treasury for the purpose of providing new vestments for the choir boys at St. Paul's. This is a work that is in particular charge of the guild members—and their boys grow so fast that new vestments are always in demand. There are forty choir boys at St. Paul's, under the direction of Ernest Douglas.

The various booths at yesterday's bazaar presented an unusually attractive appearance, and the Christmas colors prevailed. During both afternoon and evening musical programmes were given, and in a side room tea was served. Epigrams from India was kept busy with demands for crystal gazing, and the parcel post did a rushing business.

MORE EXPLAINT.

Public Service Board Sets Forth Definitely Just What Portions of Edison System It Would Purchase.

At the request of the City Attorney, the Board of Public Service Commissioners yesterday adopted two resolutions authorizing amendatory and supplemental changes in the documents to be filed in the Edison condemnation suit, so that it may be more clearly shown the franchises which the city proposes to buy through condemnation proceedings.

The board made arrangements for a conference this afternoon at 10:30 o'clock with the Board of Public Works and the Edison representatives of the City Council, for the purpose of discussing proposed lowering of water rates for the reduction plan, under the contract with the Pacific reduction plant, the city has to pay for the water used there, and the water bill will run to about \$10,000 a year. The figures are staggering to the Board of Public Works.

On the other hand, the Public Service Commission, in its turn, by the bills that have been sent to it by the Board of Public Works for resurfacing streets, and there has been more or less feeling over these matters. It is probable that each will be fully threshed out at this afternoon's conference.

TO SERVE THREE YEARS.

Directors of Mexican Petroleum Company Will be Elected in Rotation—By-Laws Amended.

Stockholders of the Mexican Petroleum Company, Ltd., at a special meeting yesterday gave their ratification to a proposition for dividing directors into three classes to be voted on in rotation. This move, it is understood, is to secure the continuity of the management of the company.

The terms of the members of each of the three classes will expire every three years. The following directors make up the various classes: Class A, whose terms expire next April, Charles E. Harwood, A. P. Harwood and William G. Kerchoff of this city; and R. C. Crawford of New York; Class B, whose terms expire in April, 1917, William H. Smith, T. A. O'Donnell, O. D. Bennett and E. L. Doherty, the class C, whose terms expire April, 1918, E. L. Doherty, C. E. Doherty, Herbert G. Wylie, Norman Bridge and J. M. Danziger.

The by-laws of the company were amended to make room for this change. About twenty stockholders met at the meeting and considerably more than a majority of the shares were represented.

"COMMENTS ON THE WAR."

Julius Salmonson will address a public meeting under the auspices of the Young Zionists Association Tuesday evening at the Music Hall. His topic will be "Comments on the War."

YOUTH CONFERENCE TO MANY CITIES.

SURPRISED AND AMUSED TELLS SISTER'S LOST RECOVERED.

Surprised in his room at the South Peconic street only when W. L. Brophy, 19 years old, declared by the police in a hotel and highwayman, was arrested in the City Jail for having recovered his sister and brother, the police, the boy confessed to crimes.

In a written confession he told of entering the room of "Bill" Anderson, an inmate of the Hayward Hotel, located at South Flower street, Boston, and this story was confirmed by the police.

The following day, Brophy, he went to the hotel and there held up and robbed Anderson. The two boys, he said, he held up and robbed man named Donald, and the latter in the last. Coming back to Los Angeles, he told of entering the room of "Bill" Anderson, an inmate of the Hayward Hotel, located at South Flower street, Boston, and this story was confirmed by the police.

When arrested he was found with two revolvers, but did not use them. All the money he had, he said, he gave to the police. He declared, he said, he would give up his life for his sister and brother.

PATROL WRECKED.

FOUR ARE IN TROUBLE.

Crashing into a Police patrol wagon on Sixth and Main streets early last night, the patrol wagon was wrecked and the four policemen were injured. The wagon was being driven by Patrolman F. J. Angert Marshall, who was charged with being intoxicated.

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ONTARIO AWARD.

PAVING CONTRACT.

LONG BEACH MAN GETS JOB UNDER TEN-YEAR VROOMAN ACT.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

ONTARIO, Dec. 10.—(Continued.) The Ontario highway commission yesterday awarded a paving contract to a Long Beach man, who has been working on the highway for many years. The contract is for the paving of a section of the highway between Ontario and California.

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HOTEL GR OUT.

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PARADISE, Dec. 10.—(Continued.) The hotel at Paradise, which was the headquarters of the parade, was the headquarters of the parade.

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HOTEL GREEN PULLS OUT OF TOURNAMENT.

Resigns from Directorate and Withdraws Entry of Team in Parade Because, as the Management Alleges, Favoritism was Shown in Assigning University Football Teams for Entertainment.

PASADENA, Dec. 11.—(Offensive) The Hotel Green management has withdrawn its team from the Pasadena football tournament and has resigned from the directorate of the tournament. The management alleges that favoritism was shown in assigning university football teams for entertainment.

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SEEKS FORTUNES ON THE DESERT.

SILVER AND LEAD AT TRONA IN QUANTITIES, SAYS AN ENGINEER.

GLENDARE, Dec. 10.—(Local Correspondence.) Accompanied by his wife and young son, Thomas H. Rosenberg, noted writer and authority on mining engineering, has gone to Trona, 19 miles northwest of here, where it is reported he has made silver and lead discoveries of high value.

Rosenberg, who has been at work on the desert property which comprises three claims for three months, has made plans to remain there all winter, while the work of equipment is going on.

The property is said to be the richest in the desert, and Rosenberg claims that its output is \$1000 net weekly.

POULTRY SHOW. Chanticleer reigns supreme at the second annual poultry show of the Glendale-Tropic Poultry and Poultry Stock Association, which opens here tomorrow and will close Saturday night.

Almost a hundred persons have made entries and there will be on exhibition, besides the chickens, a number of raven, some very small birds, and a number of wild mallard ducks.

Secretary Walter M. Ross of the association is in charge. The association is in charge.

TOURNAMENT FLOAT. It has been decided that this city will contribute a float in the Tournament of Roses to be held in Pasadena on New Year's Day. The City Trusts decided in favor of the float.

It will be the duty of the energetic members of the Glendale Garden Society, which is in charge of the float, to make arrangements for the float.

Warm winter weather at Coronado. (Advertisement.)

FINDS STOLEN AUTOS CACHED. ALHAMBRA MARSHAL LIES IN WAIT FOR THIEVES. OTHER NEWS.

ALHAMBRA, Dec. 10.—In finding a new Ford machine in a long-ravine near Alhambra, Marshal Parker thinks he has found the machine which was stolen from the past two months.

The license number of the car found today is 19370. In the 1915 auto license list this number registers the Buick of Elmer L. Lord, No. 2430 Kern street, Fresno.

The trouble which was brewing in the Fire Department for several months has been settled amicably by the City Trusts, who voted to pay the firemen a regular amount monthly instead of a fee.

At a meeting of the Department members later Chief Hilton conducted an election for new officers for the two hose houses.

Coronado climate is delightful. (Advertisement.)

PLANS POTASH PLANT. RANTANA, Dec. 10.—Work of building a \$100,000 plant at Long Beach for the manufacturing of potash from seaweed will be started as soon as the articles of incorporation filed in Los Angeles several days ago are returned from Sacramento.

According to Dr. S. H. Oppenheim, this city, Dr. Oppenheim is spending a great part of his time at Long Beach working out final details of plan.

Best time now to visit Coronado. (Advertisement.)

PROTEST PAVING BONDS. PORTERVILLE, Dec. 10.—At a mass meeting of taxpayers which was held this afternoon a vote was taken to employ counsel to resist the payment of paving bonds totaling \$15,000 issued against their property.

On the ground that the paving laid by the Federal Construction Company of San Francisco was not according to specifications. The bonds are serial, run nine years, and if validated will constitute a first lien on residence and business property over a wide district.

Action on the part of the taxpayers was precipitated today when the Federal company filed a number of these bonds for record.

PUPILS RESCUE AUTOIST. (LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.) WASCO, Dec. 10.—The timely assistance of the teacher and pupils of the Semi-Tropic school, a few miles from here, probably saved the life of William Dunn, a rancher living near Lemoore, when the latter's car turned over on the highway through improper handling.

WILL PERHAPS CLOUDS TITLE.

Stough Ranch at Burbank Becomes Involved.

Millions in Property may Change Ownership.

Documents Filed in San Diego Court Yesterday.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.) SAN DIEGO, Dec. 10.—New complications in the million-dollar estate of O. J. Stough, the nonagenarian millionaire of this city, appeared today when a petition was filed for the probate of the will of his wife, Mrs. Florence Stough, who died May 27 of this year.

The petition property amounting to over \$1,000,000 is involved and much real estate, including the famous Stough ranch at Burbank, which Stough sold last October to A. J. Casbeer for nearly \$1,000,000, and which is described as belonging to Mrs. Stough at the time of the making of the will, August 2, 1912. It is said that this will put a cloud on the title to this property.

Last July suit was brought against Stough by State Controller John S. Chambers to determine the amount of inheritance tax due the State and it was alleged that all of this property was turned over to Stough in a blanket deed just previous to the death of Mrs. Stough, in anticipation of death to avoid the inheritance tax.

In Stough's answer to the complaint which was filed last month by an attorney, A. J. Casbeer, it is denied that the property mentioned in the document filed by the controller was owned by Mrs. Stough at the time of her death or for ten years previous to her death.

However, the description of this property and that described as her property in the petition filed today for probate tallies exactly.

PAPERS FILED. The will was filed in the Superior Court today at the same time as the petition by Capt. John D. Fredericks of Los Angeles, who represents J. E. Fishburn of Los Angeles, who is named as executor. W. R. Rogers and Attorney A. H. Sweet of this city were also named as executors, but have refused to act. The hearing for the probate will be held December 21 in Judge Guy's court.

The will was sealed, subject to the order of the court as to its opening. By its terms most of the property is left to the aged husband, who is 87 years old, with the exception of about \$150,000 in bequests to Lillian Ballagay, Fred Archer and Ruth Radrow of Los Angeles and some heirs of the deceased who live in Montreal.

A codicil to the will, written in pencil May 24, of this year, alleged to have been written by Arthur Nordstrom, a chauffeur, employed by Mrs. Stough, adds other complications. The codicil disposes of property to the value of \$50,000. An automobile and \$500 in cash is left to Nordstrom, \$1000 to Dr. Winfield W. McKay, officer in charge of the United States quarantine station at Point Loma, and various sums to other people.

DEFENDANT'S SIDE. A. J. Casbeer, attorney for Mr. Stough, stated tonight that the filing of the petition for probate of the will would make no new complications in the estate, and that the will would be admitted to probate.

San Diego.

Long Beach.

PUPILS ACCUSED AT LONG BEACH.

Drank Liquor at Midnight Watch on Campus.

Six Driven from School and Also from Home.

New Policeman Appointed for Mexican Crisis.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.) LONG BEACH, Dec. 10.—With six students already suspended from the High School, charged with furnishing whisky and beer to themselves and thirty other students, members of the Board of Education at their next meeting may take like action in the case of all the young men who participated in a midnight escapade on the High School campus on November 23.

Violation of a State law, as well as breaking rules of the school, are charged against the six students, whose names the school officials decline to make public. It is stated that while guarding the school campus against Pasadena students whom they imagined would appear to paint the flag pole on the campus, the thirty-six or more pupils found waiting tedious and six of their number motored to Wilmington for liquor.

On the return of the party bringing the refreshments, the boys grew reckless.

LARGE LUMBER ORDER PLACED.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY GETS READY FOR AQUEDUCT WATER SUPPLY.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.) VAN NUYS, Dec. 9.—The largest single order for lumber ever given in the San Fernando Valley was placed with the Hammond Lumber Company today by the American Beet Sugar Company. The material is to be used in the construction of flumes to convey the Owens River water available immediately to thousands of acres.

The territory to be served by this temporary distributing system includes the Mission Acres Tract, the Marian district, the Encino Ranch and many other tracts in the vicinity. Twenty-two carloads of lumber will be required to complete the work.

As soon as this flume is completed work will be begun on another temporary system to cover Zelzah, a portion of Chatsworth and the entire western end of the valley surrounding Owensmouth.

More than 15,000 acres of land have already been signed up by the American Beet Sugar Company for water for the 1916 campaign. It is estimated that this will give water to about 100,000 acres in several months. Basing the estimates upon the experience of the past season in this valley, the 1916 crop of beets will bring the farmers in the neighborhood of a million and a half of dollars.

THIEF CAPTURED. A bold daylight burglary occurred here this morning. Charlie Wong, a Chinese vegetable peddler, drove up to a local bakery and entered. No sooner had he disappeared inside than a Mexican standing nearby jumped upon the wagon and snatched the Chinese money sack.

The thief ran rapidly to the alley, but was pursued by citizens and captured by Officer W. A. Girard in a corral. The purse contained \$10 and the Chinese was profuse in his gratitude for its recovery.

Coronado motto: "Best of everything." (Advertisement.)

HOTEL AT CALABASAS. Postmaster to Erect Modern Building with Public Hall—Calabasas District Lines.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.) CALABASAS, Dec. 10.—At Calabasas is to have a hotel. Under the impetus of the State highway this section has begun to show symptoms of taking on new life, and Postmaster Anton Webber has decided to erect a modern building, which will serve as postoffice and hotel, with a public hall on the second floor. Work has already been started on the structure, which is located near the Calabasas school.

It is rumored that a movement is on foot to petition the Superior Court to restore the precinct lines of the Calabasas district to their former status. A few months ago the new township of Owensmouth was created, portions of Chatsworth and Calabasas being used for this purpose. Since the major portion of Owensmouth township has now been annexed to the city of Los Angeles, those people living in the narrow strip left outside the city limits wish to be reunited to Calabasas.

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Long Beach.

less, it is charged, and broke into the main building and gymnasium and committed nuisance.

The names of 100 students suspected of smoking have been gathered, and drastic action may be taken.

Five more policemen have been placed on the force to cope with the influx of Mexicans and other criminals who are committing burglaries and robberies.

The plea of James R. Williams, Safety Commissioner, that the present force is not numerically strong enough to completely protect the residence section, moved the commissioners to action.

MARKET HEARING. A hearing on the proposal to abolish the municipal market will be held Tuesday morning. Members of the M. & M. Association and those who favor the retention of the market will engage in a discussion before the commission on the merits and demerits of the plan.

A report from Commissioner Cates on the application of the M. & M. to put an end to the market was made. He refused the request on the grounds that it would be inimical to the best interests of the majority of the people.

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Christmas Books

Volumes specially selected for boys and girls of all ages and little tots. Very reasonable—25c, 50c, 75c and upward.

Dolls

Canning types, many of them in exclusive costumes of our own design. Early purchasing is especially suggested in this dept.

Games

New ideas for amusing children of every inclination. Priced moderately.

Toy Sale

Trains, tool chests, doll beds, doll trunks—a few in each line that are being closed out at reduced prices. An excellent opportunity here.

Beeman & Hendee
351-353 So. Broadway

Music and Refreshments at Brent's This Evening

We invite you, your family and friends to enjoy a little good Music and tasty Edibles as our guests this evening. The entertainers whom we have engaged will provide several hours of amusement, with a varied program covering everything from "near-classics" to the latest popular "rags." And the viands alone will be worth coming for. Miss E. Virginia Stokes, the well-known Domestic Science authority, will be in charge of these.

Wages of Sin.
JUDGMENT DAY
CALL TO FOUR

...

are now time to make a first planting of Giant Spencer Sweet Peas. By planting them now you will have a succession of blooms following the time when the winter sorts go out of flower. The varieties we offer are amongst the very best in cultivation today, and may be absolutely relied upon to give you blooms of mammoth proportions with the unique waved and ruffled appearance which is characteristic of this variety.

! ELECTRON POSITIONS

[illegible]

Dear Children:

— Your friend,
The Messenger, Daisy Galt.

Om! Fourth
Floor

Blackboard,
\$2.00

Los Angeles Times

CALIFORNIA

Illustrated Weekly

TEN CENTS. THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTH

TEN CENTS. THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST. 1781-1915

Lower Santa Ana Canyon.



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Lead Soldiers, \$1.25

Hamper Dumpy, \$1

Chests, \$1.50

Toy Flyer, \$1.00

Cars, \$5.00

Mobiles, \$3.50

Toys for Boys

Mobiles, \$3.50

GIANT SPENCER SWEET PEAS

Now is the time to make a first planting of Giant Spencer Sweet Peas. By planting them now you will have a successional crop of bloom following the time when the winter sorts go out of flower. The varieties we offer are amongst the very best in cultivation today, and may be absolutely relied upon to give you blooms of mammoth proportions with the unique waved and frilled appearance characteristic of this class.

NOVELTIES IN GIANT SPENCER SWEET PEAS

We desire to call our customers' special attention to the magnificent novelties offered below. They are representative of the highest improvement yet attained in sweet peas. The colors are not only novel, but beautiful as well. The individual flowers are of giant size and in nearly every instance are borne four to the stem.

The seed offered has been saved exclusively from selected types at our Montebello nurseries. It is hand-picked and may be relied upon not only to germinate well, but to produce an abundance of bloom of the highest quality.

If you want something different, something better, try a few packages of some of these latest novelties.

Agricola.
One of the handsomest of the lighter colored section of sweet peas. Flowers exceedingly large and beautifully frilled. Color white, overlaid with soft lilac. A gem for cut purposes.

Afterglow.
A new color in sweet peas, the flowers bearing a peculiar shade of reddish mauve with violet wings.

Edna Unwin.
An exceedingly large flowered orange scarlet. Very effective as a cut bloom under artificial light. This variety does not burn or discolor when subjected to direct sunlight. One of the best of its shade.

Edith Taylor.
A magnificent shade of pale salmon rose. A flower of remarkable size and substance of the most ultra-refined Spencer form of bloom. The flowers are borne on exceedingly long stems. Extra fine.

Hercules.
An enormous flower, light pink, self-colored bloom. By all odds the best introduction to date of its particular shade.

STANDARD VARIETIES

America Spencer. Handsome variegated variety. Three to four flowers to the stem. Color, ivory white, striped and penciled with bright crimson. Per packet, 15c.

Florence Nightingale Spencer. Soft lavender bloom. Flowers heavily waved and undulated. Per packet, 15c.

Gladys Unwin Spencer. A lovely shade of deep pink with crinkled and waved standards. Per packet, 15c.

Gale Spencer. White, heavily blotched and fringed with crimson. One of the best fancy sweet peas. Per packet, 15c.

Elfrida Pearson Spencer. A magnificent English novelty. Enormous size flowers, usually four to the stem. Color, a lovely shade of soft pink. Per packet, 15c.

Geo. Herbert Spencer. A glorious shade of deep carmine toned with rose. Magnificent under artificial light. Per packet, 15c.

Helen Lewis Spencer. A striking shade of deep orange-rose. A gem in color. Per packet, 15c.

King Edward Spencer. A superb crimson scarlet with mammoth size blooms. Per packet, 15c.

Mrs. A. Ireland Spencer. Bright rose pink with bluish shadings. Wings large and broadly expanded. Per packet, 15c.


Mrs. Hugh Dickson Spencer. Gigantic pink flowers shaded with apricot. Per packet, 15c.

Marie Corelli Spencer. Cherry red and rosy crimson, beautifully displayed in its giant waved flowers. Per packet, 15c.

Special Offer.
One package of each of the above novelties for \$2.25.
One package of any six of the above novelties for \$1.25.
Extra special offer, the two collections for \$4.50.
These two collections comprising thirty-two varieties if bought separately, would cost \$6.00.

FLORAL DEPARTMENT
When in need of cut flowers, floral or funeral designs, bouquets or wedding decorations, bear in mind that we have one of the most fully equipped and extensive floral departments of any concern on the Coast. Service prompt and prices strictly reasonable.


Howard & Smith
9th & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES
NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO
MAIN 1745-10957



Always the Same

Rich Aromatic Delicious

and It Never Varies



Steel-Cut Chaffless


Now Comes Christmas

Now for the turkey—for the plum pudding and mince pie—and for that necessary accompaniment of every good meal, Ben Hur Steel Cut Coffee.


The one quality coffee whose name is indelibly placed on the menu for a correct Christmas or New Year's function.

Steel Cut
Chaffless
Dustless
Packed in sanitary tins.
It satisfies.

JOANNES BROS. COMPANY,
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Los Angeles.



A JAPANESE VILLAGE WITH FUJIYAMA SHOWN IN THE DISTANCE ON THE ZONE AT SAN FRANCISCO.



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so far away from the centers of popula-
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Illustrated Weekly
Saturday, December 11, 1915

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
(THE TIMES MAGAZINE)

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OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great
Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural
resources and the word-painting of their wonders and
beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles
strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant
editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures: the
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all good men and women, without distinction, who are
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character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the
mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the
"Land of Heart's Desire."

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Average Week-end Output, exceeding 103,000.

THE CITY AND THE COAST.

LOS ANGELES is continually com-
ing forward with added proof that
it is in the class of big cities. A fine
bit of testimony this year is the big
free entertainment at Exposition
Park Christmas Eve and at the old
Normal site on Christmas night. This
is perhaps more of a pageant than an
opera or a play, but it is a big produc-
tion and combines a large volume of
rare talent. The fact that it could be
staged here at all speaks well for the
city's art and the fact that it could be
given free makes the affair wonderful.
And all was made possible through
its being written by a bright Los
Angeles girl.

EIGHT steam schooners were un-
loading lumber at one time at Los
Angeles Harbor last week. In almost
any block of the city you can see where
some of that lumber is going. When
it comes to having office buildings and
homes for the invading hordes Los
Angeles does believe in preparedness.

SAN FRANCISCO is to blame for
the storm in this city last week.
The big fair in the north was opened
in a downpour of rain and to be con-
sistent it had to close that way. Los
Angeles simply happened to be in the
line of march.

ANOTHER man has been given
damages because he and his wife
were run into on Wilshire boulevard
by an automobilist. They are not now
sending a man to jail in Los Angeles
so often for getting himself run over.

HOLLYWOOD held a poinsettia
fete. Somehow that beautiful
town and that beautiful flower seemed
to complement each other exceedingly
well.

Optimistic Prophets.

THAT was a great gathering here
in Los Angeles last week when
members of the Realty Board heard
the president of the Panama-California
Exposition in San Diego and some
of their own members tell of the fu-
ture of the city of Los Angeles. The
greatness was not in its numerical
value, but in the spirit of those who
participated. There is a Latin adage
which says, some people are great,
"non numero sed virtute." That was
the motto which ought to apply to the
gathering.

The theme was the two expositions
held in the State during the current
year, and the extension of the com-
bined exposition to go on at San Diego
during all of 1916, together with the
influences of these notable events on
the future of the State, and particu-
larly on the city of Los Angeles. The
dominant view in the utterances of
these speakers was that expressed in
this Illustrated Weekly before either
exposition opened its doors, and reiterated
from time to time during the
whole past year. It was that the pub-
licity given the State through these
events would be felt for years to come
in increasing tourist travel to the State
and inducing settlers to seek these
shores for the rest of their days. Of
course the city of Los Angeles natu-
rally stood out prominently in the very
optimistic prophecies coming from the
mouths of all the speakers. Enthusi-
asm was the order of the moment, and
this may have carried some of the
speakers a little too far. Maybe so,
maybe not.

The consensus of opinion was that
the influence of these events must last
for years and redound greatly to the
advantage of all parts of California,
particularly to Los Angeles. Of this
there can be no doubt in the mind of
any reasonable, intelligent and
thoughtful person. Publicity has been
the making of California all the time
during the last fifty years, and of all
the cities of the State which have
blown their bazoos during this half-
century, the notes of the Los Angeles
trumpet have dominated all the other,
with the result that we have out-
stripped them all in all lines of
progress.

What were the optimistic prophe-
cies of the speakers at the luncheon
referred to? That the growth of the
city of Los Angeles in the past would
be more than matched, would be
marvelously exceeded, in the growth
of this city in the future. During the
fifteen years of the current century
Los Angeles has grown by nearly half
a million population. There are a
number of people of Los Angeles, not
wild-eyed, but thoughtful, reflective,
considerate persons, who have insisted
for the last five years that the popula-
tion by 1920 would be a million or
close to it. There are others more
conservative but not less enthusiastic
about the city and its possibilities who
have placed the time when the popula-
tion would number a round million at
1925. That this will be accomplished
there is no room for doubt. Indeed,
one of the speakers prophesied that at
the time the quarter-century was
reached the population of the city
would be close to if not quite two mil-
lion souls.

Voices of the Night.

SOME weeks ago this magazine had
occasion to make some care-free
utterances concerning the public ef-
forts being made to muzzle the New
England poultry. Boston was the
storm center of the agitation.

As being the home nest of the Plym-
outh Rock, the Rhode Island Red and
other hardy and efficient brands of
hens the North Atlantic coast has an
established standing in poultry annals.
Yet in the general distribution of hen
products the section is losing some of
its pristine glory. There are ten times

as many hens in Los Angeles as there
are in Boston. Mind you, this has no
reference to those who wear skirts.
Therefore the problem of evolving a
deaf-and-dumb rooster is vastly more
important here than in the Hub.

So far Luther Burbank has been un-
able to put out a reliable muffler for
the he hen. He has magnificently en-
dowed us with the spineless cactus and
the seedless pomelo, but where is the
demigod who will give to the world a
voiceless Orpington? What matter of
genius shall it be to give us the noise-
less Minorca?

Recently there have been three riots,
five insurrections, fifty-seven fist fights,
three heated sessions of the council and
several public meetings over the ques-
tion of regulating the rooster within
the expansive limits of the city of Los
Angeles. Several different regulatory
or prohibitory ordinances were pre-
pared and a great deal of black ink and
some red blood was shed. Finally the
aldermen—and women—agreed to the
simple but practical expedient of pass-
ing the buck to the health department
of the city.

The poultry vote of the community is
very heavy and so also is that vote
which desires a noiseless town. Their
differences are to be adjusted by a
form of compromise. It is to be a ques-
tion of the individual. Any male or
female resident of the pueblo of Los
Angeles who holds a grouch, grudge or
peeve because of the noisy, flamboyant
or ear-piercing vocal chords of his
neighbor's rooster is privileged to
bring the same to the attention of the
municipal health department.

Then the machinery will begin to
grind.

There will possibly be an official in-
vestigation. Sleuths of the division
may come out in gum boots in the
early morn and placing their ears to
the cracks in the fence await the herald
of the dawn—testing for themselves his
crowing and lung capacity. There will
be a hearing also for the defense. In
some cases the offending bird may be
brought into the official presence to
have his voice tried out. If it prove
unduly raucous the suspected one may
be forthwith banished or condemned to
the block. It was thought that the natu-
ral—or unnatural mortality, among
the birds at Thanksgiving time would
tend to lessen complaints and so no
definite step was taken until after that
date was passed. It is hoped that strife
is eased—for a season at least.

The limits of Los Angeles are wide
and within the present legal borders of
the city there are several flossy poultry
ranches that hive over ten thou-
sands birds each. A flock of a thou-
sand white-winged egg-producers is
a common sight. In a general way ex-
tensive poultry raising on city lots in
the congested district is made impos-
sible but nevertheless the daily tribute
to the dawn from the throats of the
myriads of male birds is a considerable
volume of sound. It would be difficult
to call it harmony and in any event it
is like to prove exasperating to those
hapless and unfortunate beings who
are condemned to employment on the
morning press or who play poker all
night.

Those who own the poultry are
strongly insistent that the rooster is a
pianissimo nightingale when compared
with the yelping dogs, the braying
burros, the howling kine and caterwaul-
ing Toms whose voices also infest the
watches of the night. They declare
that in most cases the man who files
his knock on the lusty boss of their
hen-harsh himself keeps a bloodhound
who barks persistently at the moon
and most of the stars.

As it now apparently stands the
whole controversy is passed up to the
health department—although why to
that division rather than to the humane
animal commission or board of mov-
ing picture censors is not explained.
Possibly the health department was

not present when the selection was
made and could not help itself, or per-
haps it was calculated that the noise
produced by the birds was conducive
to ear-trouble or nervous disorders and
therefore the matter belonged to the
bureau of physical weal.

Some of the owners of riotous roost-
ers might emulate the example of one
expert. A rooster always wants to
beat his wings against the roost and
then raise his head high before he
crows—in fact he doesn't seem able
to get it out of his system any other
way. This man puts his he hens to
bed by himself and his roost is high
up to the roof. He can't exercise him-
self in the accustomed way and so he
is as dumb as an oyster all night.

But the real voiceless rooster seems
still afar off.

Superb California.

HOW many of us use words without
knowing the real meaning? A wise
man, perhaps Francis Bacon, says
words are the coins of the thoughtful
person and the counters of the thought-
less. They are like token money to
most people. We have used the word
superb in connection with California
deliberately.

The root of the adjective is the
preposition super, which means over.
Superbus, the Latin adjective from
which ours is taken, means proud,
and California may be said to tower
over all the other States of the Union
and all the States of all the nations of
the world. The idea is that of the
Germans expressed in their song,
"Deutschland ueber Alles." Califor-
nia has a right to be proud, and the
people are proud of her, proud of her
physical features marked by the most
beautiful scenery and the grandest,
too, in all the world, proud of the
richness of her soils, of the clemency
of her skies, but above all of the char-
acter of the people who compose the
State. This may seem to be a little
selfish, but all pride is naturally of a
selfish character.

What an achievement that was for
the State to put on the records of his-
tory when her great exposition closed
a week ago today, showing a success
never achieved by any exposition held
in any other part of the world. It was
a daring undertaking for the people
to shoulder, as must appear from the
most superficial reflection upon the cir-
cumstances surrounding the great ex-
position. San Francisco bid for the
show, and by sheer pluck and earnest-
ness got it. Now the metropolis of
the State of California is a city of little
more than half a million people. San
Francisco is situated on the farthest
western edge of occidental civilization.
The population of the whole slope
from the ridges of the Rocky Moun-
tains to the shores of the Pacific is far
less than that of the Empire State of
New York, much less than that of
Pennsylvania, and less than that even
of Illinois. Yet when the turnstiles at
the exposition on December 4 clicked
off the last admission the receipts of
the fair were \$1,000,000. It is hard to
believe that the net results exceeded
that of any similar exposition ever chro-
nicated at any similar place in the world,
and so well was the management
that the net results exceeded that of
Chicago, St. Louis or Philadelphia.

It is a way they have of doing
out here in the West. It is a
breezy country fanned by the breezes
from the limitless expanse of the Pa-
cific which create red blood in the
veins of every normal dweller in the
State. The population of California
has its roots in the very best blood of
all the nationalities in the world. It
is not the weakling, not the heartless,
not the coward, not the laggard, not
the lazy, that leave home and strike
out for a new country to build their
fortunes among strangers. From the
time of the earliest Argonauts who
came here to seek the golden fleece in
the golden streams of the State to the
tourists who are pouring into Califor-

The Bug on the Wire.

By Eugene Brown

A GOOD many otherwise charming people never knew whether electrolysis was a disease, a game or a magnetic belt. Sometimes a stately tree would droop and strangely shed its leaves and then some fuzzy-faced man with pink eyes would wander that way and with a glance at the power-wire which had cut the bark, declare emphatically that electrolysis was killing it off. Sometimes water would get into the cables carrying service wires and thus disrupt telephone connections. The experts would hold a brief post mortem and blame it to electrolysis. When a guy wire supporting a telegraph pole rotted off in the ground the nearness of buried wires carrying current was cited. It was electrolysis. If a motorman had a felon on his thumb or a telephone girl missed a date it was electrolysis. If your October light bill was twice as heavy as that for September it was a case of electrolysis. If a water faucet leaked or a light bulb cracked it was electrolysis.

It was a handy thing to have around to blame things upon.

Now a practical man who has been hunting the thing down for five or ten years comes along and declares that most of this is bosh—also piffle.

He says that electrolysis is mostly bug—not meaning that people are bugs on the subject but that a real live bug does most of the wrong and damage charged on the books to electrolysis.

He is a beetle with a head harder than that of Ad Wogast.

There are an awful lot of beetles in the world. In a book on entomology they occupy about the same space as the Smiths do in the city directory. Only more so. There are over three hundred thousand different brands of insects—fuzzy and otherwise, and of this winged and crawling total about half are beetles. The highbrows call them the genus Coleoptera, but children call them bugs. The Latin of it means something like "sheath wings", which implies that they are put together after the manner of a cross between a Ford car and a Curtiss biplane. Their flying equipment looks as if it were varnished or japanned and it has mighty little meat on it. Practically all the beetles can fly but some of them are so dumb they don't know it and spend their time digging funny little holes in the ground. Their heads are so stony and their jaws so tough that they can puncture almost anything from a Presidential boom to a marble sarcophagus.

Some days ago The Times showed an enlarged photograph of the steel-cut bug who has been masquerading as electrolysis. He looks like a hard-shell Baptist all right. Scientists are trying to pin him down to his Christian name. There are eighty-five families of beetles and this one belongs to one of the smallest and most select of the lot. He is an aristocrat in spite of his bony dome. The family is called the Lymexylonidae. This seems more like a tapeworm or something to be fed to

a dachshund but it is what the entomological sharps did to the family of ship-timber beetles in the way of a title. These little devils are not as big as a split pea but when it comes to being bores they are worse than the woolliest poet that ever broke into an editor's cavern. If a few thousand of them get the idea of biting holes in a ship the first thing the owner knows he will have to get a new boat or try to collect the insurance on the old one. A picture of one of these bugs enlarged and thrown upon the screen shows the most prolific biter in natural history. He could go through a Swiss cheese like the German army through a brewery. A fight between Col. Roosevelt and one of these magnified beetles would be worth twice as much as the Willard-Johnson affair. They have a head that they can depress and hide in a steel-like shell after the manner of a turtle or a free-silver Democrat. When their mandibles are going well they can bore a hole through a bit of lead pipe as cleanly as a razor will go through a pound of butter.

That is where the trouble comes in.

These beetles have been puncturing the pipes and cables of the service companies and been doing a heap of damage. Of course there is such a thing as electrolysis, you can't lose a thing like that at one swoop, but this blooming beetle has done an awful lot of harmful nibbling that has heretofore gone under the other name. The bugs have been rounded up and encased in sections of lead pipe. But that didn't bother them any. They promptly ate their way out. There was no lead-pipe cinch against them. A Thanksgiving dinner of pig-iron and cast-steel was very much to their liking. It is no safe bet that specimens could be kept in the safe-deposit vaults of the banks. They would be likely to bite their way out and sun themselves in the windows.

But they don't like asphalt and creosote. As a cocktail they detest it. It is no mixture even for a hard-headed bug. Consequently if pipes and wires are treated with this mixture the beetles will leave them alone for the time being.

The operations of this steel-domed insect were traced through the fact that a certain form of electrolysis was not manifest in spots where the human foot was constantly present. The reasoning was that it must be something scared away by traffic and therefore be endowed with thought and fear. That removed electrolysis and brought it down to the animal kingdom. As no specimens had recently escaped from the zoo the thoughtful analyst took out his spy glass and found the bug.

Although he bothers the phone service he is not a phoney bug. He is a genuine offering. But he cannot engage in conversation. Sometimes when you call up on the wire you think there is a bug on the other end. Possibly there is, but it is not this one unless he is merely making a noise like a dentist.

hectic and inflammatory that if a regiment of these female grenadiers were to take the field determined to maim or marry their German antagonists, the poor Teutons would abandon their trenches in terror and hide themselves behind barriers of steel and stone in the home town of Berlin.

When the dames have their dander thoroughly aroused they are more implacable than the men. A man can respect the fighting qualities of his enemy, and he usually knows when he is licked, but the warrior woman is different and she will give battle after all her hair and teeth are gone. In the painful passages of the French Revolution the amount of carving and blood-letting done by the dames and demoiselles of Paris was something prodigious. The venerable tales of Medusa and the furies read like the Rollo books by comparison. A war of women, by women and for women would be something still more harrowing to contemplate.

It is shuddering to think what would have happened had women worn trou-

sers and men the skirts since the world began. It is dead certain that a lot of us would not be here today and the firing line would be much ruddier than it has been since man first learned to fumble the trigger. If England ever turns her war over to the Pankhurst family God help the Kaiser.

It is not yet clear whether the high school boys of Los Angeles are to have any military training. Perhaps the boys don't care about making bloodless war at play so long as they can have the real thing under the guise of football. Even at that, it would be interesting to see what would happen if the question could be put up to a student body vote.

At a forthcoming entertainment something like four hundred musicians of acknowledged standing will participate. Life here may not be one grand sweet song, but if a man wants melody in life he could never go to a better city for it.

Optimistic Prophets.

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In Old Lelpaic.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE.

chair, her old doll fast in her arms, the bronze of her hair burnished like gold by the sunbeam slanting in the window, her curls dancing as she rocked. Von Krupp cried out, "My picture in the New World."

"Oh, God, I thank thee for this inspiration thou hast given me. I'll paint my masterpiece in the New World, 'The Mother's Lullaby.'"

After this inspiration Von Krupp became restless to paint. He began to hurry everything. He was eager to leave the ship, eager to find a studio, eager to paint, to paint.

The next day port was to be made. The whole ship sought to honor Elise in some way.

The captain offered this suggestion: "Shall we line up, officers and men, at attention, and allow our Princess Elise to pass out over the gang-plank first, as our distinguished, royal guest? The band will play 'Watch on the Rhine' and 'The Star Spangled Banner.' What say you all?"

"Yes, yes, yes," came from many throats. And so when port was made, the last hawser made taut, the bands began to play, men and officers were at attention, when Elise, with her hand in her father's, withdrew from the ship. Her beautiful face, beaming with love and wreathed in smiles, was turned toward the ship's people; while Von Krupp, with head erect, held her hand that she might not fall as she withdrew from the ship.

When the last wave of the hand had been given, and the music died out, Von Krupp lifted his little daughter—she was only 5—in his arms.

The beautiful smile crossed his pale face; again he was illumined with great beauty. He whispered to Elise as he held her in his arms, "Thou art my new hope."

Von Krupp took lodgings for the night. The next day he easily found a studio to his heart's liking, with living-rooms attached. Now to find a governess for Elise. He called on a friend he had made on the ship and a governess was easily found.

Elise immediately loved her, and delighted her with stories of the sea, the ship and "Capt. Ship," and the dear birthday when she was 5 years old at sea.

She told Fraulein she could not sink what she knew about her beautiful mother for all the beautiful things she had to remember seemed to make it harder to sink it out.

"Do you sink, Fraulein, if I should go into the dark closet, where I can't see or hear anything, that I could sink it out about beautiful mamma?"

"No, no, Elise; thoughts that come in darkness are not for little girls only 5. Run and get your doll."

Von Krupp painted and painted and painted. He spent all his time at his easel. When the picture was finished he took Elise and stood her before it. She jumped for joy. Then she ran to her father and said, softly, "Dearest papa, I sink if you painted just one more day you would have painted the song so all could hear it, just as I hear it. Oh, papa, isn't it beautiful? Do I look just like that when I sing? I'm so glad. I've seen some one that looks just like that, but I can't sink it out."

Three months after the completion of the picture the American Academy of Fine Arts had its first exhibition in New York. Von Krupp was denied a place to hang his canvas till he announced himself a member of the American Academy, and had cabled his resignation from the Lelpaic Academy.

The picture was hung. It was well hung and had the best of light, attracting attention seemingly more than all other pictures.

On the third day of the exhibition Von Krupp carried Elise to see it. After seeing papa's picture she wandered about at will, while Von Krupp became absorbed in the study of some picture he had liked.

After a while Elise came running to her father. "Papa, come quickly; a lady with a little bit of a girl has dropped on the floor in front of your picture."

Von Krupp rushed and helped to lift the prostrate form of a woman, who, as she was lifted up, was uttering the words of the lullaby.

Von Krupp gently raised her crepe veil. As he looked he cried, "What is this? Is God so good? Is it Rachael?" and for a second he strained her to his heart.

"What do you mean?"

"Rachael, those other days are dead. We must not recall what we should forget, nor forget what we should remember."

"Have done with it; what has gone before is over and done with. We must turn to the present, the here, the now."

"The memory of the past kills the present and the future; it never cures it."

"Let us live in our children. Don't discount their happiness. It is in them we shall find affection and love. Let us not deny ourselves this happiness!"

With this sane talk Rachael became calm, and, looking at Gustav, she said, "And is it all dead, Gustav?"

"Rachael, is what all dead? What do you ask me?"

"Is our love all dead, that we should find no love except in the love of our children? Shall we have no happiness except in their happiness?"

Gustav looked into her eyes. "The wells of love are deep, sweetheart. Maybe we shall find our suffering has made us love more."

Here the old smile illumined his face; the man, the old lover sprang into life again; the artist temperament was aroused. Gustav caught Rachael to his breast.

"Tomorrow, before a priest, we will plight our vows, and forget life in 'Old Lelpaic.'"

The children were found playing in the window seats, friends truly.

Elise could never sink it out. Elise never knew.

The Women of Serbia.

[London Queen:] "A house is not based upon the ground, but upon a woman," is a popular proverb in Montenegro, echoed heartily by others of the Serbian race. Among the Serbs women are burdened from their marriage with harder work than the men, because they have to use the sickle as well as the spinning wheel, to tend the flocks with a piece of knitting or embroidery in their hands, and to build haystacks that will do them as much credit as the earthenware crockery which is made in summer for the use of the whole household.

The Serbian cottage contains no potter's wheel, and the rough clay has to be pounded with an ax and worked into a paste by mixing with hot water. Dough is placed in these primitive dishes, which are supplied with hooks to draw them from the embers, where the bread has been baked very slowly.

In Montenegro the curiously-shaped shoes called opanke are always home-made, and, owing to the primitive nature of the mountain roads, often have to be renewed. It is considered degrading for a man to take up any trade. The men lead a pastoral and warlike existence, and disdain to carry burdens on their backs, though they treat the women of their households with kindness and are never known to use them cruelly. The defense of national freedom must be the main object of this hardy mountain race, who have come through a hard struggle against the Turks without losing their independence.

The women of Serbia take a secondary part in all public rejoicings, such as the Slava. The Slava is a social gathering as well as a religious festival, and guests are welcomed by the women of the house rising to greet them. A Serbian wife must always jump to her feet to return a greeting, even if she is seated at her spinning wheel; she may never cross the road when a man is passing.

Serbian women have their own merry-makings, known as prela and sela, when they sit at work together and while away the time by story-telling (prela) and singing (sela.) They are witty by nature and have a real gift for expressing their feelings in song.

A collection of lyrics, composed by Serbian peasant women, was published not long ago, and astonished the critics of the western world by the revelation of a new tone in national poetry. Most of the songs are sad and slow, but there are gay little tunes, improvised when the Kolo is danced, men and women joining hands and forming a big circle.

The Blue Diamond.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE.)

that the Ganapati was gone, and that my strong box, too, with its silver hoard had disappeared, together with the package of gold coin and jewelry. My hands went instantly to my waistband. It had been torn open and the crystal casket that held the blue diamonds abstracted.

"So the murderous priest had not only recovered his own, but had robbed me of my all."

"There was no time, however, to reflect or to moralize, for the loud cracking of fire amid the woodwork warned of my imminent peril. Flung the skirt of my robe across my face, I made one frantic dash for safety through the splintered panels of the door, the only exit from the room, regardless of the billows of mingled smoke and flame that were now rolling along the corridor."

"Half suffocated, almost blinded by the pungent fumes, my flesh seared, my garments aflame, I reeled into the courtyard of the women's quarters, and threw myself into the fountain splashing in the middle of the marble pavement. Then, drawing myself out of the water like a bedraggled rat, I crawled on my hands and knees to the apartment of my wife."

"God! God! It was to find her and our two little children dead—stabbed to the heart on the sleeping mats where they lay."

A sobbing wail from the narrator's lips, and he covered his face with his hands. After a time he recovered his self-possession and resumed, although still in broken tones and with shoulders heaving from emotion.

"I need not dwell on the pitiable story. Gaining the open country I gazed upon the fierce flames now bursting in a dozen places from the roof of my doomed home, the funeral pyre of the last ones dear to me on earth."

"As I gazed I rent my garments, and raised my voice in loud lamentations. Soon all was consumed, and there remained only the dull glow of red embers. Then I wandered out into the night, stupefied and broken-hearted by the crowning calamity that had overtaken me, afraid even to face my neighbors of the village, naked, penniless and alone."

"Thus did it come about that I, a man of estate, feudatory of a prince, within the period of a single moon lost wives and children, slaves and retainers, land and crops, family jewels, stores of gold and of silver, and also the blue diamonds of the idol for the retention of which I had rashly but unknowingly ventured all that I had of happiness in this world."

"And since that day of final disaster I have journeyed over the face of the land trying to find, not the blue diamonds, not my stolen hoard, but the fiend incarnate, the priest of Siva, who slew my wives and children."

"I go about now a Moslem fakir with the right of entry to the mosques where I may worship the only true God and Mohammed his prophet, now disguised as a Hindu yogi, crying 'Ram, Ram,' so that I may gain access to the temples of the idolaters, there to find the Ganapati with the jeweled eyes, and by that token discover the man for whom I am ever seeking. Every year I revisit Ferishtapur, whence the idol was originally taken by my hand from the wrecked temple, but thither neither the priest nor the Ganapati has ever returned. At other times I travel from one city to another, searching for temples, mingling with the devotees at the recurring festivals, the Holi, the Durgapuga, the feast of lanterns, and watching the processions when the idols and their custodians visit each other's shrines or go to the river for the blessing of the waters. But wander where I may, priest or Ganapati have I never seen again."

"Thus have passed fifty long years, during which I have lived for one thing alone, and that—revenge!"

Pausing before the last word, then uttering it in a scream that pierced the night air, the fakir sprang to his feet, and, swept by a sudden gust of overmastering passion, raised his hands high to heaven—a weird and eerie figure in the silver sheen of the moon.

"Deen! deen! deen!" he cried, dancing around as he shrilly voiced the fanatic call to massacre—the dread call which through the centuries had drenched with human

"Subah!" shouted the Afghan general, half rising, his hand on his sword hilt. "Stop that, you son of a dog, or I will make you meat for the jackals. Subah!"

At the reiterated stern command the dancing figure became suddenly rigid. Then, just as suddenly as he had leaped from his crouching attitude, the fakir sank to the ground in a huddled heap, his face buried in the dust.

"You would be happier today, O man of many sorrows, had you followed the philosophy of 'kooch perwan'—had you said to yourself: 'What is done is done, and cannot be undone. Let it pass. Kooch perwan—no matter.'"

It was the Rajput who was speaking, in rebuke, yet in commiseration.

"Even when all seemed lost," continued the Hindu soldier, "you should have forgotten the blue diamonds, the abiding greed for which was the real cause of your undoing; you should have forgotten your lost wealth and honorable position, your dear ones gone to the abode of bliss, the enemies who had despoiled you but who, as your own religion teaches, were in truth only God's emissaries sent to punish you for your sins. It is the philosophy of 'kooch perwan' that teaches us to forget the dead past, do the work of the vital present, and by doing it aright build for the future an edifice of happiness and contentment. Had you followed that philosophy, oh fakir, you might have been again today rich in the good things of the world."

The mendicant raised his face from the dust.

"To which I reply, O prince—kooch perwan. By the ordeals through which I have passed I have come to learn that the treasures of this world are of no account. Therefore is my philosophy today greater than your own. You wear costly robes, I the loin cloth of a beggar. Kooch perwan; for when death comes, we are equals. There is no pocket to a shroud."

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TOBACCO HABIT

A very interesting book has been published on tobacco habit—how to conquer it quickly and easily. It tells the dangers of excessive smoking, chewing, snuff using, etc., and explains how nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness, weak eyes, stomach troubles and numerous other disorders may be eliminated through stopping self-poisoning by tobacco. The man who has written this book wants to genuinely help all who have become addicted to tobacco habit and says there's no need to suffer that awful craving or restlessness which comes when one tries to quit voluntarily. This is no mind cure, or temperance sermon tract, but plain common sense, clearly set forth. The author will send it free postpaid, in plain wrapper. Write, giving name and full address—a postcard will do. Address Edward J. Woods, 160 L. Station E, New York City. Keep this advertisement, it is likely to prove the best news you ever read in this journal.

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LOVE YOU, California, with all my heart and soul. I love every beauty spot, I love you as a whole. Who could help loving California in this time of need? When the house of gold is being pulled to pieces from the top, and the people are being driven from their homes, and the country is being sold out to the highest bidder, it is a patriotic duty to love and support the government and the people of this great nation.

California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

[Saturday, December 11, 1915.]



IF THERE is anything on earth that touches a sore spot on the Eagle, that pierces him to the very quick, raises his dander and makes his heart ache, it is to hear any criticism of America or Americans from tongue or pen of any foreigner, civilized or savage, refined or ignorant.

When it comes to touching the honor, virtues, good looks, refinement or any other admirable quality possessed by American women, then the Eagle's anger knows no bounds. He would tear the critic limb from tree if it were in his power. The Eagle has wandered in many lands, rambling through numerous great cities, observed the female form divine adorned and less adorned, under many skies of different hues of complexion, and he admires them all. He is a peaceful bird, but he would make war at the drop of the handkerchief on any degenerate or inconsiderate person who would dare to vilify or even unkindly criticize womankind.

Yes, the Eagle admires women of all nations, but when it comes to the American woman he thinks she is supreme in beauty, unmatched in mind, and incomparable in her virtues. He has been reading lately a book and a newspaper. The book is by a French author and his hero and heroine are two young people, French of course, both refined, intelligent and admirable in every respect. This is the way they meet. Remember they are utter strangers to each other, having never even heard one of the other. The young woman is sent by her mother on a message to a neighboring chateau, and undertakes a return by a short cut which crosses a stream by a little foot-bridge. She is intrusted with the key of the garden gate and told to lock it after she passes through, then shove the key under

the amount they can raise in this country, strictly net, out of his own income, he would have been considerably in pocket.

Otherwise the distinguished visitors must have had an exaggerated idea of American generosity—doubtless we were expected to roll up in our thousands and press modest checks for millions upon this charming couple, notwithstanding the fact that Paderewski for the Poles, Mme. Grouitch for the Serbians, Melba for the British Red Cross, Whitlock for the starving Belgians, Lord and Lady Herbert for the British wounded, and a hundred other trustful applicants have already preceded them on similar missions at weekly intervals for the past year.

I have a great respect for the British aristocracy in general, but this sort of thing looks to me disgustingly cheap. It is thoroughly undignified. We ridiculed Bryan for his Chautauqua activities, but we are respectfully slobbering over this titled couple and our society dames are falling over one another to entertain them. Yet these people, who have represented the King-Emperor of the British Empire as monarchs of Ireland are capitalizing their experiences for all the world like a successful actress.

Their tour can benefit the charities very little, the chief gain being a tour of the United States on the cheap and a lot of personal advertising. The thing is paltry, meretricious, revolting.

Swindling the Babes.

JOHN T. HALL, the song publisher, who is "under indictment for swindling aspiring poets all over the country with a phony prize competition, must be a peculiarly mean man. He, it is alleged, had a brilliant little trick of writing to competitors and assuring them that although their verses did not win the prize, there was considerable merit in them, and if they would put up anything from \$25 to a \$100, he would have them set to music and make them famous.

Robbing the blind, or the widows and orphans is as nothing compared to this. To take \$25 from an amateur poet is like stealing a lame man's crutch. Henry Wadsworth tells a beautiful little allegory in

which God assured the poet that there was no need to give him the world, since it was his already. But owning the world is a terrible responsibility and the majority of poets are hopelessly land poor. They altruistically starve themselves to feed a surfeited world, which quite often proceeds to waste the noble gifts with cruel indifference.

One can readily see how easy John found it to raise hope in these innocent breasts, to convince them if they would but give a few vulgar shekels in addition to their soul outpourings, the world would at last show its gratitude in the approved way.

Voting Wrong.

WE take the vote so lightly, rarely realizing our tremendous responsibilities. And even when we vote quite conscientiously, it is alarming to think how easily we can be wrong.

For instance, history records that half the people of Philadelphia voted against the Declaration of Independence. Very nearly half the people of the thirteen States of the Union at that time voted against the Constitution under which the country has grown happy and prosperous for 124 years. Many of the first intellects of the time insisted that it was bound to lead to a monarchy!

As for the Civil War, there was quite a virulent minority for disunion rather than fight; clergymen all over the country preached it from the pulpits. And many newspapers took this stand.

The introduction of gas was fought fiercely by every large American city—it was going to be a deadly menace and kill off half the population. Railways had just as hard a time, they were declared to be impossible, mad, bringing nothing but misery and destruction in their train. Only twenty years ago the trolley cars were dreadful juggernauts which a large minority of the people regarded with fear and anger.

We get very indignant when we hear of the orientals' reluctance to accept scientific treatment for the prevention of bubonic plague, we ridicule their adherence to old-fashioned methods of agriculture, of government and so on, but we should have still

been in the same condition had the big minority votes received a very little more support.

And now we have to decide this large question of military preparedness, or unarmed pacificism.

Requirements in a Suffrage Leader.

D R. ANNA SHAW is looking for someone suitable to succeed her as head of the woman's suffrage organization. And she has laid down the principle that it must be an unmarried woman, and on no account a widow with children. The leader of so important a cause cannot have her attention divided between domestic interests and the gaining of the vote.

This seems like an argument for the anti, Anna. It is certainly backing up the horrid New York education authorities in their edict against married women teachers. And when you come to consider that masculinity in the person of President Wilson has managed to pay so very much attention to domestic affairs, marrying off daughters, acquiring grandchildren, courting a new mate, and all that sort of thing, while running one of the biggest countries in the world, you must confess that his sex has a shining example of versatile capacity.

We would hate to think that the woman capable of running the national woman's franchise league could not manage a little thing like a husband and a few children on the side. We don't like to believe that the most virtuous sex has any such trumphy limitations. Anna can say what she likes, but after having imbibed suffrage arguments for ten years, we are convinced that no one less experienced than a thrice-married mother, with fifteen children, could fill that important position satisfactorily.

What His Parents Say.

[Boston Transcript:] Teacher: Tommy, you may define the difference between 'a while' and 'a time.'

Tommy: Why, when pa says he's going downtown for a while, ma says she'll bet he's going for a time.



OUR distinguished visitors, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, ex-viceroy of Ireland, title holders of an earldom of the United Kingdom that dates back to 1682 A. D., with a viscounty of half the alphabet denoting royal favor, thrown in, are interesting in more ways than one.

Their ideas on finance, for one thing, appear to us a little odd. They are in this country ostensibly to raise money for certain charities in which her ladyship is understood to have a deep and abiding sympathy. They are being run by our premier lecture agency, which doubtless anticipates a profit-sharing result. We have been led to understand that they receive about a couple of hundred for their services at each meeting and a major percentage of the gate money, after all expenses have been paid.

Now supposing they made a net thousand dollars in Los Angeles, which is placing the estimate at a liberal figure. Unless they had free traveling and hotel accommodation, it must have cost them all that in expenses for themselves and their suite—and that would be doing things on the cheap.

And the noble earl is one of the few wealthy earls of Great Britain. He owns vast estates and is credited with an income somewhere in the neighborhood of the Los Angeles municipal debt. Since he has held government office, it is to be presumed that his time is worth something. Surely if he stayed at home and contributed



Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau.
DEAD AT HIS HOME IN BARNABE PLASTERED.
This simple announcement, made in various publications all over the country a few days ago, should have a special interest to everyone who has a special interest in the health of the human body.

Everyone knows how to apply adhesive plaster, but, curiously enough, most people do not know how to remove it. It can be pulled off, of course, but that hurts. Moreover, even when the plaster itself is removed, there remains a sticky mass at the edges of the plaster which must be removed. There remains a sticky mass at the edges of the plaster which must be removed. There remains a sticky mass at the edges of the plaster which must be removed.

To Remove Adhesive Plaster.
The chief aim concerning the hair is to keep the scalp clean, cool and moist. To keep it clean it shall be brushed thoroughly at least once a day. One hundred strokes every evening before retiring are necessary if the hair be of vigorous constitution.

Brushing removes the dust, but it is not sufficient stimulant for the scalp, which needs, besides brushing, massage. The most beautiful hair I know of is that of a young woman who gives her scalp a thorough massage three times a week with a good hair tonic.

Home Prepared Tonic.
Her favorite tonic contains one ingredient, bicarbonate of soda, whose tendency is to make the hair a lighter shade. Therefore I do not use it myself nor would I recommend it for any other brunette.

As I looked down its waters seemed to wake
As from a dream as troubled as my own;
I saw the sun thereon in glory break;
Its surface like a silver mirror shone.

I saw my solemn face reflected there,
And watched its melancholy pass away;
Again the sky, the earth, and all were fair,
And my sad soul rejoiced in perfect day.

—[George Birdseye, in Boston Transcript.]
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Call on us for relief.
There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat feet, but few are made over a form, and in some cases answer the purpose. There is no ready-made Arch Support manufactured in this way that will give the desired results in more than 10 per cent of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various joints. Our Arch Supporters are made by perfect measurements and are guaranteed to relieve every case.

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The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

"Home, Sweet Home"

For Wife and Mother.
For Daughter and Maid.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

Modified Golden Rule.

[New York Sun:] The housekeeper must not think that by applying the Golden Rule to the measurements of her kitchen work that she will be certain to succeed. She must not rely upon offering the sort of sympathy and oversight that is preached in clubs and women's magazines. If she limits her reform efforts to attempts to be always kind she is likely to have experiences which cause her to lament ingratitude. She should keep her Golden Rule in sight, but she should remember that domestic servants want to live their lives in their own way. What they want is freedom and independence. They crave the consciousness of a liberty which they are not likely to abuse.

Too Much Surveillance.

Household affairs must follow social and industrial tendencies. Since the feudal castle has shrunk to a city flat we cannot maintain mediaeval customs and treat the maidservant as if she were a Saxon thrall. Since the question is how to diminish the amount of work required in every household, the quality of service should be correspondingly improved. The highest conception of the relation of mistress and maid is not that which enables the housekeeper to do most for her employee, but how to enable the employee to do most for herself. That means less surveillance and more individualism so far as the employee is concerned.

FOR THE DINING-ROOM.

Neatness in Buffet Drawer.

[Baltimore American:] Bleached cotton flannel was used to make these handy knife and fork cases. Bind them with blue ribbon and use the same ribbon for tying the cases when rolled up. Stitch places for a dozen knives. The outline "Knives" and "Forks" may be done in blue also on the cases. A case like this will add much to the tidiness of buffet drawers.

Soft Candle Light.

One can obtain dining-room candlesticks which stand four feet high and burn enormous candles. Three of these set behind chairs of the diners cast a soft mellow light, sufficient, with the aid of the shaded candles on the table, to light a small dinner party. Shades are made of every variety and material from cretonne to silk, and in some cases velvet. One used in a living-room is made of crepe paper to correspond with the wall decorations. Another used in a chamber was of white crepe paper with designs cut from wall paper, pasted on the shade, to match the wall decorations in blue.

KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

When Fire is Slow.

[Philadelphia Record:] When a fire is too slow it is usually due to a lack of draught. When building a fire always place the sticks of kindling so that they will lie in opposite directions. Pile the coal on lightly. There is nothing that chokes a stove or furnace more quickly than paper, so do not use it as a fuel, and only sparingly to start a fire. If a fire is merely low a teaspoonful of sugar will revive it. Old fryings can be used for the same purpose.

A cheap home-made kindling may be made as follows: Soak some corn-cobs or saturated sawdust with the crudest, cheapest kerosene that you can buy and keep in a cool place far away from all fires. Dip out a little sawdust or a cob into a newspaper, put it into the stove under the wood and it will burn quickly and long enough to give the wood a good start.

The New Gas Oven.

Throw several handfuls of salt around on the sides and bottom of the oven a minute or so after lighting the burners of a new gas range oven, otherwise you will be smoked out of the kitchen. Besides it will save gas and you will be able to use the oven right away and the food will not be tainted.

ABOUT THE CHILDREN.

Causes for Feverishness.

[New York Evening Telegram:] Young children often become feverish from very slight causes. The excitement caused by some coming pleasure, for instance, may send up the temperature several degrees in a high-strung but otherwise healthy child. Indigestion and improper food may cause a rise to fever point, although nothing is seriously wrong.

On the other hand a child may be seriously ill while the temperature chart records but little variation from the normal. The temperature changes of children are, in fact, very puzzling at times.

A mother need not be alarmed by feverishness as a rule, because in most cases it is due to slight causes which would produce no ill effect on a grown person. But if it does not pass away in the course of a few hours, or during the night, she should call in a doctor.

Emotional Excitement.

Emotional excitement and a thundery atmosphere are two causes of feverishness, also poisonous matters arising from contaminated food, and, in the case of infants, improper feeding. The milk, for instance, may contain too much fat or sugar or starch (flour, etc.).

In the case of older children eggs, indigestible vegetables and fruits are sometimes to blame. But feverishness may also signify the commencement of tonsillitis, a rheumatic fever, pneumonia, influenza or bronchitis. It is always well to have medical advice in cases of doubt. The rise of temperature may be of little significance, but often it is the first warning of a coming attack of illness.

LOOSEN TIGHT OBJECTS.

String to Remove Ring.

[Christian Science Monitor:] Pass the end of a piece of fine twine underneath the ring and wind it evenly around the finger upward toward the middle joint, stopping there. Then take hold of the lower end of the string beneath the ring and begin to unwind slowly upward, when the ring will gradually move along the twine toward the tip of the finger and come off entirely.

Glasses Wedged Together.

If two glasses are wedged together they can easily be separated by tapping the outer one around where they are together with a third tumbler. This also applies to a glass stopper in a glass bottle.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] Delicious sandwiches for the afternoon are made of raisins and nuts chopped together very fine, moistened with a little whipped cream and seasoned with a little salt.

Paste the oilcloth on the kitchen table; it will be much smoother.

When bread is taken out of the oven it should be removed from the pans and placed side down on a wire bread or cake cooler.

When icing runs, put it back on the stove, on top of an asbestos mat, and stir until proper consistency is restored. This can be done after syrup is added to the white of the egg.

Stains on blankets and other woollen goods can often be removed by using a mixture of equal parts of glycerin and yolk of egg. Spread this on the stain, leave half an hour and wash.

Cream cheese lends itself to garnishing as well as being palatable. Its softness makes it easy to mold in any shape, and it can be mixed with various condiments into delicious sandwich paste.

A fresh mildew spot can be removed with lemon juice and exposure to the sun. If it is an old spot, dissolve a tablespoonful of chloride of lime in four quarts of cold water and soak the fabric.

Blankets should be washed in soapsuds and rinsed thoroughly in cold water, then hung on the line. When nearly dry beat them with a furniture beater. They will be soft and fluffy like new.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

Keep the Scalp Clean.

[Lina Cavalleri, in New York American:] The chief aim concerning the hair is to keep the scalp clean, cool and moist. To keep it clean it shall be brushed thoroughly at least once a day. One hundred strokes every evening before retiring are necessary if the hair be of vigorous constitution.

Brushing removes the dust, but it is not sufficient stimulant for the scalp, which needs, besides brushing, massage. The most beautiful hair I know of is that of a young woman who gives her scalp a thorough massage three times a week with a good hair tonic.

Home Prepared Tonic.

Her favorite tonic contains one ingredient, bicarbonate of soda, whose tendency is to make the hair a lighter shade. Therefore I do not use it myself nor would I recommend it for any other brunette.

Borax 1 oz.
Bicarbonate of soda ½ oz.
Camphor 1 dram
Glycerine ½ oz.
Rosewater 1 qt.
Alcohol 2 oz.

This can be prepared at home. The camphor should be dissolved in the alcohol. The soda, glycerine, rosewater and alcohol should be mixed and well shaken in another bottle. Then pour this mixture into the solution of camphor.

Apply with the finger tips, or a soft brush, parting the hair and rubbing the tonic thoroughly into the scalp, until it makes response by the healthful tingling.

NEEDLE NOTES.

Home-made "Imported" Dollies.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Many of us have looked longingly at the lovely imported dolly centers which are not to be found in our shops. An excellent imitation can be made by first marking on linen the required size of dolly. The heavy dotted table damask linen is best. Then cut out carefully and with sewing machine stitch just the distance from edge you wish to buttonhole with crochet hook. Then take two pieces of flat, narrow braid or cord and hold one below edge and the other on top of edge; then buttonhole with crochet hook all around. You will find a firm, well-finished edge, heavy, and an edge which has all the threads well covered. The dolly is then ready for lace and can be depended upon never to fray or ravel out.

A luncheon set made in this manner will wear well.

Make Your Own Music Roll.

To make a music roll take a piece of felt cloth, linen or silk, fifteen by eighteen inches and something for lining the same size and a piece of table oilcloth one-half inch smaller all around. Sew quilt lining to the wrong side of oilcloth on the sewing machine. Buckram may be used instead of oilcloth, but oilcloth makes roll waterproof.

Embroider monogram on top material and everything is then ready. Paste all together, holding in curved position to give play for rolling. Then cut like this, having goods longer than oilcloth, turn in edges and stitch.

For the handles use a piece of clothes line, wrap with cotton or heavy cloth for padding and cover with material. Fasten with placket fasteners.

Warden Was Reminded.

[Chicago News:] A Brooklyn minister gave a most scathing discourse on the evil effects produced by bad example, and exhorted all good members of his congregation not to countenance by their presence such a place of iniquity as Coney Island. At this one of the church wardens, in evident excitement, snapped his fingers.

At the close of the service a member accosted the church warden and said:

"How was that for a sermon?"

"Great! I hope it will bear fruit," was the reply.

"What did you snap your fingers for?"

"Why, it reminded me that's the place where I left my umbrella."

"dark meat." Then there is the story of a clergyman who has a particular predilection for "dark meat." It was brought out that the wife was a negress. If you please, in the relations with a woman not his wife, and who was unfrocked because of his immoral conduct, a clergyman of the Church of England in London. In an adjoining column is a story of a woman. This shows morals in high life in California. It is an exhortation to him to go on living with "the other" the bluenose who wanted his wife to be a legal mate because he to "be made" like a man who had two wives and wrote to his

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meet them and judge of them. He is so of all people so far as he has been able to recognize the virtues and the good qualities of people in his opinion, but he is not biased in his opinion, and he loves people of all the races under the sun. The Eagle is a cosmopolitan bird, and is not prejudiced against any American women, cocktail, and other vices more or less immoral, as much as smoking, drinking, and indulgence to the soil. It is an exotic America with wonderful rapidity, but it is legal mate because he to "be made" like a man who had two wives and wrote to his

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She is surprised but not indignant. Then she carries her across the stream, and she undertakes to wade over the bridge. He is close by her when she undertakes to wade over the bridge. The hero has his eye on the heroine, and she is very much, and has been following her through the woods all the way. She is surprised but not indignant. Then she carries her across the stream, and she undertakes to wade over the bridge. He is close by her when she undertakes to wade over the bridge. The hero has his eye on the heroine, and she is very much, and has been following her through the woods all the way. She is surprised but not indignant. Then she carries her across the stream, and she undertakes to wade over the bridge. He is close by her when she undertakes to wade over the bridge. The hero has his eye on the heroine, and she is very much, and has been following her through the woods all the way.

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For Wife and Mother.
For Daughter and Maid.

"Home, Sweet Home"

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau.

"DR. EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU died at his home in Saranac Lake on November 15 of pneumonia, in his sixty-eighth year."

This simple announcement, made in various publications all over the country a few days ago, should have a special interest to persons afflicted with tuberculosis, particularly the reference to Dr. Trudeau's age. For this celebrated physician, who barely missed attaining the allotted "three score years and ten," has been a sufferer from tuberculosis for nearly forty years; so great a sufferer, indeed, that he was obliged to make his home in the Adirondack Mountains, being unable to remain for any considerable time in any other locality. Yet during that time he demonstrated conclusively that the great white plague could be combated successfully.

The story of Dr. Trudeau's life is inspiring. Almost immediately after receiving his doctor's degree, and when about to enter the practice of medicine in New York City, he was stricken with tuberculosis. At that time the curative effects of continuous fresh air was practically unknown. But Dr. Trudeau conceived the idea that this was the proper treatment for his condition; and in order to put his theory into practice, he made his home among the guides and woodsmen in the Adirondack Mountains, living out of doors most of the time, and practicing his profession among his humble associates. Gradually his health returned; but meanwhile his methods had attracted so much attention that six years after moving into the Adirondack wilderness his residence at Saranac Lake was becoming the mecca of tuberculosis sufferers from all over the world. Robert Louis Stevenson came to him from Europe and became a convert to his methods; and other celebrities, at home and abroad, sought the advice and the medical methods of this exiled physician in the great north woods. Eventually the sanatorium at Saranac Lake became one of the great centers for the treatment of tuberculosis, and the method of treatment applied by Dr. Trudeau and his associates, and as applied in the case of the doctor himself, became recognized as the best methods the world over.

Just how effective these methods are is exemplified by the life of Dr. Trudeau himself. Despite the dread disease, which always menaced him whenever he left the Adirondack region for any length of time, he nevertheless lived to a ripe old age, and acquired world fame, simply by practicing what he believed to be the best method for treating his malady, and proving its effectiveness by his own practical example.

Helpful Sore Throat Treatment.

A simple remedy for the relief of an ordinary sore throat is the following: Put a quart of boiling hot water into a pitcher, and into this pour a teaspoonful of the compound of tincture of benzoin ("Friar's Balsam"). Wrap a folded towel about the top of the pitcher in such a manner that the vapor rising from the water may be inhaled through the mouth and nose. Keep the edges of the towel closely tucked in about the face so that very little of the vapor will escape, either during inspiration or expiration. Hold the face in this position, taking deep breaths, for about five minutes, and repeat every two hours.

In this manner the volatile substances in the balsam are brought directly in contact with the inflamed surfaces of the mucous membrane in the throat, and back of the nasal cavity. These substances are peculiarly soothing and stimulating to the membranes, and when applied in the manner described will often relieve the pain of a sore throat, at the same time exerting a curative effect.

Friar's balsam is an ancient remedy which has never gone out of fashion completely. It was considered almost a panacea at one time; but its usefulness is now confined largely to the treatment of sore throats, chapped surfaces, and for giving relief in certain cases of persistent itching. For this last purpose it is painted on the skin and allowed to dry, the process being repeated as often as necessary for comfort.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

To Remove Adhesive Plaster.

Everyone knows how to apply adhesive plaster; but, curiously enough, most people do not know how to remove it. It can be pulled off, of course, but that hurts. Moreover, even when the plaster itself is removed, there remain grimy, sticky marks at the edges of the plaster which resist persistent scrubbing with soap and water, or any ordinary dirt removers.

These stains, and the plaster itself, may be removed with the greatest ease by using a few drops of gasoline. The best way is to moisten a bit of cotton in gasoline, pick up one corner of the adhesive strap and apply the gasoline to the adhesive surface. In this way the plaster may be removed quickly, and without causing the slightest pain. The grimy stains may be removed by rubbing the gasoline-soaked cotton over them a few times.

It should be borne in mind that gasoline is an excellent antiseptic; so that in using it for cleansing the edges of a cut or bruise that has been covered with adhesive plaster one accomplishes the double purpose of getting off the plaster and getting out the germs. Chloroform will serve the same purpose for removing the plaster; but chloroform is expensive and difficult to obtain, and possesses no advantage over the cheaper article.

Sciatica.

Sciatica, which everyone is more or less familiar with, and which generally manifests itself as a severe pain in the back of the leg running down from the hip to the knee, is a somewhat complicated condition, as the following quotation from Medical Progress shows:

"The term sciatica is a little hard to define. It is not a specific disease, but a group of little diverse conditions whose principal symptom is pain in the distribution of the sciatic nerve. In many cases we find a pure neuralgia, in which pain is the only symptom obtainable. The next case may be one of neuritis or else the pain may be due to compression of the nerve or of its roots."

"What brings on an attack of sciatica? The answers to this question are as various as the causes of the trouble. A chilling, especially when accompanied by a wetting, is the exciting cause in a large proportion of attacks. Sleeping in a damp room or in a damp bed will almost surely bring on a case of the disease in a susceptible patient. We have the authority of Growers for saying that sciatica often develops from a gouty diathesis. Chronic alcoholism will render a man liable to it, as are the victims of other chronic intoxications, diabetes, for instance. In such patients and in anemic individuals, the attacks may come on without any apparent cause."

Treatment for Knockout Blow.

It was very generally known, even before Bob Fitzsimmons's classic demonstration at Carson City, that a blow in the solar plexus region may render a person unconscious for hours. But curiously enough no effective method of counteracting the effect of this misfortune has been devised until recently. One of the European medical journals, however, has just published a method of restoring consciousness, as applied by Prof. Molle, an army surgeon. A typical example of a battlefield "knock-out" is described, and the method of restoring consciousness urged by the professor is given as follows:

"The victim of the accident was a young man who had received a blow in the pit of the stomach from the butt of a gun, and dropped unconscious at once. When Prof. Molle reached him half an hour later he found him absolutely unconscious although racked by efforts to vomit. Molle pressed on the nerves and vessels at each side of the neck, applying the thumb pressure again and again, briefly, repeatedly, and forcibly, hoping to act thus on the nerves rather than the vessels in the neck. The latter are affected more by slow, progressive and prolonged pressure."

"Five or six seconds after he had begun this staccato pressure just inside the large neck muscle, the young man opened his eyes, sat up, and, looking in surprise at the

group around him, asked what had happened. In an hour he felt quite himself but had some nausea and no appetite for the following three days."

This method of restoring consciousness should be remembered as a useful first-aid measure. The condition for which it is used is a comparatively common one, but most distressing; and hitherto there has been no very effective method of relieving it.

Hasty Announcements of Discoveries.

The announcement of these three methods of treating cancer has been criticised in certain quarters because the remedies in question had not been given the severe test of long application. It is the custom in the world of science to withhold the announcement of discoveries until their value is proved beyond question. Thus Darwin withheld the announcement of his discovery of evolution for nearly twenty years after he was convinced of its truth.

But the discovery of one of nature's laws, and that of some method of alleviating human suffering, are two very different propositions. It makes very little difference to the generality of people whether the discovery of a new planet or any new law in abstract science is announced today, or twenty years hence; but it is a matter of vital importance to a person stricken with a serious disease whether the announcement of some remedy for curing his malady is made at once or at some future time. The justification of hasty announcement of any possible cancer remedy was given recently in a report of 700 cases of cancer treated by Autolysin, as follows:

"Taught by past experience, I feel very certain that there will be few ultraconservative or unimaginative critics who will ask why we have not delayed this report another six months or another year, until it could speak the final word as to results in a larger proportion of cases. The answer is very simple: Malignant neoplasms (cancers) do not wait. Thousands of patients whom Autolysin might aid are at a stage where another month would place them beyond reach of its benefactions, and another six months would bring them to the grave."

"Consider these facts. Although precise statistics are not available, enough is familiarly known to justify the estimate that about 275 patients die of cancer each day in the United States alone—275 each day, 1900 each week, 8000 each month, not far from 100,000 every year; the toll is exacted with appalling regularity. So each week's delay implies the death of 1900 more victims of cancer. More people die each week

of cancer in the United States than went down with the Titanic or Lusitania.

"I do not mean to imply that the particular 1900 that are to die next week would be saved by Autolysin; they are moribund and beyond the reach of remedies. But just as regularly as the toll of death is taken must it occur that a like company of sufferers pass day by day and week by week across the ill-defined but all-important line that places them beyond hope of reprieve. This week, conceivably, Autolysin might help them; next week their powers of recuperation will have waned just past the point of possible recovery."

"If, then, the announcement of the possible benefactions of Autolysin were delayed another six months, something like 50,000 cancer sufferers would have passed the shadowy and intangible, but for them critical and all-important line. In the five months since Dr. Beebe's first announcement was printed in the New York Medical Journal, Autolysin has reached about 700 persons suffering from inoperable cancer, and, as we have seen, about two-thirds of these have been markedly benefited. But who can forget that in the same period something like 40,000 other persons, similarly afflicted and in dire extremity, have passed into the realm of the irrecoverable?"

Simple Method of Preventing Pyorrhoea.

It is well known that the disease of the gums called pyorrhoea is responsible for certain diseased conditions of the body, aside from the diseases of the gums themselves. When pyorrhoea is well established it is a difficult condition to cure; but Prof. Fischer has recently pointed out that a solution of ipecac used as a mouth-wash is an effective preventive. A few drops of the tincture of ipecac, or two drops of the fluid extract of the same drug, should be dissolved in a half glassful of water, and the mouth rinsed thoroughly with this mixture before retiring.

This treatment will not cure a case of well established pyorrhoea, but it is said to check the condition in the earlier stages, and will prevent the spread of the disease with great certainty.

HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits **BRAIN AND BRAIN**, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

NATUROPATHY



Naturopathy is today restoring vigor and vim to those suffering from run-down, debilitated conditions of the system when drugs fail to have any effect. Our fees are exceedingly reasonable and outside patients may come and take treatment between the hours of 8 and 12 a.m. and 2 to 5 p.m. Treatment consists of MASSAGE, OSTEOPATHY, CHIROPRACTY, SPONDYLOTHETAPY, ORTHOPEDIC SURGERY, SUGGESTION, HYDROTHERAPY in all its branches, ELECTRIC LIGHT, HOT AIR, VAPOR, SUN, HERBAL, PINE NEEDLE, NAUHEIM and all other MEDICATED BATHS. Our treatment rooms and rooms for resident patients are sunny and steam heated.

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The Little Gem Ear Phone
awarded the Gold Medal, highest award for Ear Phones, at Panama-Pacific Exposition, in competition with all hearing instruments.
The simplest, smallest and most perfect hearing device. Far above anything ever produced. We offer you a scientific wonder, pronounced by deaf people the world over as the most satisfactory hearing device ever invented.
THE AUTO MASSAGE stops head noises and improves the hearing. Free private demonstration at our store. Call today. Ask for booklet.
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Surgical Department.
Los Angeles, Cal.
759 So. Hill St. P. O. Box 575

A Perfect Fit With
Hornbro
Seamless
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Hosiery
For Varicose Veins, Swollen Bruised and Sprained Limbs.
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[742]

EVERY YEAR, GENERALLY ABOUT THE PRESENT MONTH, COME VARIOUS PERSONS WHO WOULD START BUSINESS AS COMMERCIAL FLOWERS AND PLANTS. THEY ARE OFTEN VERY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT THE PROSPECT OF MAKING A LOT OF MONEY IN A SHORT TIME. BUT THEY ARE OFTEN VERY UNWISDOMLY SO. THEY ARE OFTEN VERY UNWISDOMLY SO. THEY ARE OFTEN VERY UNWISDOMLY SO.

Do NOT throw away any vegetable ashes. For all ashes have a decided garden value. Some seem to have the property of making the soil more fertile. Some seem to have the property of making the soil more fertile.

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The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Brautman

Streets, Parks, Lakes, Gardens, Grounds.

Home-made Electricity from Irrigation Pipes.

By M. V. Hartranft.

LIGHT UP.

FOLKS who never had it occur to them that they could make their own electric lights on the ranch without cost by a very inexpensive series of arrangements for handling their irrigation water into a reservoir, ride gaily along the highways making their own electric headlights as a by-product from the revolutions of the fly-wheel on the automobile engine. You can light your house, your barn-yard and your entire grounds without any connection with the wires of the electric companies, and with no more cost than the lights generated by the magneto on your auto, if you live in the foothills and can establish an intake reservoir to hold your water supply until irrigation day and have your water under the pressure of a 200-foot head. The very small toy plants, costing only \$100 or



QUINTEX NOZZLE WHEEL.

This type of wheel is furnished with a nozzle having five openings and is adapted for low heads and large volumes of water. The regulation is controlled by gate valve forming part of the nozzle inlet.

\$200, are just as successful as the larger ones costing \$250 to \$500. Residents of the valley lands have equal opportunity if the water delivered to them arrives under a head of eighty pounds or more. All you have to do is to utilize the force of the water coming from the pipe into your reservoir to turn a Pelton wheel connected with

a generating dynamo. As long as the wheel turns your lights are going. If you live in the mountains along a stream you may heat your house in the day time, run machinery and do a thousand other things that were enumerated in the Special Electrical Section of The Times of November 28.

A little stream of water two and one-half inches deep, flowing over a weir with an opening three inches wide—only seven cubic feet a minute—will develop two actual horse power under a head of 200 feet, which is not unusual in our foothills, and which pressure is very common in our community pipe lines. This small stream of water driven into a six-inch power wheel costing about \$30, and connected with a one-quarter or a one-half kilowatt electrical generator costing about \$40 will light a home with eight or twelve bulbs all night, and run electric fans and other useful machinery all the day.

The celebration of electrical week should result in some hundreds of foothill ranch homes learning of the cheapness and simplicity of electrical generating apparatus where water is served to you under pressure. If you are taking your water under a steady flow into a reservoir, you can install your little wheel and generator right over one corner of the reservoir, and make the water turn the wheel and generate your electricity without cost as the water drops into your tank. If you receive water into your reservoir in large heads under periodic delivery you would require a larger wheel and generator and also the more-expensive storage batteries. Where you have the constant flow, the cost of the electricity is almost nil, and you have the light or power night and day. If you can ascertain the pressure of the water in your pipes when flowing, you can take this one figure to any reliable electrical supply house and get exact figures on the cost of installation.

If, on the other hand, you live in the foothills or mountains, and have a little stream passing your place, you must give the essential data concerning head, quantity and fluctuation of stream flow, summer and winter. The head, or pressure, must be given by stating the vertical distance in feet between the level of the water at the intake and the floor level where the water-wheel is to be placed. You must also give the length of pipe line required to cover the distance between intake and power wheel. These are not difficult features, but are absolutely essential.

Unfounded Fears.

There are scores of places where water is

falling through pipes into irrigation reservoirs where considerable power and light could be developed, but for the fear that a current strong enough to light a 100-candle-power-lamp would kick like a mule if a man happened to get behind it. As a matter of fact, you can handle such wires with bare hands, when connected with the usual 110-volt current, the pressure used for domestic lighting in nearly all cities. You will hardly feel it at all at first, and then only a slight tingle, about the strength of a weak medical battery. A current of 220-volts pressure—the pressure used in cities for motors—has a little more kick to it, but still is not uncomfortable. When the pressure rises to 500 volts, as used in trolley car wires, it begins to be dangerous. For a domestic plant only the 110-volt generators should be used.

A water wheel is a circular fan with curved iron blades. Water forced through the blades of this fan by its own weight causes the wheel to revolve on its axis, and the fan wheel in turn causes the shaft fitted with pulleys to revolve. The generator may be directly connected to the



AN ENCLOSED POWER WHEEL BELTED TO GENERATOR.

The generator may as easily be directly connected on the shaft with the wheel if the foundation is so shaped. After passing over and driving the wheel the water spills into the irrigation reservoir and the electric light and power has cost you but a few cents for lubricating oil each month. This is a toy-size outfit, but is made by the same firms and in the same manner as the larger ones.

shaft without the mechanical annoyance of belting, but you must be careful that the revolutions per minute of the wheel correspond to that of the generator, otherwise the belt is necessary in regulation. When properly connected the wheel and the generator utilize the wasted energy of water rolling down hill—the weight of the water—the pulling power of gravity. The water is not polluted and is ready for all the same uses.

The generating dynamo consists, first, of a shaft on which is placed a spool, wound

in a curious way with many turns of insulated copper wire. This spool revolves freely in an air space surrounded by electric magnets.

The spool does not touch these magnets. It is so nicely balanced that the weight of a finger will turn it. Yet, when it is revolved by water power at a predetermined speed—say, 1500 revolutions per minute—it generates electricity, transforms the mechanical power of the water wheel into another form of energy—which, by touching a button, can be converted into light, heat, or back into mechanical energy.

So long as you leave your water running on the wheel you will have these lights and power. If your run of water is not sufficient to be running into the reservoir both day and night, just turn it off and take your hours of delivery to fit your needs. Otherwise you must install a storage system, and this is not advised.

From this strange contrivance, known as the generating dynamo, two wires are run from opposite sides of the revolving spool and an electric lamp or lamps connected which become lighted—white hot—and the revolving spool feels the stress. The power of the water wheel overcomes the pull back, and up to its capacity you may have additional lights. The marvel of producing power from a spool, spinning in free air, remains to be explained. You may get in closer touch with your mother's God when you seek to fathom the mystery.

In our foothill regions, several miles removed from the electric service wires, are the greatest possibilities for the making of your own electricity. There are many such plants already in Southern California, but the electrical supply houses have not given enough attention to this department. Westinghouse and Woodlill-Hulse have men who can study your grounds and give you exact information, but do not get discouraged if you encounter electrical engineers whose knowledge of electricity begins with the wires and lamps and brackets. Engineering data, which average men can figure themselves, are contained in a book on power wheels, issued by Pelton Water Wheel Company of San Francisco.

A marvelous increase of electric power will follow the proper conservation of our flood waters, by building retarding dams in the mountains instead of running wild waters to the sea. We have hardly scratched the surface of the latent wealth of this region in which we live. Probably it is best for our community welfare that we have rested from the development of the tourist to heed more the development of the reservoirs which we have at hand.

Graveyard Luncheons.

[New York World:] To accuse the young people who make a practice of spending the noon hour in St. Paul's graveyard of disrespect for the dead is to do them injustice. By custom this little green space in the heart of the busy city has become a resting place for office girls and men from nearby buildings. In that way, with the consent of the Trinity authorities, it serves an excellent purpose. What would be gained by barring its gates to the few persons who find a quiet retreat and a breath of fresh air there in pleasant weather?

It is not desecration of the tombs that stenographers and clerks eat their lunches there, or go there to talk or read for a few minutes. It is ridiculous to speak of them as trespassers who violate consecrated ground. In innumerable village graveyards throughout this country such practices are common.

Respect for the dead does not require that all who venture into St. Paul's graveyard shall assume an air of mourning. It is through no wanton spirit of irreverence that young people gather there day after day to escape the noise and bustle of the street. The complaint made against them is not that they are disorderly or injure the property. Rather it is due to a strange notion that the less this peaceful spot is made to serve the living the greater honor will be shown to the dead.

If the dead had a voice, what would they say?

An Elusive Dye.

[National Magazine:] It may interest some readers to know that Heinrich Jordan and Wilhelm Neelmeyer of Leverkusen, near Cologne, Germany, have assigned to the Synthetic Patents Company of New York City their patent for a dye "devised from an amino-benz-zoylamino compound and an amino-arypyra-zolone, being yellow azo colors which are rendered fast to washing by after-treatment with formaldehyde; yielding upon reduction an aminobenzoylamino compound and a four-aminopyrazolone," etc. It is further stated, to make the matter clear and simple to possible infringers, that "the new dye being derived from dipara-aminobenzoyl-para-amino-phenylurea-disulfonic acid, and onemeta-aminophenyl-three-methyl-five-pyrazolone," etc. Shades of Bombastes Paracelsus, was the jargon of the most incomprehensible magister of the past equal to this?

Naming the Aegean Sea.

[London Chronicle:] The Aegean Sea is remarkable among the seas of the world for the obscurity in which the origin of its name is involved. Even the ancients could not give a certain answer on the point. A popular view was that it was named after Aegens, the father of Theseus, who threw himself into it when his son forgot to hoist the white sail upon his return from Crete as a signal that he had slain the Minotaur. But others derived the name from Aegae, a Queen of the Amazons, who also perished

in this sea; others from the town of Aegae in Emboea (Negropont); and a fourth theory traced it to the word "aiges," goats, which the islands of the Archipelago were fancifully thought to resemble.

Legend of the Tyrol.

[London Chronicle:] Tyrol, from which the Italians bid fair to drive the Austrian armies, passed to the house of Hapsburg in the fourteenth century, in consequence, says tradition, of a blow. The last of the native rulers of Tyrol was a woman, Margaret, more commonly called by her nickname, "Pocket-mouthed Meg." Many legends circle around Meg, but it seems to be fairly authenticated that a blow from her husband—whom she afterward turned out of the country—or from one of her Bavarian cousins, which disfigured her for life, caused her in revenge to cede the whole of her possessions to the Dukes of Austria after the death of her only son in 1363.

Music at Meal Time.

[London Chronicle:] Mr. Beecham has declared music at meal times a nuisance. Such was not the opinion of Michael Mall in "Under the Greenwood Tree." "Truly now," he said, "there is a friendly tie of some sort between music and eating. I was once sitting in the little kitchen of the Three Choughs at Casterbridge, having a bit of dinner, and a brass band struck up in the street, such a beautiful band as that were! I was sitting eating fried liver and

lights—I well can mind. Ah, I was! and to save my life I couldn't help chewing to the tune. Band playing six-eight time; six-eight time I chew willy-nilly! Band plays common; common time went my teeth among the fried liver and lights as true as a hair. Beautiful 'twere. Ah, I shall never forget that there band!"

The Earth as Food.

[London Tit-Bits:] Among many strange foods which the inhabitants of this world partake of and consider delicacies, perhaps the strangest of all is earth. Yet there are tribes, the Eastians of Slam, who actually eat and enjoy earth. It has never been discovered where these peculiar people contracted this habit, though it is generally believed that it probably came about in the time of a famine when there was nothing else to be had.

However, the habit has now got such a hold upon them that, old and young, rich and poor alike, indulge freely in its consumption. It is preferred when it has been acquired from the vicinity of waters so that it carries with it a taste of fish. It is made into a pasty substance and smothered into the ground in a hot fire. It can be obtained at markets and at stores, and is served at dinners and at big functions of any description. In some parts of the Congo earth is sold in the shape of apples and oranges, and is given out in various colors—yellow, brown, gray and even pink, which is looked upon as a very delectable luxury.

There are many other great catfishes besides these I have mentioned. The largest of them is the Arapaima, which is said to be as large as a bull. It is found in the Rio Negro, which flows into the Amazon. The Arapaima is said to be as large as a bull. It is found in the Rio Negro, which flows into the Amazon.

The volume of water of these two falls is so great that 1,000,000-horse power could be developed from them. The State of Sao Paulo has also other valuable water power. It has one on the Rio Parana, which is said to be as large as a bull. It is found in the Rio Negro, which flows into the Amazon.

This is to produce 300,000-horse power. The first installation, I am told, is to produce 300,000-horse power. The first installation, I am told, is to produce 300,000-horse power. The first installation, I am told, is to produce 300,000-horse power.

The Great Rivers. SOUTH AMERICA. THEIR ELECTRIC POSSIBILITIES IN THE FALL OF ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.

The White Coal of Brazil. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Saturday, December 11, 1915.

[Saturday, December 11, 1915.]

ordinary reader. Let me give you some of them: The Rio Negro is over 1000 miles long and the Parana is fifty miles longer. They both flow into the Atlantic Ocean. The Tocantins is sometimes called a tributary of the Amazon, but that is because it flows through the Rio Para into the Atlantic Ocean, the same river also receiving some of the waters of the Amazon. The Araguaya, which is one of the tributaries of the Tocantins, is 1646 miles long, or almost as long as the Tocantins itself. Either river, if stretched upon the United States, would reach as far as from Boston to Omaha. The River Perus, a tributary of the Amazon, would reach from Boston almost to Denver, and the Madeira would very nearly go to Salt Lake.

The Mighty Amazon.

The Amazon proper is 3400 miles long, and with its tributaries it has navigable waters of 30,000 miles which would reach clear around the world, and leave enough over to stretch three times the distance between New York and Liverpool. The Rio Negro, which flows into the Amazon, is as black as your hat, hence its name. I have seen its waters mingled with those of the Amazon below the city of Manaus, 1000 miles from the Atlantic. The Amazon is yellow and the two streams move side by side in great yellow and black stripes before the black is swallowed up by the Mother of Waters. The Ica River, another tributary of the Amazon, is longer than from New York to Chicago, and the Mearim longer than from New York to Detroit. Indeed Brazil has so many great rivers that it is impossible to describe them, and it is not wonderful that these people did not go mad over Col. Roosevelt's investigation of the "River of Doubt."

The Amazon is to me the most interesting river in the world. I have traveled upon it from the Atlantic Ocean to its junction with the Rio Negro, which is 1000 miles from the sea. In this voyage I passed many of the great tributaries, including the Madeira, which flows 2000 miles from its headwaters in Mato Grosso and the Andean highlands. The Amazon altogether has several hundred tributaries, and 100 of them are said to be navigable. Eighteen are described as rivers of the first rank, and six are each longer and more copious than the Rhine.

Many of the southern tributaries rise in the highlands of Mato Grosso, and some are so close to the headwaters of the Parana system that one can take a canoe and go from the Amazon into the Parana. Indeed, one can start into the Orinoco in Venezuela and, by slight portages, go clear down through the South American continent by way of the Rio Negro and up the rivers that flow into the Amazon from the south, and, crossing to the headwaters of the Paraguay, come out through the Parana into the Rio de la Plata at Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

The Great Black River.

The Rio Negro is navigable for 470 miles, the Purus for 1000 miles and the Tapajos for hundreds of miles, although interrupted by cascades. The largest ocean steamers sail up the Amazon as far as Manaus, and one can take ship at that city and go direct to New York. One of the easiest of out-of-the-way steamship voyages would be to go from New York to Iquitos, Peru. The first stage of the trip would be to Para, at the mouth of the Amazon. The second from Para to Manaus and the third on a smaller steamer from Manaus to Iquitos. The latter city is about 2500 miles from the Atlantic Ocean, and about 1500 miles from Manaus. The cost of the trip is comparatively cheap, and it could be made winter or summer, for the river voyage is almost on the line of the equator, where the climate is much the same the year around.

My trip up the Amazon was a succession of surprises. The sea was yellow with the silt of the river for a day before we came into it. The ocean was discolored with the washings of half a continent and the great river was loaded with silt, all the way to Manaus. We entered the stream by the mouth, south of the island of Marajo, and wound our way in and out through a series of wonderful channels before we reached the main stream.

The Amazon delta is cut up by natural canals. You wind your way past islands of curious shapes between walls of tropical vegetation. The river flows slowly, and the water looks like burnished steel. At sunset it turns to copper and gold. The vegetation

is beyond description. The great trees reach for 200 feet above your head, and you steam between walls of emerald plush a hundred feet high.

The canals make you think of Holland. The islands in some places are so small that you seem to be passing through one of the great cities of nature, a city populated by monkeys, parrots and butterflies, the resting place of the orchid and the home of the crocodile. You are surprised at the palms. There are scores of new varieties. Some are as big around as your arm, others are as tall as a six-story house. The latter extend from the ground to the top without a limb and end in a tassel of leaves. Other palms are all leaves. They sprout from the earth in great bunches. Others are of but a single leaf, such as the traveler's palm, which has but one stem. These palms grow among the other trees of the forest. It is only when planted by man that they are seen close together. The forest in the distance looks much like our trees at home.

Masses of Flowers.

It is only when you get close to the shores that you can study the Amazon vegetation. In such places you see that the trees are matted together with vines. You observe that the bark is often silver gray and that much of the forest is loaded with flowers. Some of the grandest trees have the brightest of blossoms. I have seen some sixty feet high, with branches extending out in the shape of a haystack and the whole one mass of blue flowers. Imagine a haystack of violets on a pedestal sixty feet high and you have one of the flower effects of the Amazon. Farther on you will pass a tree with blossoms like buttercups. Think of a circus tent covered with buttercups high up in the air, surrounded by green, and you have an idea of these golden blossoms.

The country is wild all the way up the Amazon. Para, the city at the mouth, is the metropolis of the whole region, and Manaus, although it is a thousand miles from the coast, is a good second. Outside these two cities there are only collections of huts scattered here and there at wide distances apart along the banks, with now and then a clearing just big enough for a hut and a garden. The hut is made of poles and palm leaves, and the garden consists of a few banana plants and an orange tree or so. The huts are thatched with palm leaves. They are little more than shelters to keep off the sun and rain. Most of them stand close to the river. Naked babies play on the shore in front of them, and the grown-ups are barefooted men and women, mostly mulattoes, or negroes who stand and look at the steamer as it goes by. The people are rubber hunters, who just now, on account of hard times in that industry, are poverty stricken.

Pictureque Para.

The only cities of any size on the Amazon River are Para and Manaus, which monopolize the trade of the whole Amazon Valley. The city of Para commands the entrance to the valley, and it has direct steamship connection with the United States and Europe. Within the past few years it has been growing as rapidly as any other fast growing town in the world. Thirty years ago it had about 30,000 people. It has now almost 300,000. Para is a city of fine public buildings. It has picturesque streets lined with tropical trees; it has well shaded parks and open squares. Its streets are well paved, and the private dwellings are surrounded by beautiful gardens. The city is lighted by electricity. It has electric cars and good waterworks. Within recent years it has been made sanitary, and yellow fever has disappeared.

Para has a number of daily papers and excellent schools, including a national gymnasium, an institute of mechanical arts and the Lauro Sodre Institute, which gives free industrial education to 400 resident students and 100 day scholars. The port works are extensive. They have been put in at a cost of millions by an American syndicate, which has also a large interest in the Madeira-Mamore railroad, situated far up the Amazon.

Manaus seems to me the most interesting city in South America. It is in the heart of the Amazon wilderness, but the biggest steamers can come right to its wharves. Suppose our Atlantic liners could sail from Europe to New York and without stop right on to Chicago? The latter city would then have transportation advantages like those of Manaus. The river is wide and deep all the way, and after leaving Para there is practically nothing but forest on each side of the waterway.

Arriving at Manaus, you land in a civilized city. The place has 70,000 inhabitants. Some of the state buildings are equal in size and beauty to any in Brazil. The Palace of Justice is of white marble and the Theater of the Amazon has a golden dome decorated with the national colors. The theater cost over \$2,000,000. The town has fine schools, including a gymnasium and an institute for girls. It has a museum and a public library of 10,000 volumes. There are hospitals and infirmaries, recreation grounds and public parks and gardens. In the evening the Jardim Publico is filled with promenaders and the orchestra plays there after dusk.

The streets are well paved. There are electric street car lines and many automobiles. The town has a board of trade and it has large exporting and importing houses. The chief business street is the Rua Marechal Deodoro. This is also the chief center of the rubber industry, which forms the bulk of the business, the exports often amounting to \$30,000,000 a year.

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Queer Dreams.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS OF SOME MOST REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES.

By Edwin Tarrisse.

"Kublai Khan," one of the finest specimens of imaginative writing in the English language, was composed by Coleridge, as he said, "during sleep," and all the horrible phantoms playing a part in "The Mysteries of Udolpho," once the most popular of sensational novels, were, it is said, first seen by its author in dreams. The basic idea of the famous "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" came to Stevenson during a dream.

In 1713 the violinist Tartini dreamed that he had an interview with Satan, when the arch fiend performed a magnificent solo on the violin. Tartini waked with the most extraordinary sensations, and, seizing his instrument attempted to express what he had dreamed. It was thus that he composed on the remembered theme a bit he called "The Devil's Sonata."

A strange feature of dreams is the rapidity with which thoughts flash through the brain of the dreamer. Lord Holland used to tell how, while listening to the reading of a friend, he dropped asleep and had a dream, the details of which it took him twenty minutes to write out. Yet he distinctly remembered the first part of one and the concluding part of the following sentence that his friend had read—so he could have been asleep but a few seconds.

The poet Willis has left an account of a dream that came to him. He had just returned from Europe, and in this dream he repeated his trip just as he had made it, with this exception—in the dream he fell into the sea. This casualty, of course, waked him, and he found that he had not slept more than three minutes.

In dreams the mind frequently exhibits a perplexing capriciousness. The brain may have been busy during the day with thoughts of importance, but when it dreams may seize upon some trivial incident and allow that incident to shape its fancies. In this relation an English student of psychology once made an experiment to determine whether an idea that absorbed his mind during the day would influence his dreams at night.

One day he fixed his thoughts upon "polar bears." Shut in his room he read such portions of his books on natural history that had to do with the appearance and habits of these creatures. He carefully excluded from his mind, so far as he could, all other ideas. The last thing he remembered that night before falling to sleep was the sight of an immense polar bear crawling out of the water upon a cake of ice. But, instead of dreaming of polar bears, he dreamed that he was aboard a whaling vessel. A whale was seen to blow. He entered the whale-boat with the crew and upon him devolved the duty of harpooning the whale. He grasped the weapon and, just as the boat was gliding over the back of the immense creature, he threw the harpoon with all his strength. But, at the same time he lost his balance and fell into the whale's mouth. With a cry of terror he awoke.

For some time he was at a loss to account for this curious dream, which seemed to have had no material part in his past consciousness. After much thought, however, he remembered that, in one of the books he had read the day before, there was a large picture of polar bears disporting themselves on the ice, while at the four corners of the engraving were smaller

sketches representing scenes in the northern seas. One of these scenes depicted a whaling vessel with a whale-boat being lowered from her davits. His eyes must have been attracted to this picture, if only for a second, and in some mysterious way the dream was fashioned from these meager materials.

A characteristic of dreams which, as one rather materialistic authority says, "hints at a life that has neither beginning nor end, and is bounded by no limits which human thoughts can compass," is that, in a space of time that is scarcely more than a second we may pass through experiences that could not be duplicated in this objective sphere in hours, perhaps in years. Count Lavalette relates that one night, in prison and under sentence of death, he dreamed that he stood for five hours at a Paris street corner, where he witnessed a continuous succession of harrowing scenes of blood, every one of which wrought his soul to the highest pitch of excitement. When he woke he found that he had been asleep less than two minutes.

In an experiment made not long ago, for the purpose of testing these theories, the subject was aroused from sleep by sprinkling a few drops of water upon his forehead. It took but an instant to accomplish this result, and yet, in that incalculably brief space of time, the man dreamed of going on a water excursion, of an accident by which he was plunged into a river, and, during the long struggle to escape death that followed, all the experiences of his life seemed to flash before him, just as they are said to appear to a person who is actually drowning.

Dreams are tricksters, if we take into consideration the experience of Dr. Titchener of Cornell University. As a specialist in psychology he had interested himself in dreams. Like a true scientist, he once set about gathering data. He wanted to learn what caused dreams, where they came from, what they meant, and all that. He determined to "watch himself" while he slept, and to awaken himself at once when he found himself dreaming of something of value. So, with a notebook on a writing table near his bed, he forced himself to waken for several nights and to write down, while the dream impressions were vivid, his remembrances of the details, and by a study of the room, the bed and his physical condition to attempt to arrive at the possible cause of his dreams.

He was proceeding nicely with his experiments. One night he had a particularly vivid dream. In accordance with his practice, he forced himself to wake and immediately write down everything about it. Then he went to sleep again. The next morning he arose and was astounded to find that his note sheet was blank. He remembered positively the notes he had set down thereon in the dead of the night. The next night he again wrote down his notes after his dreams, only to have the same uncanny sensation in the morning of finding nothing recorded.

This strange circumstance set him to pondering. That night he impressed upon his brain, before dropping off to sleep, the importance of his awakening with his first dream, or, if not with that, with the second dream. Subsequently, this strong anti-sleeping command delivered to himself was present throughout all his "dream consciousness." When the first scenes of a vivid dream came before his fancy he felt himself awoken and he set about writing down the facts upon the pad on the table. It was then that from some source of inner consciousness he felt the command again to awaken, although he seemed at the time to be in full possession of his normal faculties. His eyes opened and the secret was out. He found himself lying in bed, where he had been all night. His rising after each dream had become so much of a routine that he had dreamed that he had arisen and had made the notes, and his dream was so clear that it seemed reality.

Sing Different Songs.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] "Fa, you sing bass in the choir, don't you?" asked Bobby Smithers.

"Yes, my son," replied Smithers.

"And ma sings soprano?"

"That's right."

"Well, there's one thing I don't understand."

"What is it?"

"Mrs. Tompkins says you sing mighty big in public and mighty small at home."

The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Brauntun.

Gardens, Grounds,
Streets, Parks, Lakes.

Beginning Business.

THINGS TO CONSIDER BEFORE START-
ING COMMERCIAL FLORICULTURE.

EVERY YEAR, generally about the pres-
ent month, come various persons who
would start business as commercial
growers and many, many are the questions
they ask. The City Beautiful man is not a
free adviser to the public on such questions
and it is doubtful if his opinions are of much
value in a matter where the responsible
party must determine, through personal in-
vestigation, where to locate, what to grow,
and where and how to market his crops.

Availability is the new keynote to loca-
tion. Rapid transportation is the most im-
portant factor in modern business. Soil,
water supply, climate, are a few of the pri-
mary considerations. The output of a flower
or plant garden may be sold on the place, at
retail stores in a near-by city, in co-opera-
tive markets, or to wholesale dealers. All
methods are in vogue in Los Angeles and
other cities of good size throughout Califor-
nia. Within the space of one article these
market problems cannot be taken up sepa-
rately and in detail. The grower should
previously determine what market or mar-
kets he will use, but rapid delivery is the
important factor in all. While shipping
facilities should be of the best, the automo-
bile largely overcomes all other transporta-
tion difficulties.

The choice of soils is a most serious mat-
ter for many reasons. Choose a light rather
than a heavy soil, for one must get about on
it and work it to some extent in all sorts of
weather and under widely-varying condi-
tions. A fibrous loam, so often recommended
in the East, is hardly to be found in South-
ern California. The better soils are made
up of a little of everything in the soil line.

The drainage should be good, not only to
have plants and flowers get-at-able at all
times but unless air and water may easily
percolate plants will not thrive, for soil
stagnation means stagnation of vegetable
growth. Slope of the land is not so impor-
tant here as in colder climates, but the same
rules, to a less degree, obtain here. South-
east slopes are preferable. In locating, do
not get in a real-estate pocket. Look out
for possible expansion without the danger
of high-priced adjoining lands. This rule ap-
plies with equal force to rentals or owner-
ship. An abundance of water at low rates
is essential to success in any and all lines
of plant production, and the lack of it often
spells ruin when all other conditions are
favorable. The few fundamentals herein
specified may at least lead the intending in-
vestor to investigate along lines necessary
to fully determine before embarking in the
commercial growth of plants or flowers.

Landscape Gardening.

THE chief attraction of landscape or nat-
ural gardening over all others lies in
the fact that there are no rival or conflicting
claims to style or styles but a mere common-
sense adaptation of natural means to an
end—the absolute necessities of each prob-
lem being first considered. The true test is:
Does the garden look as though someone
had a call to build it or as if someone called
to build a garden? The naturalness of land-
scape, natural, or English gardening is what
peculiarly fits it to country home sites,
where more pretentious styles still smack
of the city, no matter how far removed from
the busy marts of trade.

Mexican Jumping Beans.

IT IS nearly time for the 1915 crop of
jumping beans to arrive from Mexico, and
the street fakers will tell wondrous tales
about them to the impressionable tender-
foot. The spasmodic movement is caused
by the larva or worm of a moth and occurs
in the seeds of several closely allied shrubs
of the milk-weed family. Several of these
are species of Sebastiania plants, not named
for the Mayor of Los Angeles, but doubtless
for Sebastian, King of Portugal. The so-
called jumping beans reaching California are
more often species of Colliguaya. The milky
juice of these plants is poisonous and is
used by the Chilean aborigines to dip ar-
row points in.

Vegetable Ashes.

DO NOT throw away any vegetable ash,
for all ashes have a decided garden
value. Some seem to have the impres-
sion that trashy material returns ashes of
little worth, but the reverse is often true.
Ashes from cotton bolls have shown as much
as 30 per cent. of potash and sold for \$40
a ton. Some weeds would prove equally
rich. In addition there is always some
phosphoric acid and a heavy per cent. of
lime. That most precious element, nitrogen,
however, was all burned out, therefore these
substances would prove of greater value if
allowed to decompose in the soil rather than
be destroyed by combustion. Ashes of de-
ciduous trees, being nearly all hardwoods,
are of more value than those from ever-
greens, for the latter are nearly all conifers
—pines, cypresses, etc.

In the Dark Ages.

WE ARE still living in the dark ages in
some respects. An employee of The
Times complained to the writer that a fine
large peach tree failed to bear of late years
and he had been advised to drive the trunk
full of nails and bury tin cans among and
under the main roots. While all may smile
at these suggestions the fact still remains
that such treatment cannot fail to bring
temporary beneficial results.

But one is reminded of the successful old
farmer who called his boys about his death-
bed and told them a fortune was buried in
the soil of the small home place. So while
the land was dormant the boys industriously
dug deeply over every square foot without,
of course, finding any coin. Only when they
harvested the finest and heaviest crop the
land ever yielded did they realize what wise
old dad had meant. Every day people will
buy hoarhound candy with which to cure a
cold, yet it has no more virtue in this respect
than any other candy. Indeed, but very little
of it ever has any hoarhound in it.

To return to the peach tree it was found
to be growing in a very rich and heavy soil,
freely watered and manured throughout the
year. Such treatment and conditions induce
a vigorous vegetative growth but are not
productive of fruit. The simpler treatment,
strange as it may seem, is to literally starve
the tree. Prune back the heavy top, prune
back the roots most severely and do not feed
or water. The best peaches grown in the
local field will be found on very coarse,
sandy soil where no irrigation is practiced
and where plant food is scarce. Apricots
come under very nearly the same rulings.
The better trees for heavy, rich soils are
apples and pears.

Mushrooms and Toadstools.

NOW that the rainy season is upon us the
mushroom-toadstool question arises
and it is well to warn the novice that even
the names are interchangeable; not all
toadstools are poisonous nor all mushrooms
edible. Neither is there any fixed and cer-
tain rule for determining which are poison-
ous for there are scores of edible species,
although but few in any one section. There
is no reliable and unfailing test by which one
may distinguish between the poisonous and
non-poisonous sorts except by eating them
and this course is not advised. The follow-
ing rules show what to avoid.

1. All mushrooms in the young or "but-
ton" stage. At this time it is impossible to
determine, except after long experience,
some poisonous species from the edible spe-
cies.
2. Avoid all those with pores on the un-
der side of the cap until sufficient acquaint-
ance teaches the difference between edible
and poisonous varieties.
3. Avoid all species which have white
pores, a ring, and a volva or bulb-like base
together on same specimen. The most
poisonous species are in this group, which
also has gills.
4. Avoid those having milky juice, unless
the milk is red.
5. Avoid those having the cap thin in
comparison with the gills, especially if they
are bright colored, and in which the gills
are nearly all of equal length.
6. Avoid all mushrooms which are not
strictly fresh, since decay sometimes greatly

increases poisonous substances. By follow-
ing these rules implicitly one may avoid the
most poisonous kinds, but the novice should
experiment with the greatest caution.

The common meadow mushroom, *Agari-
cus campestris*, which never grows in dense
woods but in the open pastures, has a white
or drab colored stalk and cap. The gills
are pinkish to brownish-purple. The stalk
is rather short, cylindrical, solid and posses-
sing a ring around the stalk. It is never bul-
bous at the base, but straight and even.

Drought-resistant Plants.

A CLOSE study of many drought-resist-
ant plants will show they are really
"mulched" in all parts as a protection
against the heating and drying influence of
the sun. These are covered with minute
hollow hairs which contain nothing but air
and may therefore be likened to a straw
mulch. Many plant leaves of this sort are
so receptive of moisture from heavy dew-fall
that they are often nearly double the weight
in the morning of what they were the pre-
vious evening. As a rule hairy plants are
more resistant to drought than smooth-
skinned ones except when the latter are as
thick as the hairy leaves, hair and leaf com-
bined. The wild hoarhound common in all
parts of California is a good example of this
class. Without such covering the plant could
not remain active throughout our long dry
summers.

Trees in Persia.

THERE ARE no natural forests in Persia
except along the Caspian Sea and in
Kurdistan, for elsewhere there is insufficient

rainfall. Elsewhere, if water is present,
many oriental planes and poplars are planted
but acreage is very limited, the larger wood
lots running up to six acres only. So scarce
is wood that every small branch pruned off
is kept and finds its way into a bundle of
faggots for city consumption. The plane
tree there, as in California and quite gener-
ally the world over, is the best of all trees
yet planted.

Crime Diminished in Germany.

[New York Sun:] The war's effects are
distinctly noticeable in Germany's law-
breakers, according to the Association for
the Betterment of Criminals. Released con-
victs, so far as they have come under the
observation of this organization, have, in
the majority of cases, enlisted in the army
if physically able to do so, and have "made
good" in civil occupations when their health
made it impossible for them to serve. So
many of the able-bodied released within the
last three months have gone into the army
that the association has had more jobs of
a civilian nature than it could dispose of,
and wages offered have risen accordingly.
All but 19 of the 538 men who have applied
for work have been given something to do.
Paroled prisoners are said to have shown
an unusually high percentage of apparent
reform since the start of the war.

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In Old Leipsic. By Eva Davis Cogswell.

[Saturday, December 11, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Japanese Art Surrenders to Western Influences.



*Mulberry and Cocoon,
a mural decoration
of vast size.*



*Silk embroidered
screen*



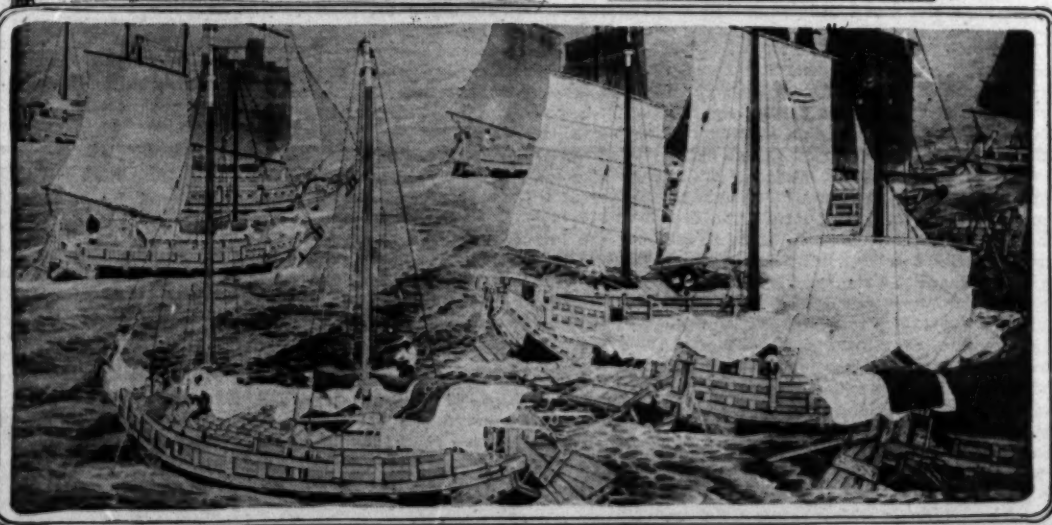
*Tribute to a Dead
Classmate (wood)
by Yamazaki
Chozin.*



*Sowing sculpture
in wood by
Yonehara Unkai.*



*Boy in mantle
(wood) by
Yoshida Hornei.*



Marine painting, recalling Sorolla, is by Ito Keisui.

The Japanese have a well-earned reputation for cleverness in beating the rest of the world at its own game. Now it is art, particularly painting. One of the most striking and curious revelations of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco is the fact that Japanese art has been modified, almost revolutionized, by the European or "Western" influences which dominate our own painting, sculpture and design. Japan's representative art exhibits, occupying a suite of nine rooms in the Fine Arts Palace, include painting and sculpture, prints, wood and metal work, dyed fabrics and embroideries, lacquer, porcelain and cloisonne enamel. While there are many interesting pictures, both in oil and in water colors, in the purely Japanese style, the really big things are those in which the newly-adopted modern or "western" technique prevails.

The explanation is that Japan is now in a transitional period of her national life. New ideals and emotions deflect her art expression from the accustomed forms, even while the traditional spirit lingers.

"Sailing Boats," a large and spirited oil painting by Ito Keisui, is a conspicuous example of this tendency. At first glance, it might almost be a Sorolla. Detailed examination, however, shows a Japanese method.

The large-sized sculptures in wood are remarkable, not only as being executed with the fine artistry usually bestowed upon bronzes and ivory carvings, but also for the emotional expression achieved by broad and simple means. There is a native humor in the "The Sower," and tender pathos in the tribute to a dead classmate, which the Japanese sculptor, Yamazaki Chozin, has entitled "Broken Branches."

MODIFYING BREEDS.
N MORE than one occasion we have called attention to the variations in type and other points as between the English and American Leghorns. As breeders, we take the following account of the breeding of these two breeds.



made entered by one exhibitor in the American class. This annual exhibition has for some years enjoyed the distinction of being the largest feature on the Coast, the entries invariably going over the 2000 mark. Judge from indications, this year will be no exception.

could not be produced at a profit when the United States and Canada. I thought I ever saw, and I have been through the It is the most wonderful display of poultry. Association expressed himself as follows:

The Evolution of an Italian Breed.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg

California's Barley and Its Pork Barrel.

By Percy L. Edwards.

GOOD COMBINATION.

FOR more than a generation barley has been a name to conjure with in the commercial life of California. It is the premier cereal of this Coast. Today barley ranks fifth in importance among the great foodstuffs in international trade. The past year's government return gave it a valuation of \$226,000,000. Of this valuation California contributed nearly \$50,000,000. On an acreage estimated at less than 1,500,000 this State produced a little less than 44,000,000 bushels. Barley is known to have a wide range of cultivation and is grown all the way from the Gulf of Mexico to the Selkirk. Its greatest success is found, however, in the rich interior valleys of California. Although thirty-five States are now producing this cereal not one approaches by 10,000,000 bushels the crop of California.

Up to within a few years the chief importance of barley was for malting purposes and as horse and cattle feed. A very small proportion is still used for human consumption in the shape of "pearl barley." A few years ago experiments were made at some of the experimental farms to determine the relative value of grains for fattening purposes. These experiments disclosed the high per cent. of nitrogenous matter in barley as compared with other grains, including corn. Some analyses showed 69 per cent. nitrogen; 12 per cent. protein and nearly 3 per cent. ash. Actual experience in feeding barley to fattening pigs has since proven the great value of this grain for this purpose and today barley-fed hogs make as marketable pork as corn-fed hogs of the Middle West.

Barley is a hardy plant and will exist and do well where corn will not. The semi-arid conditions that prevail in some parts of the State are no deterrents to success with this crop. The growing grain does not require much moisture and the general atmospheric conditions which prevail, especially in the great valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, are found to be ideal for this crop. Lately, the Imperial Valley of the Colorado is producing huge crops of barley as its acreage increases. It is not to be understood that only the lower valleys are suited for this grain crop. On the mesa lands are found some of the most productive soils and some of the best crops. The mixed soils are best for this grain and they should not be too rich in nitrogen.

Ten years ago California produced but 26,606,000 bushels of barley, while Minnesota produced 29,000,000 bushels. From that time the crop of this State has far outranked any other portion of the United States, although the Minnesota-North Dakota section has been considered an ideal section for this crop.

With the discovery of the value of barley for fattening pigs, there is being planted an increased acreage of this grain. With the knowledge of its value as hog feed and the possession of the greatest of all forage crops to help out the grain ration, the hog producers of the Pacific Coast are going to do things on the hog market in the years to come. It is recognized among those of some knowledge of the business and conditions, that there are no real difficulties in the way of raising hogs successfully in California. There is, however, a lack of producers. Not of big producers so much as the little producers, those owning small ranches. To these latter are to be looked for a great impetus in both improved stock and production. Its barley and its alfalfa will, it is confidently expected, soon put California in the very first rank of pork producing States.

According to the estimates of packers and shippers, about \$20,000,000 in value of pork stuff is needed annually to supply the demand of our people. In no part of this country, perhaps, is the truth of the assertion, "hogs is hogs," better appreciated than in California. With an area of 158,360 square miles we now are producing but 817,500 hogs, at a valuation of about \$9,500,000. While such States as New York, not in the corn area, with less than 50,000 square miles, this year produced nearly 800,000 hogs. Illinois, much smaller in area, raised 3,900,000 head the past year. It is stated on authority that at least forty cars of pork products are received every week from eastern shippers, while large shipments are received every

day from Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah and Idaho.

Now, why not raise a few more hogs right here at home, where plenty of the best feed for hogs can be produced in our rich valleys at a cost no greater in proportion, when the better prices obtained for hogs is considered, than the cost of food products in the East and other States? While the ranchers of this State are investing time, labor and money in vineyards and orchards, the products of which must seek a market far to the East, right here at home is an opportunity that equals any of the orchard products as a paying investment. Barley is the grain most used in finishing hogs for market in this State. Barley is the big staple grain of the State. Barley may be bought in bulk for about \$1.10 per 100 pounds. Wheat and Indian corn are available. Sugar-beet pulp and the refuse of the harvest are a rich feed for hogs where available. California produces the greatest forage crop in its alfalfa production of any section of the country. Alfalfa is the best forage crop for young pigs known to the producers of pork, because it is richer in protein and ash and furnishes more nearly a balanced ration than any other available crop. Add to this that alfalfa is the cheapest fodder produced in large quantity.

In combination with rolled barley, alfalfa and the root crops such as sugar-beets and skimmed milk, where available, pork can be prepared for the market to as good advantage and of as good quality as anywhere produced. The writer knows there is a strong sentiment in favor of corn-fed hogs for the best pork. It may be that bacon is best prepared by feeding hogs Indian corn. However this may be, barley-fed hogs raised on alfalfa forage are now coming into competition with the corn-fed hogs of the Middle West. Up to a few years ago this Coast offered no competition in the hog market with the packers and shippers of the corn belt. It is only within the past several years that the value of alfalfa as stock feed and its adaptability to our climate and soil have been learned. Just at this time California has on hand the greatest crop of alfalfa since alfalfa was first raised here. With the knowledge of its fattening qualities as hog feed, there is bound to come a big increase in hog production. As a matter of fact, hogs do well in our climate. The expense of housing is eliminated because of the absence of any severe weather. The open weather makes foraging an easy method of feeding growing stock. For years our farmers have been dominated by the spirit of "special crops." Diversified farming was not intended for California, has been the argument. But farmers realizing that special crops sometimes give an edge to the old saying, "Do not put all your eggs in one basket," are, at least conservatively adopting diversified methods. The smaller land holder must of necessity diversify his crops to make both ends meet. With diversified farming, stock in some proportion always counts as a factor. And what more valuable stock at this time than hogs?

We have every advantage in the production of pork, save the one questionable exception of corn feed. It is true we are not in the corn belt. But at the same time we are largely exempt from the diseases that afflict the hog in the corn area. The mild climate and cool nights permit rapid growth of young pigs and permit also the production of a second litter the same year. Pasture is open practically the year around for the growing animals. This foraging in pasture is good for the hog and good for the consumer. The exercise makes better meat. Besides there is less expense in the production of hogs raised in pasture for nine months of the year. Of course, it must be understood that judgment must be used in cropping the alfalfa fields. A large number of young pigs running at large during the wet season will destroy many acres of alfalfa in a comparatively short time. During wet, soggy weather hogs should be kept out of the forage fields. At all other times the alfalfa field is the place for the growing animals.

The Sacramento, San Joaquin and Imperial valleys are the great alfalfa, as well as the grain-producing sections of California. These sections are ideal for hog raising. In these sections some Indian corn is raised,

but the principal hog feed for fattening purposes is barley. Barley is almost as valuable a feed as corn. It should be rolled and it is very often cooked before feeding. Some very good results are obtained by cooking grain before feeding. With a large number of hogs the cooking of the grain feed may be impracticable. As before stated, barley fed in combination with the alfalfa forage is a great balance of fattening feeds for hogs. The saving in the expense of feeding by this combination is estimated at about 15 per cent. over the dry-grain rations. Alfalfa alone will keep a hog growing. When the grain ration is added in moderate quantity the best of results is produced. Mature hogs may be kept going on the alfalfa alone, but some grain ration should be added to the feed of young stock. In the dairy country where skimmed milk can be had, this milk adds fattening conditions to grain and alfalfa. Skimmed milk with alfalfa was found to be a good substitute for grain in the proportion of 8 to 1, in a recent experiment. But the best result was obtained from the barley and alfalfa combination. With the alfalfa pasture hogs should be fed about one pound of grain for each 100 pounds of weight per day. Now with a good water supply and the alfalfa pasture and grain for the feeding, the conditions are ideal. And in no other country are these conditions more so than in our great valleys.

California hogs are often fitted for market on an almost exclusive diet of alfalfa. For cheap production this way cannot be equaled anywhere else in this country. But this is not the best plan and does not produce pork that will stand in competition with corn-fed hogs. A grain ration is essential in feeding hogs to produce the best results. An acre of alfalfa pasture will provide forage for say ten growing pigs. But, of course, this will depend upon the field of alfalfa and also the size of the animals. What California hog growers could do for us, if they would, may be understood from the tremendous alfalfa crop production. The Imperial Valley alone, the latest section of the State to go into extensive planting of alfalfa, now has over 100,000 acres. In the year preceding the present over 32,000 tons of alfalfa hay were shipped outside the Imperial Valley. In the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys last season's crops of alfalfa runs into the hundreds of thousands of tons. The crop was so big and the demand for it so poor that large tracts were used for fertilizer. Under such conditions why should not California raise more hogs? So far as disease is concerned, it is a negligible quantity. Aside from cholera, hogs are less subject to disease than most other animals. Hogs reproduce faster, make better gains per pound of feed consumed, than do most other farm animals. From agricultural reports it is learned that the annual increase of horses, cattle and sheep, is from 50 to 100 per cent. If there was any proper proportion of this increase compared with hogs, hogs should show an increase of 500 to 1000 per cent. From some experiments made to test the relative fattening qualities of stock, it is found that farm animals make such gains as these: Cattle, 9 pounds; sheep, 11 pounds; while pigs show a gain of 23 pounds. And yet the hog production of California increases slowly in comparison with other sections of this country where the conditions are not so good.

With such conditions prevailing as those enumerated above, it certainly looks like a very good proposition to raise more hogs. Prices for all pork stuff are higher than for any other meats. The last report of the Agricultural Department at Washington shows that hog products have practically doubled in value since 1900. Pork prices today at Chicago range as high as \$9.70 per 100 pounds. And yet during this period the number of hogs found on the farms of this country has decreased nearly 4,000,000 head.

With all the natural advantages of climate, feed and range throughout the year, to be successful with hogs will require sound judgment in the handling of the animals. So far as the breed is concerned, the writer is one of an increasing body of interested producers who go more on selection than breed. Good breeding is all right. But careful selection and elimination in any one of our standard breeds will produce stock equally

satisfactory. Hog raisers in California seem to prefer to breed the lard-producing hogs in preference to the leaner breeds, or bacon-producing hogs. The Durocs are therefore largely in evidence hereabouts. There is some mixing of Duroc with Tamworth stock, which mixture has produced good results. They prove better feeders than Yorkshires. In an experiment made to test the relative feeding qualities of these three breeds, using one pound of grain with the alfalfa forage for each eighty-five pounds of hog weight. Shelled Indian corn was used as the grain. The feeding was from May to October. The Tamworths made the best showing on the grain ration, 271 pounds gain; the Durocs 242 pounds gain and the Yorkshires 168 pounds gain. In all experiments made the result seems to indicate that bacon hogs do better on grain and the lard hogs better on skimmed milk. This being so it would seem that the lard hogs would be the hogs for the dairy country, while such breeds as the Tamworths are best adapted to the grain and corn producing sections.

All experiments point to the value of alfalfa as the greatest of forage crops for hogs. Some reasonable arrangement should be made to divide the field so as to avoid too close cropping and to provide alfalfa that is tender and succulent. It should not be pastured too young, nor yet should it get past its fresh, tender condition. An abundance of water and shade should be handy for the pastured hogs. There is no better way to prevent fatalities among hogs than to keep them cool in the heated season. It will be better for the pasture if old alfalfa is kept cut down. This method gives better chance for the growing alfalfa. Do not overstock the fields of alfalfa as that is liable to result in rooting and destroying the alfalfa roots.

The Age of Genius.

[Irish World:] At the age of 18 David is said to have written his first psalm; Shelley wrote "Queen Mab" and Mendelssohn composed his music for "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

At 19 Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis."

At 21 Disraeli wrote "Vivian Gray."

At 22 Alexander Dumas wrote plays; Voltaire's first tragedy was brought out and Keats wrote "Endymion."

At 23 Horace is said to have written his first odes, Heine published his first songs, and Schiller's "The Robbers" had made him famous.

At 24 Shakespeare wrote his first play.

At 26 Sheridan wrote "The School for Scandal."

At 28 Racine wrote "Andromache" and Hannah Moore wrote "The Search After Happiness."

At 29 Addison's first essay appeared; Owen Meredith published "Lucifer."

At 31 Pliny finished his "German War."

At 34 Thomas A. Kempis wrote "Imitation of Christ."

At 35 Mohammed began the Koran and Poe wrote "The Raven."

At 36 Thackeray's "Vanly Fair" had appeared.

At 50 Bunyan finished "A Pilgrim's Progress."

At 51 Dante finished his "Divina Commedia."

At 60 Homer is said to have composed the Iliad.

At the Prize Fight.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] Andrew Carnegie said at a luncheon in New York:

"To the Martians or any other higher intelligence this world war, which every belligerent entered with the declaration that he didn't want to fight, but was forced to—this world war would seem to a higher intelligence, I repeat, as unreasonable as the prize fight seemed to the old lady."

"An old lady said on her return from the city:

"My rich son-in-law took me to a prize fight one evening. I never saw such a thing. The two men came out on the stage and shook hands like the best of friends. Then they began to punch each other, and all for nothing. They kept on punching away till a man in the corner yelled 'Time!' Nobody answered him, so I pulled out my watch and shouted 'Ten o'clock!'"

In Old Leipsic. By Eva Davis Cogswell.

RECONCILIATION.

"RACHAEL Von Krupp, what is that you say to me? That I love my art, my pictures, more than I love you, Rachael, my love? That I have made art the mistress of my thought and life?"

"Oh, no, no; you cannot mean what you say. You do not realize what your words imply."

"Your accusation, too, is made on the merest coincidence; that I go always early, I stay always late, that I am always at the studio!"

"You say my dear child Elise is forgotten. Mein Gott, Rachael, you know that is false! Elise is all the world to me; you know it! You say that I dragged you from America to live here in Germany, that I might dwell always in the shadow of the great university."

"Why, Rachael, dear heart, remember I met you first in this beautiful city Leipsic. Did I not? Am I not telling you truly? Did you not leave America to study your own art, music, at our universities—Munich, Leipsic and Heidelberg?"

"Did we not meet in the great Symphony Hall one day? Do you not remember when our eyes met? Oh, Rachael, and now you say art is my mistress, that I care nothing for you. Oh, shame to you! Good-by, I must be off. My picture is beautiful; it will make the name of Von Krupp famous throughout the whole world of art!"

"With every stroke of my brush, Rachael, I have loved you, as you will see when the picture is hung in the gallery for the critics of the world to judge. You will find the picture just you-u, you, you!"

"Good-by, my sweetest of mistresses, my inspiration."

Time goes on, some months elapsed. Gustav Von Krupp is not himself. Gustav cannot paint. His brushes simply daub. His hand is unsteady. There is no life or action in a single stroke on the canvas.

His friend, Anton, a fellow-student in past years, who now has an easel in Von Krupp's studio, only to be near his friend, has already noticed the listlessness of Von Krupp and one evening ventures a remark, for his sympathy is deep and keen.

"Can I do anything for you, Gustav?"

Von Krupp did not answer. Anton shook his head gravely and sighed deeply; surely something is wrong; Gustav is plainly not himself. Never before had his brushes daubed, and his great masterpiece so near completion. The studio was growing dark.

"Shall I wait for you, Gustav?" asked Anton. He touched him gently on the shoulder. Gustav started, turned toward his faithful Anton, of whose love he was always sure. A look of recognition came into the artist's face. A wonderful smile changed his whole countenance. At times he was not beautiful, but the rarest of smiles often illumined his face with great beauty and made him one of the most sympathetic of humans, one of the most magnetic of men.

"Come, let us go on," said Von Krupp; and linking arms, the two, friends from early manhood, walked out of the studio into the fresh, crisp air. Von Krupp, engrossed in thought, walked on and on, with Anton ever watching and noting the sorrow of his countenance.

At last Anton cried out to his friend: "Stay, what is the matter? Where are we wandering? Von Krupp, you are not yourself."

"Ja, ja, keep at me; where am I going? Ja, ja, that's it. Can't a fellow be silent without the world booting in his ears, 'What's the matter, what, what?'"

After a few moments Anton stopped. "I'll go no further, my friend, till I know your trouble."

When they reached Von Krupp's lodgings he stood waiting for Anton.

"Aren't you coming up tonight?"

"I'd better not."

"Why not?" cried Von Krupp; "come," he said.

Together they went up three flights of stairs, silent, arm linked in arm. Taking out his key, Von Krupp opened the door to a beautiful salon. Here the artist Gustav Von Krupp and Madam Von Krupp were wont to hold their guests enthralled with the beauty of their conjugal life. It

was here that the men and women, famous in old Germany's art and higher social circles, were glad to congregate. Nobility, too, frequented this salon. It was here Von Krupp with his beautiful Rachael, the mother of his darling Elise, had lived and loved; but now there were shadows. Shadows in the east at sunrise and the same shadow daily obscured the beautiful sunsets of the west. These were days of darkness.

With a direct question, Von Krupp assailed his friend in harsh strident tones: "What do you know? What are the people saying, Anton? Out with it!"

"It is serious; too serious; I dare not speak lest you condemn your friend for answering your question."

"Tell me the worst. What is the scandal-mongers love to say?"

"Mein Gott! It is not about my wife? Speak, or I strike you! Speak, Anton!"

"Yes, that is it. Madam Von Krupp, they say, is untrue; that she has no love for baby Elise; that she doesn't longer care for you or your great works of art."

"Do they say that she no longer loves?"

"Quite so; that is what they say."

"Do they associate anyone with her?"

"Yes; they say the man is alien; that madam is carried away by his foreign ways, his lavish instincts; the gentleman is an American."

"Oh, God! Now I know! It is Bristow!"

They sat a long time in silence.

"Good friend, your love has done me good. It will keep me. What the gossips say is true. I have hell all about me. Yet I cannot think she does not love her child."

"Hardly that," replied Anton. "Mother love is instinct; it never changes. The love of man for woman and woman's love for man is a different thing. As the wind bloweth wheresoever it listeth, so a woman's love for a man can go here, there or anywhere."

"I have already refused my home to Bristow. If I can keep Rachael until I finish my great picture she will know then my great love, and she will requite me. She cannot fail."

"There is not a line of my brush in the great picture which is not expression of my love for her. The central figure, Love, is my Rachael and her child Elise. I must work, work, work, and let her see, as soon as possible, my masterpiece."

"She will throw herself in my arms again. She must. Oh, it is a grand picture, Anton."

Anton rose to go. "Good-night, Gustav." "Good-night," my good friend. "I lay naught against you. You only put in words what the birds chatter in my ears; what the very twigs on the trees echo."

"Oh, those wicked monsters, the scandal-mongers, the filchers of good names! Bah! What rubbish is all this. I prove it soon, Anton, soon. Good-night."

Von Krupp worked zealously at his picture. Rachael seemed to respond to his atmosphere of hope. Their evenings were joyous, which Gustav counted as so many tricks in the winning of the game.

At the studio one beautiful morning the light was perfect. Rachael's farewell to Gustav that morning had been tender and sweet, and how he had worked that day, inspired by the woman he so deeply loved, until the shadows shut out the north light, the artist's true light, and he could paint no more.

With whistling and singing he began to clean up, to get ready to go home—to her and her child.

Was there ever such happiness? he thought.

When he arrived at the house he saw the shades had not been drawn; there was no light; twilight was falling. A sickening fear seized him. He hurried inside the house.

What he most feared had come upon him—just when his hope was strongest, his heart lightest. Rachael had gone! The world would now know. He read again the letter in his hand.

"My little girl is all I have left to me. What's to be done? The world must not censure Rachael. She was a beautiful woman, only 25. Bristow is handsome, lavish and dashing, a true and generous American gentleman."

"I do not want the entire blame to rest

upon her. Whatever comes I, Gustav Von Krupp, her husband, must ever shield her. Elise must not know."

"I am a man past 40. Perhaps too mature—as Rachael has said, too devoted to my canvas. An artist is a selfish dog at best. The world shall not blame her alone. With Elise I will make amends. I will live such a life that Rachael may come back into our life at any moment."

"Oh, art, art!—I thank God I love thee. Thou must ever be my solace."

"Elise, Elise, my little baby, where are you?"

The door was unlocked and he opened it. As he did so, a little fairy, between 2 and 3 years old, bounded into his arms. "Oh, papa, papa, where is mamma?"

"We are alone, alone; mamma has gone journeying, my child!" And he wept, tears falling on her soft brown curls.

"Don't cry, papa. Mamma says I make my eyes red when I cry. Oo don't want wed eyes, do you, papa? I think I saw mamma journeying. Mamma had her lunch with me in the nursery, but she didn't eat a thing, papa, and she cried big tears; I saw two right on her cheek. Then, after lunch, she sang her lullaby to me—mamma's very own lullaby. I told her it wasn't sleepy time; I didn't want to go to sleep. Then she hugged me hard and ran away from me."

"I looked out the window, cause mamma had her hat on in the nursery, and I saw mamma journeying with Mr. Wistow in his great big car. Papa, Mr. Wistow always makes me cry. I don't like Mr. Wistow, but I know mamma does. Oh, papa, what is the matter?"

Gustav had folded little Elise so closely in his arms that he had hurt her in the anguish of it all. Leaving Elise with her dolls, Von Krupp left the apartment. He walked some time up and down Koenig's strasse, and finally darted back into the apartment.

The great picture had been forgotten. He did not go to the studio. That night in his vigil he dreamed of it as he nodded in his chair. Starting up, he exclaimed, "I will destroy it!"

Rushing out into the night, he went to the studio. When inside he lifted the curtain before the picture. There, in truth, was Rachael in all her beauteous perfection.

Von Krupp had suffered beyond his strength. As he raised his hand to draw the curtain, he reeled and stumbled, clutching the air, and fell to the floor.

Here Anton found him. Five weeks he was ill. His faithful friend nursed him back to life. Weathering the point of death, he sailed back into the harbor of life.

As he grew stronger he realized all that had happened to him. When he was strong enough he went from Leipsic to Berlin, to consult his friends, and to find, if he might, some trace of his dear one.

He found they had gone to Hamburg, preparing to sail to America. This information did not surprise Von Krupp, though it bowed him to the earth.

Weeks passed into weeks. Gustav could paint no more. The studio had been closed. Even Anton was not allowed to remove the dust. The artist contented himself playing with Elise, who was fast forgetting mamma's journeying.

Gustav would play doll-house, or anything else and everything else the child demanded.

Her demands so absolutely obeyed, had made her imperious, sometimes so willful that the artist would be shocked, and missed the guiding hand of the mother. At such times Elise, although penitent, was hard to understand.

Von Krupp contemplated going to America. He dared not leave Elise to the tender mercy of Anton alone and had decided to take her with him.

Affairs all arranged, the artist and his little daughter boarded a steamer sailing for New York. The crossing was indeed ideal. Elise was the joy of all on board, and the handsome German captain, Von Moltke, carried her all over the ship perched high on his shoulder. Her laughter rang out in sweetest peals; Elise inherited the beautiful quality of voice of her mother.

She became the mascot of the ship. If Elise were on deck the clouds would scam-

per from the sky as she scampered the decks. If Elise went below, a grayness cast itself over the sky, and over the joy of the passengers.

Sometimes Elise would be found sitting on a coil of rope singing "Mamma's Own Lullaby" to her doll. For a child, her voice was wonderful.

One day, after one of these bursts of song, Von Krupp heard some ladies asking the child about her mamma. "Where is your mamma, Elise?"

Von Krupp stood apart, awaiting with dread the child's answer.

Little Elise wrinkled her brow and said: "I don't quite remember; but I know; it's in my head somewhere, but I can't make it come out. If I find it out before I leave the ship I'll tell you ladies."

One day talking to the captain, who, next to dear papa, was everything to her, she said, watching a little child playing with her mother: "Oh, Capt. Ship, I haven't any mother on board like Frida over there has—but I've got her picture—see!"

She drew out a little chain and locket hidden in her dress. See, Capt. Ship, isn't mamma beautiful?"

The captain was staggered, for when he took the little locket and gazed at the picture he saw the face of a woman who crossed on his ship the season before. Thus the captain better understood Von Krupp, his moods, and his anxious watchfulness over Elise.

Giving the locket back, the captain was going to put Elise on his shoulder for a reconnoiter of the ship.

She looked at him. "Capt. Ship, isn't my mother beautiful? Why didn't you say she was the minute you looked at her picture?" Then she sobbed and burst into tears.

"Oh, how I wish I could flink that thing out, in my head, about mamma. 'No, Capt. Ship, I don't want to go with you.'"

"Yes you do, little mascot," and with a big swing she was on his shoulder, her laughter ringing out and the breezes drying her tears.

Von Krupp sat in the bow of the ship musing. Our journey is coming to an end. Our ship will soon be in port. She has safely crossed the blank page that separates the history of the two worlds—the Old World and the New. With the help of God, I will close the books on the old history. My secret shall be buried in old Leipsic. It shall sleep itself into silence. In the new world I will take up my art with Elise. I leave the old masterpiece with my secret in old Leipsic. God willing, I shall find another picture to paint in my new life."

Elise's birthday was the day before the great ship made her port in New York.

All sorts of plans were made to celebrate it. A huge birthday cake, with many a gift, delighted the child's heart, so that her great beauty was enhanced by her joy.

After the cake had been cut, the table was cleared and Capt. Ship placed her in the center of the table to sing.

There was clapping of hands and flowers were tossed upon the table. She laughed and skipped about, not understanding these compliments, simply enjoying the big fun, she told papa.

After the clapping of hands subsided, she made a royal courtesy and began to sing. Then came more clapping of hands, more flowers; more fun for the little girl with more skipping and laughing.

Suddenly she stopped and held out her hands to "Capt. Ship" to be taken down.

She ran directly to her stateroom, dragging out her little chain, and carrying with her her old doll, though she had several new dolls, which had just been given her for birthday gifts.

A steward placed the little chairs where Elise directed, in the center of the table. With her dear dilapidated old doll she sat down, crossing her little feet and rocking to and fro, she sang "Mamma's Own Lullaby."

Standing aloof, as was his custom, Von Krupp's face lighted up as none on the ship had ever seen it; the beautiful smile had come back; his face was illumined, even as in "Old Leipsic."

Looking at Elise, as she sat in her little

(CONTINUE ON PAGE THIRTY)

California's Barley and Its Pork Barrel.

By Percy L. Edwards.

The Evolution of an Italian Breed.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg

MODIFYING BREEDS.

ON MORE than one occasion we have called attention to the variations in type and other points as between the English and American Leghorns. As bearing on this important phase of modern poultry breeding, we take the following excerpts from the December number of the Journal of Heredity, published by the American Genetic Association of Washington, D. C. Allowing for the fact that the White Leghorn is, par excellence, the popular egg-breed of California, we feel sure our Leghorn friends will note with interest the facts therein presented:

"It is only about three-quarters of a century since domestic fowls of Italy were brought to the United States and formed the basis of the Leghorn breed. In their native home they were, and are, largely mongrel in character, with various colors of plumage, legs, face and ear-lobes. Taken up by expert breeders in this country, they gave rise to eight standard and four non-standard varieties, of which the Single Comb White and Single Comb Brown are by all odds the most important, commercially.

"From America the Leghorn was taken to Germany, where it goes under the name of Italian. Here, too, it was taken up by artists in breeding, but they were unable to produce the great egg yield for which the breed is noted in America, according to Prof. Ehlers of Hanover, who describes the situation in the Mitteilungen of the Deutsche Landwirtschafts-Gesellschaft for October 9, 1915.

"A prolonged test at the experiment station of Maryland resulted in egg yields averaging 171 in the first year, the hens laid 149 in the second year, and 115 in the third year. At the New York station, a flock maintained for some time gave 144 eggs as its highest yearly production and 132 as its lowest.

"Citing these figures, Prof. Ehlers says they cannot be equaled by German Leghorns. It is evident to him, therefore, that the capacity for high egg yield must be elsewhere than in the high comb with carefully incised teeth, the long wattles, the great white ear-lobes and the fancy feather patterns, on which the German breeders have spent so much energy.

"Dissatisfaction with the behavior of the Leghorns has led, he reports, to a feeling that the breed should be made over into a typical German breed, possessing a rose comb and short wattles, which will, in his opinion, give it a smarter appearance. By the introduction of new blood, it is hoped to increase the egg yield. He does not say what new blood is being used; in the United States the Hamburg has been the breed employed in the production of the rose comb Leghorns which are fairly widespread.

"This German undertaking, Prof. Ehlers writes, has secured the approval and support of the Board of Agriculture in the Rhine province, and the director of the winter school in Hermskeil has had, since the year 1912, two flocks, each consisting of a dozen hens and a cock, which he has carefully and intelligently bred to the point of sixty, with most satisfactory results. When this undertaking is carried to its conclusion, the Italian race will have become a pure German race with higher productivity, just as the Leghorn has become a definite and superior American race."

To Director Barth belongs the honor of having produced and disseminated a first-class genuine German fowl, a general-purpose breed with regular, well-developed bodily form and pure color. In its general appearance it recalls the old and unfortunately extinct Alsatian breed. At high altitudes, where the single comb and wattles are likely to freeze in cold weather, the rose comb breed has proved particularly valuable. Farmers praise its usefulness, its hardiness, and its egg yield, even where the single comb is at its best.

The White-Splashed Carneaux for Squabs.

Walter M. Ross of Glendale, who has built up a lucrative business in breeding squabs, finds the White-Splashed Carneaux an ideal breed for his purpose, though breeding for fancy purposes all the standard varieties of the breed. In conversation with the writer



SINGLE-COMB BUFF MINORCA COCK.

It is pleasant to record that at the Panama-Pacific International Poultry Show, the California-bred Buff Minorcas captured all the blue ribbons in the four classes. In type and color scheme, in head and leg points, and in economic values the Buff Minorca has much to commend it. Being still somewhat in the formative period, it offers an interesting subject for the fancier-breeder, calling for judgment in selection and making to attain desired results. To people with a liking for buff-colored plumage, it possesses attractions peculiarly its own.

recently, he stated that after four years' of experience he was satisfied that it was the ideal breed for squab production. His records show the Carneaux to surpass Homers in average yearly production by from 8 to 10 per cent., according to age, pens of birds 2 years old producing more squabs per annum than younger birds. The older birds have more experience in feeding, and the eggs are more apt to be fertile during the second year than they are in the first.

Carneau squabs are always in demand in preference to the slightly smaller but more compactly built Homer. While it is true a dark skin on the Homer squab is caused by in-breeding and a poorly balanced ration, the fact still remains that with the best of care and feed the tendency is to throw a dark squab. Again, the size of the Carneaux is just right for almost any purpose for which a squab is used. A squab that will weigh from thirteen to sixteen ounces ought to be large enough for any market. Some breeders are making a mistake in trying to create a demand for squabs weighing up to a pound and a half each. It is sometimes easier to create a demand than to fill it.

The best Carneaux for utility purposes are the splashed, and the more splashed the better the squabs. The average beginner has an entirely wrong idea of the kind of breeding stock he should have. Experience shows that they all want solid red birds, when possibly 90 per cent. are making a start for an exclusive squab plant, and probably have no intention of exhibiting at all. In many such cases vitality has to be sacrificed for color, and certainly the main thing in a squab plant is vigor.

In buying foundation stock for a squab plant secure stock from a breeder who has been breeding long enough to know what he is doing and can show a steady increase every year in the vitality of his birds and in the number of squabs each pair will produce. Buy foundation stock not for color, but for vitality and alertness. A bird with a good bright eye, an alert manner, and an active bearing will be a great help in building up a loft of strong, sturdy breeders.

The Los Angeles Poultry Show.

The official premium list of the eleventh annual poultry show of the Poultry Breeders' Association, to be held in Los Angeles January 5 to 11, 1916, is being mailed to breeders and fanciers while these lines are being written. As usual the book contains the show rules, names of judges, association awards, and special premiums, among the latter being the Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly cup for the best male and fe-

male entered by one exhibitor in the American class. This annual exhibition has for some years enjoyed the distinction of being the largest fixture on this Coast, the entries invariably going over the 2000 mark. Judging from indications, this year will be no exception to the rule. The judging will be in the hands of the following recognized authorities:

W. S. Russell, Leghorns, Minorcas, Buff Rocks, Barred Rocks, Cornish, Rhode Island Red males, Langshans and Hamburgs.

A. G. Goodacre, White and Partridge Rocks, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Red females and pens, Brahmas, Andalusians, Buttercups, Houdans, Lakenvelders, Dorkings, Red Caps, Buckeyes and Guineas.

Will Purdy, Orpingtons, Sussex, Campines, Spanish, Polish, Anconas, turkeys, games, ducks and geese.

Harold Walthew, Game Bantams, Seabrights, Rose Combs, Black Cochins.

Dr. G. Irwin Royce, Bantams, Buff and White Cochins, Japanese, Polish, Cornish, Brahmas, Silkies.

The date for the closing of entries is set for December 24, 1915. The fee for fowls, ducks, geese, etc., is \$1 in single classes. Bantams, in single classes, 50 cents. Exhibition pens (poultry) one male and four females, \$3. Exhibition pens (Bantams) one male and four females, \$1.50. Breeding yards (poultry) one male and eight females, \$5. This includes coop, feed, water and attendance. Canaries and cage birds, 25 cents, owners to furnish cages.

The poultrymen are to be congratulated on the fine location for this show at Nos. 237 and 239 South Broadway, Los Angeles. Being held in conjunction with the Prosperity Indoor Carnival insures an attendance aggregating fully 40,000 people during the week.

Jerusalem Artichoke as Poultry Food.

In reply to our request for experiences of poultry breeders with the tubers of Jerusalem artichoke, W. C. Staff of East Bakersfield writes as follows:

"I have grown Jerusalem artichoke for its tubers for about six years for green poultry feed in winter time. As the crop is mature about November 1, and lasts until the latter part of March, I find that it furnishes a good rich green feed, which hens seem to relish at a time when other green foods are scarce. While I have made no tests as to its egg-producing qualities, my hens have laid when my neighbors' were non-productive. As the tubers keep better left in the ground, I dig only a few as needed. Plant in March, preferably in sandy loam, and water freely. Plant but once, as you cannot dig them out clean; but you may need to thin them out in May or June. This last season I had stalks sixteen feet high."

Have others of our readers any experiences to record with this crop and its uses as green feed for chickens?

Caught on the Wing.

It is said that the offerings of Chinese eggs in the Portland (Oregon) market are meeting with a slow sale, even when offered at much lower prices than the American product.

Farmers' Bulletin No. 684 of the United States Department of Agriculture, by Alford R. Lee, is a discussion of the general subject of the production of pigeons for market, with a summary of replies from many pigeon raisers to a list of questions relating to management and profits.

Commenting on his visit to Petaluma, Secretary Campbell of the American Poultry

Association expressed himself as follows: "It is the most wonderful display of poultry I ever saw, and I have been through the United States and Canada. I thought eggs could not be produced at a profit when the producer must buy all the feed. Here I learn that all the feed is purchased. Poultry and eggs are taking the place of meat when it is shown that in the United States the large beef, swine and sheep ranches are being cut up and made into smaller tracts, where poultry commands wider attention. Petaluma is justly entitled to the claim of being the greatest poultry producing section on the American continent."

A press dispatch from Kansas City says: "The department of health recently held up 1158 cans of eggs (which were broken) in the produce house of Henry Sloan, who was taken to Buffalo, N. Y., to be tried on the charge of shipping impure eggs in interstate traffic. These canned eggs, according to an analysis by the department, contain an excessive amount of the germ bacilli."

The Aylesbury duck derives its name from the Vale of Aylesbury. It is a favorite in the English market. It is long in body, deep in keel, and the legs are placed a little behind the center of the body.

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"I have been duly moved and seconded that the organization be known as the American Efficiency League. Love, Lila. Those in favor signify the same by saying 'aye.' Three voices rose simultaneously in the affirmative. 'Contrary, no.' There being no response to the affirmative, the matter was dropped and the white pine box was left to his son.

Two years ago, before there was any prospect of a war in Europe, quinine was quoted in 1000-ounce lots at 13 and 14 cents an ounce, and the supply was more than adequate. Then the war came, cutting off the chief source of manufacture and increasing the demand.

American Efficiency.

[New Orleans Times-Picayune:] A leading English newspaper, the Manchester Guardian, devotes a column of editorial space to praise of American efficiency, as demonstrated in the relief of Belgium. That relief work, which the Guardian describes as "among the entirely good and noble things which this war has brought about," is destined, it thinks, to provide "one of the most inspiring pages of American history." Swiftly reviewing the terrible straits to which the Belgian people were reduced in September last, the Guardian declares that Belgium's need was "desperate, immediate, and apparently impossible to meet. America worked a miracle by creating in a week or two, from nothing, one of the biggest and most amazing efficient business concerns the world has ever seen and applying it to charity. . . . The slower moving people will not in future forget that the spirit they call American saved Belgium from starvation, that America 'made good' where an ounce less of well directed hustle might have cost a thousand lives."

A Quinine Legacy.
[New York Sun:] Just before he died, in 1906, Dr. Cyrus T. Kimmel, veteran surgeon of the Civil War, and pioneer physician in Kansas City, called his son Clarence to his bedside and gave him instructions for the disposal of the contents of a white pine box that had lain in the attic many years. "Son," he said, "don't sell until it gets back to \$2.50 again. It will be scarce and in demand again some day. Wait till then." Wholesale drug markets have quoted quinine at \$2.75 an ounce, and the demand exceeded the supply. The white pine box in the attic of the Kimmel home contained nearly 100 ounces of the precious white flakes. The story of the white pine box begins in the closing days of the Civil War. Dr. Kimmel, who had been the village physician at Brunswick, Mo., before the war, had served four years as an assistant surgeon of the Second Missouri Volunteers. He knew malaria was sweeping over the war-torn South, and that sulphate of quinine, the most effective cure for malarial chills and fever, was becoming scarce. Released from service, he hurried to Philadelphia, and with all his savings purchased 1000 ounces of quinine from manufacturing chemists at 50 cents an ounce, paying an additional \$2 an ounce to the government as a war tax. The price of quinine rose from 50 cents an ounce to \$1.50, then to \$3 and \$5 in swift leaps. Within two years Dr. Kimmel sold 850 ounces for \$6 to \$10 an ounce, clearing nearly \$5000. When he moved to Kansas City thirty-one years ago the white pine box still contained more than 100 bottles.

On the Boat. The three boys were talking. "Fifty thousand shares of the preferred stock of the Mercedes Aviation and Construction Company at par value of \$1," and so forth. For a moment the three men stared at each other in speechless amazement. Then said Channing, optimistically: "Well, anyway, boys, we can consider the stock the wisest investment we ever made. Miss Roberts is certainly a clever promoter. But I'd like to know who this Goddard person is," he added, thoughtfully. Neither of the two could enlighten him. Wheeler suggested that they look for an account of the approaching wedding in the evening paper which might throw some light on the identity of James D. Goddard. They did, and towards the end of a column story they found this: "Mr. Goddard, it has just been learned, is the talented young inventor of the Mercedes biplane which has just been declared by aviators to be the final achievement in aeronautics." They were beyond ejaculatory demonstrations; they could only grin at each other sheepishly. "Perhaps it is just as well that Mr. Goddard won," said Channing, resignedly. "There would have been two broken hearts, anyway, and it would have grieved me to see you boys suffer through an act of mine." "By the way, do either of you know anyone who wants to buy a solitaire?" he asked as he reflectively fingered the plush-covered box in his pocket. "No. Do you?" chorused Wheeler and Foster, hopefully.

"Hello, everybody!" he greeted them. "What's the news?" "There is a letter for you on the table," said Wheeler, with an air of one who wishes to break the news gently. Channing took up the communication indicated and slit open the envelope. "Say, what's the matter with you fellows?" he demanded, as he looked up to find their eyes fastened on him in the pitiful despair of a puppy with a can tied to its tail. "Been to a funeral? You look as cheerful as a pair of ghosts." Wheeler and Foster exchanged glances of mutual condolence and each unburdened himself of a profound and eloquent sigh. Channing blew into the envelope and extracted an engraved card. "Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Roberts," he read aloud, "request the pleasure of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Naomi, to Mr. James D. Goddard." Channing paused puzzledly, and it was quite a minute before he grasped the import of the words he had read. Dawning comprehension left him speechless. He gasped. "Yes, it's true—too true," Foster hastened to assure him, in a sad, hopeless tone. "Bob and I received one, too." His hand went to his pocket to produce a second invitation, which, he seemed to think, would establish the truth of the situation where one was hardly sufficient. As he withdrew it from his inner pocket another document fluttered to the floor and spread itself out before the astonished gaze of his companions. With an incredulous gasp two other hands went to two other inner pockets and withdrew

The Married Life of Helen and Warren.

By Mabel Herbert Uner.

GOADED TO STOICISM.

THE ROOM was dark with the early dusk of the shortening days. Helen sprang up, switched on the light and stared dizzily at the clock. It was twenty minutes after 5.

She had slept since 3! She put her hand to her throat. It was worse—it hurt to swallow. Her head was hot and throbbing.

The thought of the Creightons' dinner rose appallingly before her. Was she too ill to go?

Fighting back the nausea, she turned on her bath. A plunge in the relaxing warm water only added to her weakness.

With grim fortitude she began to dress. After what Warren had said that morning, she was fiercely determined not to admit she was ill.

It had been only a casual caustic comment, but to Helen, who had got up with a blinding headache, his impertinent, "Oh, you're always sick—you're forever complaining," rankled deeply.

She knew, too, that he particularly wanted to go to this dinner. It was the second time the Creightons had asked them. The first invitation, because of a previous engagement, they had been forced to refuse.

A wave of nausea claimed her as she stooped over to fasten the straps of her satin slippers. She dropped back on the couch. If only she could stay there! She was too ill—she could not go.

But the next moment she was up again trying to clasp her corset with fingers tremulously weak. Throwing a negligee over her bare shoulders, she dragged a chair before the dresser and took down her hair. In spite of her hot head, her face was pallidly white.

Rouge was something Helen never used, but now she rummaged in the top drawer for a box Laura had left there. She could not go to a dinner party looking like a ghost.

She was still struggling with her hair when Warren came in.

"What the deuce?" he had stumbled over a chair in the dark hall. "Can't you even turn on the lights?"

"Oh, just a moment, dear! I forgot them."

Darting out she switched on the lights in the hall and his room, and with nervous haste laid out his dinner clothes.

"Dear, it's so damp and cold, and my throat's a little sore, do you think I'd bet-

ter wear a low-necked gown?" "Bundle up, can't you? You're always wanting to dress when there's no need of it. Now this dinner's the real thing—wear your best rags."

In her own room Helen finished her hair and slipped into the gray-blue tulle gown, low-necked and sleeveless.

Hot and cold flashes were now surging through her. Every few moments she had to stop and fight back a blinding dizziness. She would be all right when she got into the cab, she tried to reassure herself. It was only this stirring about that made her so sick.

"It's quarter after," called Warren. "I'm going to order the taxi."

"I'll be ready! Dear, will you hook me up? Anna's off."

Warren phoned for the cab, then strode into Helen's room, backed her up to the light, scowling concentrated on the flimsy hooks.

His knuckles felt cold against her hot flesh. She was conscious of a momentary longing that he would notice her feverish warmth, that he would see that she was ill, but he was absorbed in a task that he abominated.

"Why the Sam Hill don't they put these cursed things where you can see 'em?" he grumbled.

How strong and vigorous he looked! With an envious throbb she watched him in the glass. The very lines of his black dinner-coated shoulders suggested virility. Was it this swaggering health that made him so intolerant of her weakness? He had said she was always complaining. She knew that men grew tired of sickly wives.

"There you are!" He snapped the last placket fastener and pushed her away.

Alone she dropped into a chair. Just the strain of standing had left her faint. He had ordered the cab for 6:30—there were still ten minutes. Regardless of crushing her gown, she yielded to her overpowering weakness and threw herself on the couch.

Whom would she sit by at the dinner? Would she be able to talk. She was depending upon the excitement and the very need of strength to stimulate her.

The phone announced the taxi. She struggled to her feet.

Even with the high fur collar of her evening coat and her drooping head scarf shading her face she looked ill. She rubbed her cheeks to give them color; she was afraid to use more rouge.

Warren was waiting in the hall, impatiently tapping his cane—the way he always hurried her.

The motion of the elevator rolled through her sickeningly. She averted her face from the glaring light. Grateful for the dark seclusion of the cab, she sank back, palpitantly weak.

What if she broke down at the dinner? If she should be too sick to carry it through? herself.

To goad on her courage, she thought of all the sufferings of the war, of what people could endure—of the wounded, fever-weakened soldiers who marched for days without food. Surely she, with only a feverish sore throat, could get through this one evening, which required no greater exertion than to sit at a dinner table and murmur inane small talk.

The car sped on. Every joint brought its lurch of sickness.

"What's the matter—gone to sleep?" demanded Warren, brusquely.

"Oh, no, I just feel a little—tired."

Here the cab swept the corner with swirling speed. Helen's head fell back. She was deathly sick.

At that moment they passed under a glaring arc light that shone into the cab, lighting up her white face and closed eyes.

"See here, what's the matter with you?" Warren's heavy hand was on her arm.

Now he was feeling her forehead, and her hands that burned through her gloves.

Helen did not look up. She had given way, but just then she was too sick to care. Warren's came rapped loudly on the cab window.

"Turn 'round! Drive us back home! Make as good time as you can."

The cab stopped. A shifting of brakes, a grating jar, a grinding against the curb—and they were whirling back.

"Now, what in blazes does this mean?" exploded Warren. "What new melodramatics are you up to—starting out to dinner with that temperature? Why didn't you tell me you were sick?"

"You say I'm always sick," brokenly, "always complaining."

"So you thought you'd get back at me this way, eh? Playing the martyr—that it?"

She was leaning away from him, her scarf now concealing her face.

"Well, stunts like this don't get any sympathy from me. Some of your center-stage heroics, eh? If you're sick—say so. It's this eternal whining around when nothing's

the matter—that's what makes me sore. Now you've got things in a fine mess, haven't you? This settles us with the Creightons."

Only a slight shudder came from Helen's huddled form. If it was a sob, it was a stifled one.

After that there were only the sounds of the street. When the cab drew up Warren almost lifted her out, hurried her up the steps, into the elevator and up to her room.

"Now you shed those frills and get to bed! I'll phone Mrs. Creighton."

With dumb wretchedness she let her clothes drop from her. Even her tulle gown lay unnoticed where it fell. To get into bed—her mind held no other thought.

With a delicious relaxing of her aching, nerve-tense body, she crept in between the cool, fresh sheets. She could hear Warren at the phone. Vaguely she wondered what he was saying. How was he explaining it to Mrs. Creighton? Somehow she did not care.

The fever's heavy drowsiness was claiming her. Nothing seemed to matter—if only she could lie there—and rest.

"Drink this!"

Warren, in his pajamas, was standing by the bed. Slipping his arm under the pillow, he raised her head to the glass of hot milk.

Only half awake, she drank it, looking up at him in dazed bewilderment.

"Your skin feels better—not so hot. If you're not all right in the morning we'll have Dr. Kelly."

"But, dear," hastily, "you're not coming to bed so early?"

"Early? It's after 11. You've slept four hours."

Helen stared, her thoughts confused.

"But your dinner?" as the room flashed black and he got in beside her. "Anna wasn't here—what did you—"

"Oh, I found enough in the ice box. Now don't you worry about me. You sleep off the rest of that fever."

Still in the languor of the drowsy stupor, the old emotional demand came instinctively, irrelevantly, and as she nestled against him she murmured dreamily:

"Oh, dear, you do—"

"Of course I do! Now you take better care of yourself. When you're really sick—say so! Don't try any more endurance stunts—and ball things up like you did to-night."

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WHAT DAKOTA SAYS
France and the United States after the war will have their friendship and commerce.

"And it may be well for me to state at this point that our experts have been very much delighted by the discovery of the real superlativity of American devices and construction. Their labor there."

France Turning to Us for Trade and Friendship.

Interview by Edward Marshall.

Saturday, December 11, 1915.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

It may be that the life of the average worker is more agreeable there than is the life of the average worker here.

"We find in our industries few really great fortunes. A man in France who has in bank or invested in his business 200,000 francs is happy, and does not feel ambitious for much more, yet 200,000 francs translated into American money amounts to only \$40,000.

"Forty thousand dollars would scarcely be considered in this country a fortune upon which a man might pleasantly and safely retire from active business life. At 50, men in France like to retire if possible. Here it seems that you never are willing to retire, but are anxious to work with fierce intensity until the day before your funerals. Must Learn to Sell Goods.

"It is to be hoped that the war will be followed by a stimulated curiosity among young Frenchmen to see more than they have in the past of their own and other countries. The new French generation has been traveling some but not enough.

"Another need for France in regard to which we may take a leaf from unfortunate Germany's book, as you yourselves have done, is the necessity for organizing and teaching the art of selling goods. At present we have not a competent body of commercial traveling salesmen. Our professional men know far more of languages than yours do, but we sadly need to train our travelers in such knowledge.

"When we have accomplished this I think that as a nation we shall have a selling body superior to that of Germany, for our men are better mannered, very much more polite, and infinitely more tactful than the foreign representatives of German trade. A French traveling man almost always is a good companion, a German traveler rarely is."

"Upon what conditions do you think that France would be willing to bring the great war to an end?" I asked.

Will End War with Victory Only.

"Upon no conditions," replied Monsieur Damour, "save a conclusive victory.

"You must remember that too many of our dear ones have been killed to make us feel inclined toward anything except a peace which will be permanent.

"We are sending now our fourth sons to the front, already having sent our first and second and third. It is hard to talk peace to a mother who has seen four sons march away and none come back whole.

"To my certain knowledge a similar sentiment is prevalent in England. I, myself, think the time for peace and talk of peace is not quite yet at hand. France does not like the war and did not seek it, but she was compelled to its acceptance at a time when she was unprepared for it. She now is unprepared for peace, although, of course, she longs for it.

"We want no peace that will mean but truce before another war.

"We have had enough of war horrors. We want a peaceful Europe—a Europe which shall stay at peace, not for four years or five, but for a century.

"We feel that that cannot be compassed until militarism has been crushed. God only knows how long a time will pass ere that can be accomplished."

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Japan's Marriage Law.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Miss Mary Eastlake, daughter of the late Dr. Eastlake, a famous linguist, was married last year to Saito Torao, a Japanese graduate of the Tokio Higher Commercial School, and has now legally become a Japanese subject under the certification of the Minister of Justice. Until recently the couple have been living in Osaka, where the husband was employed in a branch of the Yokohama Specie Bank. The name of the bride was to have been entered in the bridegroom's family register, but the plan was not carried out and the bridegroom became the adopted husband of the linguist's daughter. This is prohibited by American law, however, and the naturalization of the bride was necessary. In Japan the adoption of a husband is legally allowed. A baby girl was recently born to the couple.

Apt to be Costly.

[Boston Transcript:] Wife: Oh, Tom, I dreamed last night that you bought me a beautiful automobile.

Husband: Good heavens! You'll ruin me with your extravagant dreams.

An Answer to Prayer.

THE MISSES MAY VISIT THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

By Jane Stuart.

"The Misses Mays' carriage is coming," called Margaret Nichols to her sister Charlotte.

"Hub!" answered Charlotte derisively. "It's always coming but it never gets here."

"Well," scornfully, "it'll stop this time, I bet. I guess I can see better than you. You're such a fraid-cat, you're 'fraid to climb a tree. I'm up so high I can touch the sky and see over the whole wide world."

Margaret kept her eye on the approaching carriage while delivering this crushing taunt to the skeptic seated comfortably on the green grass below the big tree.

"It's slowing up now, but what's the use of telling Charlotte," grumbled Margaret to herself. Then, wonder of wonders, the carriage actually turned in at the Rev. Gordon S. Nichols' driveway.

There was a scramble in the tree, a long branch bent with the weight of a slender form, and Margaret stood in triumph at her doubting sister's side.

"What did I tell you?" she announced calmly, pointing a steady finger at the carriage.

"Why, why," gasped Charlotte, turning in the direction the finger pointed, "they're here. They've come."

"Yes," mimicked Margaret, "they're here, they've come."

There was a pause in the exchange of sisterly civilities while both children watched the carriage draw up at the foot of the steps and stop. The footman sprang down and opened the carriage door. Would he only carry in the cards of the Misses May, or would those ladies themselves descend and enter their minister's house? And if they did go in, would they have their work-bags with them?

It was a breathless moment.

Tradition stated that these two grand ladies had been the social arbitresses of aristocratic Plainfield for over forty years. They settled a new minister's status by a method simple and direct as became gentlemen. At the end of his first month in Plainfield, the May carriage stopped at the minister's door. If the ladies were not pleased with the minister, they only left their cards. But if they were pleased, the Misses May called in person, remaining precisely ten minutes. And when, as occasionally happened, they were very much pleased indeed, and also approved of the minister's wife, they brought their embroidery with them and spent the afternoon.

Therefore, as has been said, it was a breathless moment for the children of the Rev. Gordon S. Nichols, who had been in Plainfield precisely four Sundays.

"If they don't get out, I could skin 'em alive," hissed Margaret, fiercely loyal to her father.

The Misses May saved their precious skins by getting out—by getting out with their work-bags in their hands.

The sight of the work-bags appeased Margaret's wrath, propitiated her ferocity and put her into an amiable humor with Plainfield and all that dwelt therein.

"Get up, you little niddy, and see their clothes," she murmured to Charlotte, who had sunk to the ground quite overcome by the blessed meaning of the work-bags. "Miss Sophronia's got on lavender trimmed with white and Miss Lucretia white trimmed with lavender."

At this bald description of what must surely be glorious apparel, Charlotte struggled to her feet. The big doors were just swinging to behind the Misses May.

"I saw their tails, anyway," declared she stolidly, "one was white and the other lavender. What color were their bags?"

Margaret cast a swift glance over the storehouse of her mind. She really could not tell, but little sister must not know. "I guess likely," she responded glibly, "they ought to be made of cloth-of-gold. Let's go in now and look at their hats and wraps."

Margaret took Charlotte by the hand in the protecting sort of way she always used when she was going to lead little sister into mischief. In peace and harmony the two entered the house by way of the rear entrance, and stole cautiously toward the tiny cloakroom. Having arrived undetected, Margaret boldly opened the door, dragged little sister within the room, then closed the door silently behind her.

It was to the little girls as if they had entered the promised land. For weeks the Plainfield children had poured into their eager ears tales of the splendor and magni-

ficence amid which the Misses May lived and moved and had their being. Now, now, they could test the truth of these tales with their own eyes.

For a brief time the sisters stood gazing rapturously at the billowy masses of lavender and white and white and lavender. Then came an irresistible longing to touch and stroke the rich fabrics, and last, the very feminine desire to try them on, to behold themselves arrayed even as the Misses May.

"I'm going to dress up in Miss Sophronia's things," Margaret spoke with such decision as to silence little sister's objections as they were uttered.

Fascinated, little sister watched the intrepid Margaret adorn herself with Miss Sophronia's lovely raiment. Then timidly, hands shaking, knees wobbling, heart fluttering, little sister pinned on Miss Lucretia's fluffy white hat and drew about her chubby figure Miss Lucretia's wrap of white broadcloth delicately embroidered in palest lilac tints and trimmed with cascades of old lace. The spotless lengths trailed over the floor, but Charlotte was oblivious. She adored pretty clothes with all the passion of her very young heart. Her dimpled hands lovingly smoothed and patted the borrowed plumage.

"I guess we'll start now if you're all ready. You'd better pick up that stuff around your feet and be careful not to get it dirty," said Margaret.

"Start where?" little sister fidgetingly withdrew her gaze from the white and lavender and turned bewildered eyes upon Margaret, who answered hotly: "We're going over to Ruth Erskine's; we'll just paralyze her with these things on. The proud, stuck-up thing. She's always boasting about how intimate her mother is with the Misses May. She won't have so much to say after she sees us."

Margaret softly opened the door and the two very, very quietly slipped through the long hall and out at the back. Little sister's arms were full of the satiny broadcloth and she rubbed it gently against her smooth round cheek as they crept on and on, across the back yard, through a gap in the hedge and out to freedom.

Then proudly, oh, so proudly, the children walked through the Erskine grounds, straight up to the front door, where they rang the bell and inquired for Miss Ruth. The servant gravely showed them into the reception room, saying that Miss Ruth would appear presently.

Ruth, bounding in to greet her playmates, was met by two great ladies who rustled forward with outstretched hands.

"How do you do?" said these ladies, smiling politely.

"Why, you awful girls!" screamed their hostess. "You've got on the Misses Mays' clothes."

"Yes," explained Margaret airily, "they're spending the afternoon with mama. They seem to like her awfully. Perhaps we'd better go if you think we're so horrid."

And in haughty dignity Margaret swept out of the house, followed by little sister.

Very soon Mrs. Nichols was called to the telephone where she heard a spiteful little-girl voice say: "Is this Mrs. Nichols? I'm Ruth Erskine. Margaret and Charlotte have just left my house. They called in style with the Misses Mays' clothes on. Good-by."

Hurrying to the cloakroom, Mrs. Nichols found with dismay that her guests' wraps had indeed disappeared. Even as she made the discovery the guilty children entered the room. Nothing was said on either side. Mrs. Nichols helped the little girls take off the wonderful garments and hang them up. Then Margaret said defensively, "they're not hurt a mite, but I s'pose we'd better go up to your bedroom and wait for you."

In the bedroom the cupids waited in silence for the coming of mother and the whirling. Charlotte lived over again and again in an ecstasy of joy that perfect hour when she had been Miss Lucretia, while Margaret thought: "Well, I don't care. It's worse to be so frightfully proud as Ruth Erskine than it is to just borrow somebody's clothes without asking." She forthwith busied herself devising a scheme whereby she and little sister might escape punishment. The plan as she explained it to little sister was perfect.

The afternoon came to a close. The Misses May departed. Mrs. Nichols sorrowfully mounted the stairs to mete out judgment and retribution. As she crossed the threshold of her room, she saw the children on their knees beside the bed, heads bowed, hands over eyes to shut out the world. She heard their clear-voiced petitions: "O Lord, don't let mother whip us. Don't let mother whip us," and wee Charlotte's pitiful plea, "I didn't

mean to be truly bad; please, please, don't let mama whip us."

With the strategy of a Napoleon, Margaret had taken up their position facing the door. Between her fingers she slyly watched the effect on mother, saw the softening face, the filling eyes, the quivering lips, and at last, the laying aside of the small whip. It was as she had thought, for mother had taught her children that the Lord not only hears but answers prayers. Nevertheless, Margaret redoubled her zeal and prayed more loudly, more fervently than before, "O Lord, please don't let mother whip us."

"Girls, dear little girls," said mother gently.

The dear little girls sprang to their feet. "We're ready, mother," choked Margaret bravely.

"I want to talk to my little girls," went on mother, passing an arm around each of them and drawing them to her side.

They listened seriously, weepingly, while mother pointed out the error of their ways and admonished them in regard to their future conduct. Then mother bathed the little red faces, smoothed the toted heads, and led the penitents down to dinner.

Mother always put her children to bed herself, hearing their evening prayers and tucking them in lovingly. Charlotte fell asleep at once. She was such a tiny sliver. But Margaret lay awake staring into the darkness. She counted a thousand sleep jumping over a fence—counted ineffectually, for conscience could not be stifled by any such mathematical process. Next she repeated all the psalms, golden texts and "pieces" she had ever learned, yet the sandman still delayed his coming.

Naughty, naughty Margaret. Mother's sweet face, mother's trusting eyes, mother's tender touch, mother's love, filled the darkness and could not be put away. Suddenly the little girl sat up in bed in horror. What was it the Bible said about "Whoever maketh a lie?" And she had lied to mother, darling mother. She had lied to God himself. For had she not tried to deceive both the earthly mother and the heavenly father? She was a liar, a terrible liar. Could mother ever forgive? Could God, would God ever forgive her?

She bounded out of bed and ran swiftly to mother's room. "Mother, mother, mother," she cried wildly. "Oh, mother! I'm a wicked girl. I lied to you, mother. I blasphemed against God. I said 'Don't let mother whip us,' and I wasn't praying at all. I just said that for you to hear so you wouldn't, and I was peeking through my fingers at you all the time. And you didn't know, but God knew. And I made Charlotte lie, too. She always does whatever I do. Oh, mother, whip me now, whip me twice."

Mother soothed the "terrible liar," holding the clinging form closely, as mothers do crooning softly, sweetly, until the long sob were quieted and the small figure relaxed. Such a beautiful, beautiful talk mother gave her little daughter. At last she said, "No, dear, mother will not whip you, but tomorrow you will go to the Misses May and tell them how you took their pretty clothes and how you deceived mother."

"No, no, mother," shrieked Margaret. "Not that, they would never come here again and father couldn't stay in Plainfield any more." Then when she looked at mother's face, she drew in her breath sharply: "All right, I'll go, if it kills me."

It was a pale and chastened Margaret who called upon the Misses May next day. No one ever knew what took place in that interview, but all Plainfield, including Ruth Erskine, knew that the minister's elder daughter was actually sent home in the May carriage. All Plainfield knew, too, that the Misses May called twice that month on the wife of the Rev. Gordon S. Nichols.

Substitute for Glass.

[Indianapolis News:] As a substitute for glass in the equipment of automobiles and many other similar uses, a product has been brought out recently in Germany and is now being subjected to rigid tests in various shapes at the scene of war. It is known as "Cellon," and has many remarkable qualities. It is also unbreakable by ordinary handling. Sheets of this material can be bent backward and forward many times without breaking; blocks of this transparent product can be subjected to blows without showing fractures; it can be produced in any desired thickness. Clear and completely transparent, light or dark colored, mottled or even black, it can be used for the manufacture of all sorts of objects now made of celluloid. Its chief advantage over celluloid is its safety against fire.

The Pretty Promoter. By Harold H. Scott.

HEARTS AND PLANES.

"IT HAS been duly moved and seconded that this organization be known as Amalgamated Love, Ltd. Those in favor signify the same by saying aye."

Three voices rose simultaneously in the affirmative.

"Contrary, no."

There being no response to this the chairman announced, "The ayes have it."

"But how can we keep it 'limited'?" demanded Ross Channing. "Surely we cannot presume to dictate her list of acquaintances."

"No, of course not, but it remains for us to keep her so busy with engagements that no fourth party will have an opportunity to become a dangerous contender," stated Bob Wheeler, the chairman.

"That's right," agreed Owen Foster, the third member of Amalgamated Love, Ltd.

Channing nodded his approval. "But who is to be the first man on the calendar?"

They decided to match for the coveted position and Channing won. Other matters of more or less importance having been disposed of the first meeting of Amalgamated Love was brought to a close.

By all the laws of love and war such a condition of affairs as confronted these three would mean the severing of all bonds of friendship, would even signal open and hostile warfare. They were all deeply, quickly, hopelessly in love with the same girl—a very charming and altogether desirable young lady whom they had met but a short time before and who was entirely unaware of the tumult her advent into their hitherto well-ordered and tranquil lives had occasioned. It would seem utterly beyond reason for them to remain the fast friends they had always been in view of this. But it was not, for that was just what they intended doing. Our friendship, they said, is too sacred to allow even so momentous an event as this to come between us. So they planned to besiege the lady, each on his own responsibility and in his own interests, until she capitulated to the superior charms and accomplishments of one of the trio. That there might be no unjust discrimination a schedule was arranged which allowed each man to devote every third evening to her society. This systematic regulation and division of time, while giving each an equal advantage, would also render practically impossible the advent of a fourth party into the game, thus establishing a sort of combine in restraint of love. Such a siege, they held, could not fail to eventually accomplish the desired end. And, in all good spirit, may the best man win, said they.

And the girl? Think of the fairest masterpiece ever created by the greatest artist, endow it with the grace of a nymph, the laughter of clear waters in a woodland, strike into it, with the magic wand of imagination, life—the life of youth and happiness of the most wonderful age; clothe it in the chic mode of today (for the works of the masters must necessarily be attired in a degree for presentation in polite society) and you will have a fair conception of Naomi Roberts.

This was the girl that Ross Channing escorted to Mrs. Van de Water's ball, because his coin had come up "heads," thereby gaining him the privilege of inaugurating the combine's schedule. This was an invaluable point to gain, Channing considered. To be the first man on the ground gave him an advantage over the others. They were sitting in a quiet corner watching the dancers and exchanging bits of near gossip concerning mutual friends.

"I wonder," Naomi remarked, apropos of nothing in particular, "if Ned Wilderly is here this evening. Have you noticed him?"

"Why, Ned had a bad smash-up in his biplane yesterday. Didn't you hear about it?"

The girl expressed surprise and regret for Wilderly's misfortune. "Was he badly injured?"

"Broke a couple of ribs and smashed his machine to splinters. Luckily he was not flying high or he would have suffered worse. But that plane will kill him yet. I wouldn't fly in one for a million—too risky."

"I know the ordinary machines are rather dangerous but there is a man out at Dominguez who has perfected one that is as safe

as a baby carriage. He is going to manufacture them for commercial use."

"They can't be practical," said Channing, with an air of conviction. "No flying machine is. Man can never hope to fly through the air safely. It can't be done."

"But it is being done," she declared. "You would be thoroughly convinced of that if you saw this machine."

"Have you seen it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I have ridden in it."

"You?" he exclaimed, incredulously. "When?"

"Oh, a number of times," as though it were the most ordinary, everyday occurrence. "It is the most wonderful sensation," she went on gaily, ignoring his astonishment at learning that she had so unconcernedly risked her life in a flying machine. "I was not the least bit frightened, even on my very first flight. After the machine leaves the ground one can hardly realize that it is a frail craft weighing little more than the passenger it carries. And the sensation of traveling through the air at sixty, seventy, even eighty miles an hour—no shocks, no rebound of springs, just steady, swift flight. It is the most wonderful experience one could ever have."

"But just think how little it would take to send the machine crashing to the ground. One never knows when something is going to happen, and when it does it's all over in a second. There's not a chance in the world to save oneself. There is nothing to do but drop—a thousand feet, two, three, a mile, it's all the same," persisted Channing.

"That is true of most of the machines, but this particular one will not become unmanageable, even in the most uncertain air currents. This one has a new kind of stabilizer which makes it absolutely safe under all conditions." She paused a moment, then added, reflectively: "The man who invented it—I feel rather sorry for him. He has perfected the machine and demonstrated its practicability, but he has no money to put it on the market and he has been unsuccessful thus far in interesting some one who will back him."

"Who is he?" Channing was beginning to feel a little uneasy concerning this inventor who had enlisted the sympathy of the adorable Naomi.

"Why, he used to work at the mills for father," she told him. "He is a very competent machinist but about a year ago he stopped working at the mills in order to devote all his time to the perfection of his machine. He had a little money, but I suppose it is all gone by this time, and he needs more to continue his work."

"Um-m," mused Channing. "By the way, where is his shop?" he asked, as though he had just thought of something. "I would like to see this marvelous aeroplane of his." But it was the man and not the machine that interested Channing.

"It's out on the Long Beach boulevard, just this side of Dominguez. He calls it Blue Plains—the sand dunes, you know. It's an excellent place for flying. I go out there to watch the flights quite often; why not let me take you out in the car?" she suggested.

"That would be great," he exclaimed, delightedly.

So it came about that a few days later Naomi took Channing out to Dominguez. As the car sped along the smooth macadam road Channing watched the small, capable hands at the wheel and a sigh, which was not quite a contented one, escaped him. He was a bit uncertain as to where he stood. He almost wished that Naomi would not treat him with such candid friendship. Her attitude toward him was so naive as to be disarming. He could not bring his batteries to play upon a heart that offered not the slightest indication of anticipating cause for defense. Quite suddenly he found himself established as an old friend and his attentions accepted as portending anything but their true object. What troubled and puzzled him most was the fact that he could not decide whether her attitude was simulated or was really the manifestation of a charmingly ingenuous nature. His friendly rivals caused him some uneasiness, too. Naomi had spoken of them quite casually once or twice but they had volunteered no word as to the success of their siege. And just that morning he had sur-

prised them laying a wager on their chances for capturing the prize. Even money to win, the two of them, and not a word said of him. Evidently they did not consider him in the running. Truly, Channing had grave cause for worry.

But then it was good merely to be there, so close to her. She was equally bewitching, he thought, whether in evening gown, or in duster and gauntlets, driving her car over the road. If he pretended that the motion of the car swayed him he could lean over until his shoulder touched hers and sent a thrill through him, setting his heart pounding in time to the throb of the engine.

Presently she nodded out over the rolling sand hills to where a long barn-like structure broke the monotony of wind-blown sands. "That is the hangar," she said.

As the car drew up before the building a blue-eyed son of Erin came forward to welcome them. He was a tall, muscular fellow of about 25, and not unhandsome in his way. In his merry eyes danced all the romance of the old country, and all the wit and all the joy of living and working with his brawny arms. Even before they had been introduced Channing felt singularly drawn to the genial Irishman, due in no small measure to the fact that he immediately realized the absurdity of his apprehension concerning Naomi's interest in the man.

"This is Mr. Patrick O'Sullivan," Naomi introduced him, and, "I brought Mr. Channing out to see your wonderful flying machine," she told O'Sullivan, as the two men shook hands.

"So you want to try a little flying, Mr. Channing?"

"I'm not quite sure. I must admit that I am a bit—"

"Nervous?" O'Sullivan laughed. "Oh, you'll get over that. Now, Miss Roberts here flies often, but I dare say she was a little frightened the first time she went up."

"No, I wasn't either," Naomi declared, emphatically. "Take me up now, Mr. O'Sullivan, and we will show Mr. Channing how safe and easy it is."

"Really, Miss Roberts, I don't think you ought to," Channing protested, with a lurking sense of proprietorship.

But Naomi merely laughed at his fears. The great white bird was wheeled out of the hangar and when all was ready its passengers shouted good-by above the roar of the engine and the plane rose gracefully into the air. With hardly a tremor it climbed steadily into the sky, sweeping in easy curves, and—even Channing's unpracticed eye noted the ease and certainty of its control. As he looked up a bit fearful and greatly excited, he found himself wishing that he, too, were up there gliding along on that wonderful magic carpet. Such is the lure of flying.

But not until they had alighted safely did Channing's heart resume its normal beating. Then, with the adventurous delight of a school boy, he demanded to be taken up. He would go up, come what might! They stayed up quite a while, a very long while, it seemed to Naomi, standing there on the ground watching them soar. Indeed, as O'Sullivan always told her, "Shure and I thought he never would want to come down. Every time I started to dip her he would say, 'Not yet! Not yet!'"

At length the plane descended, gliding in ever narrowing circles until it reached the ground almost on the very spot from which it had risen.

"That was great!" Channing exclaimed as he jumped out. "I forgot all about being nervous. Does it always fly as steadily as that? Never a quiver; no more vibration than a motor car." He turned to O'Sullivan.

"Mr. O'Sullivan, if I buy that machine, how long will it take me to learn to operate it?"

"The machine is not for sale," said O'Sullivan. "It is the only one I have and I am unable at the present time to build another. However, I hope to be able to build them for the trade as soon as I can secure the necessary financial backing to organize a company. But I cannot sell the only machine I have."

"Suppose I advance you the money to build another?" Channing suggested. But the aviator politely declined to consider his

kind offer.

As Channing and his companion sped cityward a short time later he voiced his enthusiasm over the sport of flying. The novelty of his first aeroplane flight had completely swept aside his misgivings as to its safety. "Just think of the sport one could have with a machine like that," he said. "Why, the boys would go crazy over it. They'd all want one. Automobiles would be a thing of the past."

"Yes," agreed Naomi; "I would like to have a plane myself. I hope Mr. O'Sullivan succeeds in organizing his company, for then we all may buy one."

"I wonder how much they would sell for?" "He says he can place them on the market for \$5000—about the price of a good automobile."

"It would cost a mint to start the company," he mused.

"I suppose it would," said she, "but if enough people would go into it it would be easy to raise the money. I should think it would be a good business proposition, too; it ought to pay big dividends. Once the machine is on the market and the public is convinced of its safety they would buy the planes as fast as they could be manufactured."

"I wonder if—" he hesitated thoughtfully.

Somehow she must have divined his thought, for she said:

"Why don't you talk it over with Mr. O'Sullivan? Perhaps you could subscribe for some of the stock and so start the ball rolling."

The remainder of the ride into town was given over to a very business-like discussion of the merits and demerits of such a course, and when Channing left Naomi at her door he had reached a definite conclusion concerning two things. He was going to see O'Sullivan about the aeroplane business, and he was going to see a jeweler about something else. He really had no reasonable justification for this latter conclusion, but he felt that, as matters promised to continue in their present course indefinitely, there was nothing to be gained by delaying.

It was some weeks later when he made a third trip to Dominguez. A considerable portion of his worldly goods was now invested there, but he was far from regretting his investment. Within another month the company would begin turning out machines. And, as Naomi had predicted, the indications were that the machines would be sold faster than they could be manufactured. Already a surprising amount of advance orders had been received as the result of an advertising campaign which had covered the entire country. The public had already accepted the claim of the manufacturers without question, and orders were being received every day. Even though the plant was not yet completed the Mercedes Aviation and Construction Company was a greater success than he had dared hope.

He was highly elated. And to think that he was directly responsible for it! The reflection that it was his money which had made it possible created within him a warm glow of satisfaction at his importance. Of course he had not told a soul, though at times he found it difficult to refrain from talking about the promising enterprise in which he was so vitally interested. But he kept his own counsel, for they had decided, Miss Roberts and Mr. O'Sullivan and he, that it would be best to say nothing about their interest in it until after the plant was in operation.

After seeing O'Sullivan—Mr. O'Sullivan, superintendent of construction—about some minor details and congratulating him on the progress of the work, Channing returned to the city. Everything was going forward in a highly satisfactory manner. He was even computing the total of his first dividend from the company. And, best of all, there was in his pocket a small, plush-covered box which he had decided would not be there very many hours later. It was his schedule night and he felt that the time was opportune to play his trump and take the Queen.

At his office in town he found the two-thirds majority of Amalgamated Love, Ltd.,

H. OBERST BORDELL walked down the Grand Theater and gravely deposited a dollar at the ticket window.

Three steps to the entrance of the Grand Theater and gravely deposited a dollar at the ticket window.

When hastened to add, "You see I don't know exactly how much time I really want to spend thinking of coming in here today. But I happened to be passing and your bill for this week interested me."

It was an elaborate affair, that drop, en- street, deserted and in uncanny proportions, but still in a way that made the present production for the present production.

"Where does your friend Rany live?" he asked. "Where can I find his parents?" "No chance, Master," replied the other. "His father, a load of bricks fell on him."

The Great Bordell Discovers Genius.

By Oscar Lewis.

[Saturday, December 11, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Recent Cartoons.



Portland Oregonian.



Des Moines Register and Leader.



Cleveland Plain Dealer.



New York World.



New York Sun.

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OUR BIGGEST AND BEST CROP

Recent Cartoons.

Saturday, December 11, 1915.

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The Great Bordell Discovers Genius.

By Oscar Lewis.

AT THE GRAND.

HOBERT BORDELL walked down the three steps to the entrance of the Grand Theater and gravely deposited a dollar at the ticket window.

"Can't commodate you, Mister," instantly announced the gentleman in the box office, staring.

"What," demanded the great Bordell, making a show of deep disappointment, "all sold out? Now isn't that just my luck? I suppose I should have come earlier. But say," he leaned over and lowered his fine voice confidentially, "just see if you haven't got a seat off in a corner somewhere—one that's been overlooked. Or even standing room?"

The dignitary behind the window broke into a laugh. "That ain't what's the matter, Mister," still laughing. "It's this dollar. I ain't got enough change."

Mr. Hobert Bordell was obviously relieved. Ah, then you are not sold out, after all?" he asked, eagerly.

"Nope," the other reassured him briefly. And then he leaned over and placed one eye to a hole in the red curtain that separated the box office from the main auditorium.

"No house at all this trip," he announced. "Just Bill Orr and Charley Davis, and Chubbie Rogers and his sister—she wants to be an actress. And then there's Mrs. Clancy, but we don't charge her nothing because she lets us use her cellar. And that's all—except Wallie Burr, an' we let him in free, too, 'cause his leg's cut off just above the knee."

Hobert Bordell was heard to sigh, but whether it was in sympathy for Wallie Burr's amputated leg or at the meager support accorded to struggling drama, he neglected to state.

"Of course," continued his informant, "we would have lots bigger crowds if we wanted to have just vordervil like the Jacobsees over on Ninth street that run the Empire. We could have a better show than them, too, because Enny's twice as good as they are. Enny can jig fine, and he can juggle three bottles and Lee Jacobs kin juggle only two. And then you had ought to hear Enny sing the 'Blue Bells of Scotland,' and hit his throat in the chorus to make it sound like bag pipes."

"And why," asked Mr. Bordell, presently, "have you not deserted the field of legitimate drama for the greater remuneration of the variety house?"

"Enny likes plays best," explained the other; "and, of course, plays is better then just vordervil. But," and there the representative of the box-office sighed, "those Jacobsees has pretty nearly always got a full house. And they charge 3 cents, too. Say, you haven't been at the Empire lately have you, Mister?"

"Well, no," Hobert Bordell admitted, and

then hastened to add, "You see I don't generally have very much time. I really wasn't exactly thinking of coming in here today. But I happened to be passing and your bill for this week interested me."

He glanced up at the cardboard sign tacked on a pole before the door.

THIS weAK
EnoS EckHoF
IN
ShiLoK tHe JU.

"It happens that I have never seen Mr. Eckhof play Shylock so I thought I would come in and witness his interpretation of the character. I was surprised that you were able to undertake so ambitious a production."

"Oh, that ain't nothing," scoffed the other. "Enny saw some big geezer down town play it, and he copied it right off. And, say, I guess Enny can change this dollar for you. Wait a minute."

But the other held up a protesting hand. "Don't disturb him," he ordered. "An artist should never be bothered with trifling box-office affairs. His art would be sure to suffer. Do I go in this way?"

And ignoring entirely the dollar on the window counter, the great Bordell drew aside the curtain and stepped inside.

No sooner had he disappeared when the window of the box-office shut with a bang and the ticket-seller, now metamorphosed into an usher, appeared to show the stranger to his seat.

"Benches are 1 cent, chairs is 2," he elucidated. "You get a chair, though," with a glance at his closed fist. "There ain't such demand for the better seats, so we've only got one chair. Mrs. Clancy's sitting on that now, but wait a minute and I'll—"

"No you won't," interjected the great Bordell. "I'll take a bench." And under the eyes of the entire audience, including those of the omnipotent Mrs. Clancy in the arm chair, he sat down upon the bench nearest the door.

The ex-ticket-agent-usher established himself alongside.

"We'll be started in just a minute now," he prophesied. "When I bang the ticket window shut, that's the sign to Enny that it's time to begin. See, there it goes now."

A hush fell over the audience, faces took on a pleasant expectant expression, and all leaned forward toward the stage. The curtain, after a few rebellious jerks, moved hesitatingly across on its wire until finally caught a foot from the wings by a ghostly arm and jerked from sight.

The stage was empty. Four footlights each a candle shielded behind a partly disjointed tomato can, cast a light that but emphasized the void. It was a street scene—especially made, it appeared (by Enny)

for the present production.

It was an elaborate affair, that drop, entirely in yellow and red. The scene was a street, deserted and in uncanny proportions, but rich in skyscrapers and street lamps, and so represented as to revolutionize the usual idea of the comparative altitudes of these two objects.

For ten seconds the stage remained deserted, the audience gazing in rapture upon the drop. Twenty seconds and their eyes traveled frequently to the wings. Twenty-five seconds and the empty stage became a mystery, the drop was forgotten, the silence became tense—the climax—then, "Ah, here he comes!"

The great Bordell leaned back. "Perfectly timed," he murmured. "An instant more—perfect."

The actor strode across the stage, the battered derby hat of his costume, many sizes too large, falling down below his ears and lending to Shylock a strangely modern note. Yet it was not this that caused the great Bordell to lean forward again. The deliberate walk, the slow motion of the head, the manner of carrying the hands; they all seemed very familiar to Hobert Bordell. He drew his brows together; strange he couldn't—

Nearly across the stage walked Shylock, and then turned and took a short step forward and for an instant a fierce defiance flashed out from beneath his humility. The little byplay mannerism, it might almost be called, was over in a flash, but the great Bordwell witnessed it with something like a gasp; and then to himself he smiled. There could be no doubt now whose Shylock young Enos Eckhof was copying.

The plot moved swiftly; little time was wasted in preliminaries. Astonlo haltingly appeared, the loan was asked, and Shylock suddenly relaxed from his skulking reserve. In an instant he had thrown aside the hopeless air of resignation and hot revolt flamed forth.

The Great Bordell, watching from the shadowy bench in the rear, saw the flush come up on the drawn cheeks, heard the fierce defiance burn in his voice, and wondered if, after all, this fervid cry of revolt against oppression and abuse was entirely that of the Venetian Jew, if indeed it were not even more largely the revolt of Enny Eckhof, street arab.

"You call me dog, don't you? And you kick me like a hound, don't you?" he demanded, shrilly. "And then you come and expect me to give. Why should I give? Dogs ain't got nothing. How ever can you expect a cur to have three thousand ducats?"

But gradually the tumult died down, Shylock became his fawning self again and the loan was made. Hobert Bordell leaned over to his companion.

"Where does your friend Enny live?" he asked. "Where can I find his parents?"

"No chanst, Mister," replied the other. "His father, a load of bricks fell on him three years ago. His mother, I don't know as he ever had any. Enny lived with his sister for a while, but she got married and moved away, so he's been sleeping here in Mrs. Clancy's cellar. He don't bother nothing because he don't come in till late and he's down town after his papers every morning at 5."

Mr. Hobert Bordell nodded, and turning his attention back to the stage, followed closely the action through its highly original twistings to the end.

As the meager audience crowded through the door, one of their number remained behind, and when Enny Eckhof appeared from behind the curtain and jumped down off the platform stage, the great Bordell stood before him.

Enny Eckhof glanced just once at the figure in front of him and stopped in his tracks.

"Allow me," said the other smiling, "to congratulate you upon the quality of your work this afternoon. It was most creditable."

But the boy made no sign that he had heard. "You," he said, in a hushed voice, "you're the one I—why you're the real Shylock!"

Hobert Bordell smiled. "I have sometimes been called that," he admitted, "even by the critics."

And then, as the other did not answer, indeed seemed incapable of it, so wrapt was the reverence of his gaze, the great Bordell continued: "Your exhibition today was remarkable. I have never believed much in the theory of genius born, but you, young man, are favored with a very great gift. It would be a great shame to allow that gift to go undeveloped; even worse to have it misdirected."

He was silent for a moment and then continued. "I wonder if you would like to go to a place that I know of where they can help you to develop your gift—a place where you can study and work and some day learn to play Shylock, really play it, in a big theater with thousands of people to see each night?"

The other had been listening tensely, but now a look of incredulity swept over his face.

"You can do it," Hobert Bordell assured him. "A few years in dramatic school, a few years of study, and then—what do you say?"

Enny Eckhof brushed a hand across his eyes. "You wouldn't do it," he said very firmly, as if to convince himself.

The great Bordell reached down and gathered, in the grimy fist. "Here's my hand on it," he said, quietly. "And my word, too, shall we shake?"

Mesa Verde Ruins.

NATURALIST DESCRIBES RESULTS OF EXCAVATIONS.

[Our National Parks:] "The exploring excavations in the Mesa Verde National Park which the Department of the Interior is conducting under the direction of Dr. Jesse W. Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institution are successful to a degree scarcely anticipated when the work was begun."

Thus said Enos Mills, author and naturalist, when interviewed at his home under the shadow of Long's Peak. He has recently returned from an examination of the work so far accomplished by the busy scientists.

"The new excavation," continued Mr. Mills, "is across the canyon from the famous Cliff Palace. This palace, as the remarkable prehistoric city is foolishly called, stands beneath the rim of the east side of the canyon, while the astonishing structure first unearthed stands upon the rim of the west side."

"For many years visitors to the Mesa Verde National Park have noticed a huge mound opposite the Cliff Palace with trees growing upon it. It has aroused a great deal of curiosity, and many have been the speculations concerning its meaning, especially when stones were discovered emerging from it that evidently had been cut by tools in

the hands of man. It is this mound which the Department of the Interior determined to explore and under which Dr. Fewkes has just found the most remarkable prehistoric structure north of the Aztec architecture in Mexico.

"This splendid structure is of cut and polished stone. The building has the form of a capital D. The straight elevation is 123 feet long and the curved part 245 feet. The outer walls are double, and between them are a series of narrow rooms. As the outer walls are unbroken, the entrance to this building must have been either subterranean or by the means of ladders through the top."

"Dr. Fewkes believes the ruin was an uncompleted fortress abandoned when the cliff dwellers disappeared from the Rocky Mountain region. He does not think the cliff dwellers were exterminated, however, but believes that, about the time they abandoned their unfinished fortress they had become strong enough to leave their mountain refuges and mingle with the tribes of the lowlands. After that, perhaps, they became amalgamated with the various Indian races and lost their separate identity."

"At Moki Spring, a short distance from these ruins, there are a number of other tree-grown mounds very similar in appearance to the one just excavated. Here and there cut stones are exposed in these. It is pos-

sible that there is a buried city beneath these mounds. Dr. Fewkes hopes next year to find whether or not there is a buried and prehistoric city concealed beneath."

Waterfall Casts Shadow.

[Our National Parks:] "Did you ever see a waterfall cast a shadow?" asked Stephen T. Mather of the group around the club table. Mr. Mather, who is assistant to Secretary Lane, in charge of the new development work which the Department of the Interior is doing in the national parks, had just returned from a strenuous summer among the mountain tops.

"Well, Yosemite Falls cast my shadow very distinctly one night last August. I was half a mile or more away, gazing, beauty-bound, at the effect of the full moon upon these giant falls, which are, by the way, as high as sixteen Niagaras piled one on top of the other."

"The moon was behind me, of course. The double falls, shining like silver, lit brilliantly by reflected light the dense shadows of the trees which hid me from the moon. Turning, I saw my shadow outlined vividly upon the grass."

Selling the King's Clothes.

[London Chronicle:] Some remarkable bargains were picked up at the sales of George IV's wardrobe, especially after the King had been gone for a year. At the great 1830 sale some articles seem to have had a relic value. For instance, the cambric and silk handkerchiefs produced a guinea each, though the pages of the back stairs, who took the profits, admitted that 7 shillings would have been a reasonable figure. But in June, 1831, the King's sumptuous crimson velvet coronation mantle, with silver stars, embroidered with gold, costing originally upward of £500, brought only 47 guineas, and a green velvet mantle, lined with the finest ermine, a gift from the Czar Alexander, costing 1000 guineas, fetched £125. And for 12 shillings somebody received a pair of fine kid trousers, of ample dimensions, lined with white satin.

Rations for Tommy Atkins.

[Indianapolis News:] In the British army a battalion of 1016 men requires for its daily rations 635 two-pound loaves, 127 pounds of bacon, more than 31 pounds of salt and merely 13 pounds of pepper—to mention only a few of the items.

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Illustrated Weekly. Saturday, December 11, 1915.

The Gospel of Work. By Alice Virginia Hall.

COLETTE.

TO COLETTE, spring was a trial. It might be the rebirth of grass, flowers and the exultant pink bloom of the magnolia tree, common to her home town of White Plains, and to the northern States of the east coast, but it was responsible, also, for a treacherous twinkle in her feet, and a rebellious daring of mind and heart, sure to bring down upon her vengeance unspeakable from her Aunt Stella.

It was bad enough in winter to iron out her feelings until they felt slick and horrid like satin pressed on the right side, but in spring, it was almost an impossibility. Besides, with a sample of the ironed-out variety constantly before her eyes, in the form of Aunt Stella's daughter, Nellie, a dynamic force or resistance welled up in Colette. Often she barely clapped on the lid of silence in time to save a disastrous explosion of words, but knowledge of Aunt Stella, garnered from the rich experience of fourteen years, came to her rescue.

When a child, Colette had defied her aunt like a little savage, kicking aggressively, while hissing forth showers of explosives which she had heard in constant exchange between her father and the hired men on his ranch. She was only a baby of 3 when her mother had died, and for two years her father had tried to bring her up himself—there in his rough little shanty on his ranch in the West. He used to take her out into the fields with him when he went to plow, and deposit her in a rich, fragrant furrow, beneath a wide-spreading walnut tree. There were her toys to amuse her, and the constant wonder of the shadows shifting merrily down to her through the broad green leaves; there, too, was the soft, sweet earth in which to dive with plump, experimenting hands. But when these novelties paled, and she took to stumbling down the deep furrows in the wake of her father's plow, he was finally forced to admit to himself that, with his limited means, it was useless to stand out against the insistent demands of Aunt Stella (he had always cordially detested his sister-in-law from the moment he had heard her quick, peevish step on the stairs, and looked into the cold dictates of her black eyes) for her sister's child. He could give Colette nothing. In after years she would reproach him. His decision made, he had hugged the 4-year-old child to him in a rough caress that set her to whimpering, and without further repining had put her on the train, tagged and labeled like a Christmas express package, for New York and for her aunt.

Aunt Stella kept a boarding-house, a crushed, colorless daughter, a merry visionary husband, a dyspeptic, violently-religious spinster sister, and a tremendous opinion of herself as a duty-performing person. To these possessions she had now added Colette. Her niece meant nothing to her in a sentimental way. She listened, with open disapproval, to her boarders' enthusiasm about the child's unusual alert answers and individual ways. She had not been particularly fond of her younger sister, though she had conscientiously done what she had felt to be her duty by her, regardless of the thanks she had received by her having married that Frenchman, Louis Montagne, afterward Colette's father, in spite of all her pleas and warnings. And now she would do her duty by her sister's child, because she was of the type who do their duty. When her husband had let his wits go wool-gathering in dreaming calculations, had she not masterfully taken the reins of management from his hands, forced a sale of the ranch in which he had buried such thousands of dollars and dreams, and removed to this eastern town? Here she had purchased a big house, partly on borrowed money, and by dint of diligent saving had not only paid off the debts she had contracted, but enough to lay aside a little extra money for emergencies.

Work was her idol, and her constant complaint. It had calloused her feet, hands and heart, warped her judgment, sharpened her tongue, and turned the savor of life to nothing. It had driven her like a galley slave, and hunted her relentlessly through the years; had worn her away inside and out. Freed from it for an instant she fretted of her slavery to the first person who would

listen to her, but deprived of it, she would have died within three months. Joy in good work was unknown to her, only the hard, cold sense of righteousness in a supposed duty fulfilled.

Her daughter, Nellie, was born into the world in a hurry, was hustled through a necessary infancy, a miserable childhood, and on to the teens of girlhood, a timid, anxious, work-hurried mortal, doom written on her high, pale brow, in her dull gray eyes and her pale wide mouth. To her was preached the gospel of work—not work, the joyous expression of an inner enthusiasm, not work that carries one out of self and makes one a necessary part of one big perfect whole—but duty-work, sullen, gray, deadening.

Before she was out of the grammar school she was waiting on the long tables of her mother's boarding-house along with the one slack maid, who, sensing the girl's painful conscientiousness, shirked duties, knowing that the child would not complain.

Religiously, her mother pried into the girl's private fancies. This intimate understanding of a daughter was the duty of every mother, and, regardless of the labor entailed with the management of a big establishment, she would yet face her duties as a mother, just as she had before this resolutely faced them as a sister and a wife.

She had clipped away with sharp, disdainful words the shy, white investigating tendrils which the girl was covertly sending out to romance. There was a boy at school—an earnest, kindly boy. He had brown hair and eyes with a light in them. He had sharpened a pencil for her and had asked her to have an ice cream soda with him. The girl's eyes shone, her voice was flute-like. Some one had found her nice! It was thrillingly unexpected. One hand flew up to the dull brown of her chamber dress, and pressed hard at her fast-throbbing heart.

Her mother's words flew fast. The girl's mirror relentlessly flung back her mother's words. Yes! She was hopelessly plain! Her duty was to her mother, who had slaved for her from birth.

It was just at this period that Colette had come like a message of joy to her older cousin. Nellie gathered the child to her in a passionate embrace, and poured out on her all the repressed emotions that surged through her with such tormenting vitality. Here was an outlet, and for fourteen years she spent her labor, her self-denial, her love, on Colette, until small wonder that Colette, brought sharply to task one night by her spinster aunt for lack of faith in Divine Providence, rapped out sharply, "Divine Providence! The nearest I know to Divine Providence is—Nellie!"

Colette, in her turn had come to wait upon the long tables of her aunt's establishment. Business had flourished, for, whatever faults Aunt Stella may have had as a human being, she had none as a cook; besides her prices were reasonable, since she could economize on serving, having Colette as well as Nellie now. Regardless of the fact that Nellie had taught in the town schools, she still waited on tables when she returned from work. She did it methodically, much as a great printing press turns out papers.

But with Colette it was different. She did what was expected of her with a head held high, a flash of disdain in her bright black eyes, an aloofness of manner in her movements, for which her aunt sharply reproved her.

At high school, Colette ruled her class. Teachers commented on the bright audacity of her mind, girls admired the rash with which she wore her dingy, home-made clothes, and boys secretly worshipped her, when they were not too much in awe of her tongue. She took her popularity easily, accepting it as her right, but her singing enjoyment of it snapped off abruptly on her return to the great turreted house where she waited on tables morning, noon and night.

"Pigs!" she thought, as she glanced critically over the boarders, all busily chewing, helping themselves or demanding more of this or that; "pigs the lot of them. What

do they think I am—a cross between a charity child and a servant?"

Then came the question of dancing. Colette had learned at school. The girls had shown her in the assembly-room. It had seemed to throw up a thousand windows in her personality, to let the wind and sunshine flood in. She came home, unable to contain the news.

Aunt Stella rose in wrath.

"Dance! Colette! As if our people hadn't been Methodists since the beginning of them; as if I hadn't regularly sent the child to Sunday-school, no matter how rushed I was. Dance! Indeed she shan't. It's the French blood in her. You never heard Nellie ask to dance. Such a thought never entered her head."

So Colette stayed home from the formal school dances, with a bitter heart and a rebellious mind. There was one compensation, however. Never was a dance given at the school that Nellie did not surprise her with a Saturday in New York City. It was not necessary to be taken to the amazing Hippodrome, though they had gone there once, or to yield to any of the tempting theatrical attractions offered along Broadway, to fill her heart to the brim with happiness. Sensing the great heart of the city turned her into a creature of joy that Nellie, plodding faithfully along by her side, could not understand.

To Nellie, New York meant hours of walking, an endless search for bargains, a rush and noise that summoned a dull headache, which left her heavy-eyed and desperately weary. People were just as much traffic to her, and shop windows as vague and uninteresting as smoke on a distant horizon.

But to Colette, people were events. Her alert eyes searched, searched endlessly, for what she could not definitely have told, sometimes to be met and held by eyes of men. To their inquiring stares she always flashed back a frankly interested reply, though in such an eager, ingenuous manner that they usually were disconcerted. And shop windows! They were a paradise of future possibilities. There was no doubt that some day she would make one of the elegantly-gowned women that flocked Fifth Avenue in late afternoon.

It was in the spring of her senior year that Colette defied her aunt and lingered at the dance after the preliminary class entertainment. For the affair Nellie had managed to save enough money to buy Colette a ready-made New York frock, little pink satin slippers and pink silk hose. She sat up late into the night sewing on the paste buckles that were to nestle in the pink bows of the slippers, now and then stealing a look at the sleeping Colette. A vague wonder shot through her as she folded the little frock and packed away the slippers in the eerie of stillness just after midnight, of what it would have been like to have gone to parties with boys.

She had had but one violent desire in her life—and that had been to dance. As she put the finishing touches to Colette's costume the next night and watched the radiantly happy girl, she sighed.

Colette turned quickly to look at her.

"Nellie, didn't you ever go to parties? Didn't you want to go?"

"Mother needed me," Nellie retorted sharply. "You know that, Colette. There isn't time for youth in this house—except for you." A cord seemed to draw in her throat and restricted speech. The next second Colette was in her cousin's arms.

"I won't go," she sobbed. "I won't! Everything happy that has ever come to me has been through you. I hate Aunt Stella. She may do her duty, but nobody loves her!"

"Colette!" corrected Nellie sharply, pushing the girl from her. "Don't speak like that again." Her words rang out with authority, her cheeks were pink, her head held high.

Colette backed off with astonishment.

"Why, Nellie," she gasped, incredulously, "you are actually—pretty!"

Nellie's face did not change, but her heart fluttered up with a quick, almost giddy happiness, as it had done once long ago, when a boy at school had sharpened a pencil for her, and bought her an ice cream soda.

"There, child," she said, stooping to kiss the soft, eager mouth held up to her. "Run along now—and have a glorious time."

But the glorious time was to end disastrously for Colette. The music, the light, the sense of youth and life about her combined with the fragrance of the spring earth, that drifted so subtly to her through the open windows, blotted out all staid warnings. Led into the first dance by an ardent youth, she was easily persuaded by her escort to see the dance through. There was a kiss out in the school garden, riotous with the stir and scent of lush growing things that erased all thoughts of the workaday world, and another in the shadow of the porch of the turreted house, when her fears came back in double-quick time, and were breathed out to the boy, Jack, with engaging frankness.

"I'll get it," she shivered, looking up into the youth's face with bright, daring eyes. "But I should worry—if you like me!" Her laugh rang out recklessly, then was smothered abruptly as she was caught close to the lad's light overcoat.

"Say, you're great," he said huskily. "I've been keen on you all the time, you know, only," he hesitated awkwardly; "well, you see, I heard your aunt wasn't strong for fellows hanging around."

"My aunt! Colette opened the front door cautiously, peered into the dim hall, and looked back at her escort.

"You can come in for a second; just for a second," she whispered, a starry quality in her voice that was electrifying. Then she drew back with an exclamation, but it was too late. The young people were confronted by a gaunt, gray-kimonoed figure descending the stairs.

"You can come in," mimicked the woman; "I've a few things to say to you, you young things!"

That half-hour was the most humiliating of Colette's life. All the half-formed rebellious thoughts in her brain gathered force and concentrated in one thought—escape!

She watched Jack to the door, then suddenly, with a violent flare of daring, she rushed after him and caught at his sleeve.

"Don't you care," she cried out passionately. "I'm not sorry; I'm glad." Then when the door had closed she flashed full upon her aunt, who stood watching her in silent consternation. Her aunt spoke first.

"You are utterly brazen," she said, slowly, deadly strong in her voice. "Bad, plain bad, Colette. That comes of French blood."

"Maybe I am," the girl retorted huskily. "I am if it means dancing and liking boys, nice boys. There wasn't anything wrong about it. I won't be ironed out like Nellie. I will love. I will live. And when I have a home, I'll have a home, not a grind-mill, and I'll have joyful children, not work-old slaves." Her voice broke over angry sobs. She gathered her pink skirts about her and ran breathlessly up the three flights of stairs, to stumble into Nellie in the doorway of their bedroom, ghostlike in her white gown, with her hair brushed back from her high white forehead.

"I'm through," Colette gasped out, dropping down on the bed. "I've danced and I'm glad. Jack kissed me and I'm glad. I'm young and—"

Tears overtook her. Then calmly, as suddenly as she had flared into a passion, she began taking off her gorgeous party gown.

"You can sell it," she said, as she laid it in the suit box, but her fingers lingered lovingly on it. "It's the first pretty thing, the first really pretty thing I ever had—Divine Providence! Because I'm giving it back is no sign I don't love it to pieces," she added quickly. "And, oh! such a gorgeous time!" She sighed, in little installments of joyous remembrance.

Nellie watched her somberly, sitting on the edge of her bed, a quilt drawn about her shoulders.

"Hurry, dear," she remonstrated. "Get in bed. Mother will see the light under our door."

Colette sat down abruptly by her cousin of the bed.

"Look here, Nellie," she said, "I—well, I might as well tell you. I'm going to New York in the morning, for keeps. Ten dollars and a suit case go with me, but I'll be a clerk, a milliner—anything but a slave here! I guess you can't see it that way."

Good Short Stories

Compiled for the Times

Brief Anecdotes Gathered From Many Sources

Officer Brown and Mother Bentley.

By Robert Speed.

THE RETURN.

OFFICER BROWN was one of the best men on the force—the Chief himself said so. Twenty-nine years old, six feet two, and broad in proportion, his reputation for courage and cool-headedness in emergencies marked him as an ideal policeman.

Mother Bentley, hopelessly paralyzed, lay on a wheel-couch at a busy street corner and sold newspapers, chewing gum and "notions." From the waist up Mother Bentley was alive and active; from the waist down she was dead. Brown found her at this corner when he took up his duties there as traffic officer, and a strong friendship sprang up between the big, broad-shouldered policeman and the pale little invalid who was only half alive. It began because Officer Brown noticed that Mother Bentley was always cheerful; and being himself the embodiment of cheerfulness he felt strongly drawn to the brave cripple.

"To see her smiling all day, with a pleasant word for everyone, is sure enough to shame the rest of us when we get a grouse on," he said to his mother the evening of his second day as traffic officer.

"It certainly is, poor soul," was the reply; and next morning when her "Tommy" arrived at his post he presented a bunch of violets to the invalid "from Mother Brown to Mother Bentley."

Always thereafter he stopped for a moment on his arrival to say "good-morning," and on leaving he never failed to say "good-night." Sometimes he would buy an evening paper or a package of gum. A paper was delivered at his door every evening and he never chewed gum, but Mother Bentley did not know. Frequently during the day, when the nerve-racking, never-ending problems of keeping the roaring, clanging tides of street cars, automobiles and wagons from mixing into a maelstrom would vex him to exasperation, a glance in Mother Bentley's direction met by her answering smile would chase the frowns from his face and halt wrathful words about to be sung at careless drivers. "If she can stay cheerful I sure can," Brown often said to himself.

One afternoon when a light patter of rain-drops presaged a shower a slim young girl of 14 or 15 appeared and tucked wraps about the form on the couch and arranged a protecting canopy over it and its wares. Then the girl disappeared as quickly as she had come.

"That was my daughter Mabel," Mother Bentley said to the officer when he stopped that evening on his way off duty. "She works in the big store over there. She is a good girl and helps all she can, but she doesn't earn enough to support us all."

"All! How many of you are there?" the policeman asked.

"Four," was the reply, the cheerful smile never for a moment leaving the wan features. "I have two little girls, 9 and 11. They go to school, and keep house for us out of school hours."

Brown gasped. "Nine and eleven!—keep house after school hours!" That cheerful smile had never seemed so wonderful as at that moment.

"And no men folks to help you at all?" he asked in an awed voice.

"No." For a brief space a look of patient sadness replaced the smile. "My husband fell from a building three years ago and was killed. I have a boy, but I don't know where he is. He was a good boy but rather thoughtless; and when the man he worked for lost some money they accused Jim of stealing it. He didn't steal it; I know he didn't; but other people wouldn't believe him and Jim ran away. That was in San Francisco before the earthquake. We came here soon afterward. I've been—this way about three years. I got hurt in a fall. We haven't heard anything from Jim since he went away. Let me show you his picture."

She drew a worn photograph from her bosom. Officer Brown looked at the picture and drew his hand across his forehead to hide a frown that came unbidden. Policemen, from the character of their daily work, learn to know certain types of men and to recognize them instantly. The face in the picture was not vicious, and for that Brown felt glad, but it was weak, and showed the effects of loose living. The youth's flashy clothing was true to type. He was of the kind one may see on any corner, a kind that are as much a problem in our big cities as the real criminals. On the youth's right cheek showed a small scar. Brown handed back the picture without comment. It swept over him how weak and inadequate would be sympathetic words in view of the tragedy this brave little woman had so unconsciously allowed him to glimpse. As he walked away his honest eyes moistened as he recalled how the mother had hesitated before allowing herself to call the boy "thoughtless."

When he reported on his way home that evening Officer Brown was told to return at midnight. It was an unusual demand but justified in the opinion of "headquarters." A raid was in prospect on a notorious den in Chinatown; and Brown, because of his intimate acquaintance with that troublesome district, gained during the two years of service as night patrolman there, was called upon for special service.

At 1 o'clock next morning Officer Brown, strolling leisurely along one of Chinatown's narrow streets, with a quick sidestep slipped into a dark passageway. At the same time, he knew, other officers were slipping into other dark passages from the streets along which they had come quietly as though on routine patrol. Brown followed the passage till it stopped at a heavy door, from the other side of which he heard faintly the murmur of voices. He had but a few moments to wait. Suddenly from a distant part of the building came the blows of an ax. The murmuring voices on the other side of his door stopped; next instant the door burst open; and in a flash a white man writhed in the policeman's strong left hand and a Chinese in his right.

The raid progressed rapidly and ended almost as quickly as it began. Within a

few minutes the officers and their quarry stood by the curbing awaiting the patrol wagon. And the street which so shortly before had swarmed with life was now as quiet as the grave. Excepting their own company, not a soul was in sight.

Officer Brown looked his two prisoners over curiously. The Chinese was—well, a Chinese, not essentially different, so far as outward appearances went, from the score of others that the officer knew, were even then regarding him with baleful eyes from every cranny and peephole in the surrounding buildings. The white man was a young fellow, perhaps 27 or 28 years of age, not prepossessing in appearance, as he showed plainly the marks of dissipation; yet he did not show the ghastly skin, twitching hands, and sunken eyes of the "dope fiend" so often caught in the dens.

"This is sure tough luck," he addressed the policeman sullenly. "Just blew into town yesterday. Went with a friend to see the Chinks play fan-tan and now I'm pinched. I suppose the judge won't believe me, but, honest to God, I've never been there before, and I didn't play a sou."

Brown listened absently. The man's story was no business of his. That would be up to the judge. But suddenly something in the other's face riveted his attention. He looked at him more closely. A small scar showed on the man's right cheek.

"What's your name?" Brown demanded, abruptly.

"Jones," was the answer. Officer Brown shook him with no gentle hand. "Jim Bentley," he cried, "where have you been for the last nine years?"

Brown's prisoner looked at him in dull surprise. "How the"—he began, but Brown interrupted him.

"Do you know where your family is?" "Ain't never heard of them since the 'quake in 'Frisco," the man returned, "but, say, how do you know my name?"

Brown made no reply. His mind was grappling with a problem that gave him no time for words.

Next morning those caught in the raid were arraigned. One after another their cases were disposed of.

"James Jones!" called the judge.

Bentley was accompanied to the rail by Officer Brown, with whom he had been in earnest conversation since entering the room.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked his Honor.

"Just that I only came to town yesterday, and that I wasn't gambling when they caught us," was the sullen reply. Neither the man's appearance nor his tone was such as to win him favor. The portly judge frowned.

"That's what they all say," he remarked, grimly.

Then it was that Officer Brown spoke up: "Judge," he began, "it isn't usual for an officer to ask you to be easy on anyone he catches with the goods, but it happens I'm interested in this man's case and I want to tell you something before you pass sentence on him, if you'll let me."

The judge nodded and Brown continued:

"Down at the corner where I am stationed there's a little woman who is paralyzed, selling papers and gum and things. She can't get off her couch, Judge, but she's the most cheerful little soul I ever saw—always has a smile for everybody. That little woman's husband was killed three years ago and she hasn't got anybody to help her but a 15-year-old girl; yet, between the two of 'em, they keep the family together and send the two little girls to school. And, Judge, those two little girls, one's 9, the other 11, do the housework after school hours. Yesterday this woman showed me a picture of a boy of hers who ran away before the earthquake in San Francisco. They used to live there then, and they have never heard from him since. Well, Judge, this fellow is that boy. I recognized him by that scar. He didn't know till I told him where his folks were, or that his father was dead. I've been talking to him and he's promised me if you'll let him off he'll go to work and help the family. He's broke, Judge, and hasn't any work, but I believe I can get him a job, and I'll sure do it if you'll let him go."

"Is all this true?" his Honor asked the prisoner.

"It is, Judge," was the reply.

"You're discharged," said the judge. "I hope you will prove worthy of your new friend's help."

Officer Brown mopped his face with a huge handkerchief. It had been one of the longest speeches of his life, and the perspiration on his brow bore witness to the effort it had cost him. But his work was not finished yet. At the first opportunity he cornered the police-court reporters.

"I want you fellows to do me a favor," he told them earnestly. "I want you to kill this story. You see, that little woman is going to get her boy back, and there ain't no use letting her know how he came to find her. Now, just put the soft pedal on how I spied to the judge and I'll do as much for you some day. I didn't give away the fellow's real name, but if you guys were to tell how I asked to have him turned loose she might suspect the whole thing; and what's the use of letting her know we pinched him in Jim Wong's joint?" And, partly because the reporters all liked Brown, partly because many of them had received favors at his hands and knew they might want others, but chiefly because reporters have just as kind hearts as other people, the story of Officer Brown's eloquent plea has never before been print.

Next day, on arriving at his post, Brown found a radiant little woman on the couch. He stopped beside her for a moment.

"My boy's come home! My boy's come home!" she cried, catching his hand. "He was at the house when I got home last night, and he says I won't have to come out here any more because he's going to support us now."

"Well, well; now, that is good news," the big officer answered, patting the thin little hand with his huge one. As he walked out into the street to take his position he blew his nose violently. "Must a caught a cold somehow," he muttered.

Heroines of the War.

HUNDREDS OF WOMEN REPORTED FIGHTING IN RUSSIAN ARMY.

[New York Times:] From time to time since the great war began reports have come through of women taking their places in the firing lines. These reports have been received with more or less incredulity, which has, however, given way before actual reports of women decorated and promoted for bravery on the battlefield.

Hundreds of women, it seems, are fighting in the armies of the Czar. Notable among these is Mme. Koudasheva, a woman of culture and refinement, a poet, a writer, a musician and, above all, a lover of sport, who enlisted as a volunteer when the war broke out. She distinguished herself to such a degree against the Germans that she was made first lieutenant, then colonel of

the regiment in which her husband served years ago.

Another Russian heroine is Natalie Tychini, a high school girl of Kiev, who has received the Order of St. George for distinguished service at the front. She passed as a man in the Russian lines, and was detailed to carry ammunition to the trenches. The Russians were forced to retire, and Natalie Tychini was left lying wounded on the field near Opatow. The Austrians found her and nursed her back to health. When the Russians again took Opatow she was still in the hospital, and was sent by them back to Kiev, where she was given her honors.

From Kiev comes the story of another gallant girl officer in a regiment of Cossacks, Alexandra Lagareva, who, with a handful of men of her detachment, was captured by the Germans. She managed to escape, however, but before doing so

secured certain papers which proved of great value to the Russian general she was serving under.

"Yellow Martha," so called from her golden hair, is another of Russia's heroines. During the fighting of Sokatchew she took a Russian flag from the Germans, who had captured an advanced line of trenches. As the Russians were making for the second trenches, the standard-bearer was shot in the back. Martha noticed him fall and dashed alone to secure the flag. Two Germans pursued her as she made off with it, but she shot them both dead and returned triumphantly with the flag.

Betrayed by the whiteness and smallness of her hands, Signorina Luigia Clappa, a young schoolmistress living near Florence, would be in the firing line today had her sex not thus been accidentally discovered. Leaving home under the pretense of going to see a relative, this ardent Italian woman

patriot purchased a uniform, obtained a rifle and equipment and joined a volunteer force.

The Severest Punishment.

[Chicago News:] The antipathy which Doctor Johnson bore to Scotland was not singular or unprecedented. Lord Stanley came plainly dressed to request a private audience of King James I. A gayly dressed Scotchman refused him admittance into the King's closet. The King, hearing an altercation between the two, came out and inquired the cause. "My liege," said Lord Stanley, "this gay countryman of yours has refused me admittance to your presence." "Cousin," said the King, "how shall I punish him? Shall I send him to the tower?" "Oh, no, my liege," replied Lord Stanley, "infect a severer punishment; send him back to Scotland."

Saturday, December 11, 1915.]

SMALL STRONG SOT

"When," interrupted Colette. "Oh, for a long time I've felt it. I knew tonight. A

"Yes," answered Nellie, in a dull monotone, "life here would." She huddled lower in her quilt, shivering a little. "You'd better go," she said finally. "You'd better dare."

And when Colette stooped over her in the early morning, sobbing out her love and gratitude for all that her cousin had given her, Nellie herself did weep. It was only after the door had shut the child away, and she heard the sharp ring of Colette's feet on the pavement below, that she yielded

the paroxysm of grief that swept her empty heart.

"I hadn't the right to keep her," she thought drearily. "No matter what danger she faced, no matter what—it's better than—this."

Outside the spring morning burst into glory, and Colette sped on into its arms.

[Saturday, December 11, 1915]

LIKE half-remembered notes of quaint songs heard in foreign lands, come trooping through my mind tonight the wraiths of thoughts of other years. "Is not that I am now so old but that I may, in future, look fondly backward and think of the present as the time "when I was young," but there is something amusing, as well as tragic, in the remembrance of that extreme youth of which I once was guilty. For things were different then, or perhaps I was different, or it may be that everything and everybody were much the same as they are now except that then I saw through my own eyes, whereas to-day whatever I see must be seen somewhat as others see it. Yet I console myself with the thought that if I really have lost something precious I have gained something vastly better; if I really have lost a certain amount of self-consciousness, a big belief in my own importance, I have found within myself a social consciousness that is necessary to the development of all individuals. It is not in the big order of things that a selfish individualism shall be allowed to block the way of social progress, and for this fact every member of society should be duly grateful.

One of the first mistakes I ever made was in trying to be good. One of my many brothers was very ill, and I, imbued with a faith that angels might have envied, slipped out of my cabin home and walked out among the blackberry briars to pray for John's recovery. What fate was it that led my feet to that particular spot? As I bowed low and began to whisper my fervent petition into the ear of the Infinite, how was I to know that my face was within three feet of a hornet's nest? And how were the hornets to know that my intentions were not of the best? A few minutes later I stood with swelled face and weeping eyes in the presence of my mother and my brothers, telling them my story. Everybody smiled, including John, who began to get better from that day. He might have recovered without my prayer. I don't know. However, sick as he was and anxious as I was to see him get well, his smiling hurt me just a little and I haven't entirely forgiven him to this day.

However, that is not all that I hold against John. Another day I accompanied my father to church. He told me to keep very still while the preacher was talking and I sat there motionless for fully an hour, listening to words that I did not understand because I felt that I must be good. No martyr ever suffered more. When the benediction was pronounced I took a long, deep breath and walked slowly out of the house, holding my father's hand and thinking of the stick of candy I was to receive when I reached home as a reward for having been good. What did I get when we reached home? I got cabbage, corn bread and buttermilk! My mother had given the last stick of Christmas candy to John to keep him from playing in a beautiful mud puddle. I had been punished for being good while John had been rewarded for not being good!

From that time on I began to be more human. Since then I have often thought I would rather be less than human than more than human, so far as congenial relationship with my fellow-beings is concerned; for society seems to feel itself responsible for the world's weaklings and to pity them if it does not protect them, but society never sympathizes with the super-man, though at times he may be in sore need of sympathy. From that man who is above the crowd society would take everything and, if it were possible, would give nothing. Yet, after all, perhaps it is this very selfishness of the mob that proves its needs to nobler men and makes them willing martyrs.

However, I was not always good when I was young. Once I was very bad at

though I was really "getting on in years" then. If I remember rightly I was "half past eight, going on nine" as I proudly boasted to whoever was so considerate of my feelings as to inquire my age. Out on some old weather-beaten shingles that lay near the well my mother had spread a few gallons of dewberries to dry. Now, nothing in all the three worlds is quite so palatable to a boy as a half-dried dewberry. I had found the delicious fruit in the sun and had begun to devour it when Aunt Rachel, an old black mammy who washed for us, came suddenly upon me. After heartily scolding me for stealing the berries she escorted me to the well, took the lid off and told me to look down into the dark waters.

"White chille, does yo' know yo' broke one o' de tin commandments? Well, yo' has, an' ef yo' evah steals anothah berry I'll come right attah yo' an' drap yo' right down dah!"

After that terrible threat I confined my depredations to the pantry. Yet it wasn't because of the scare that old Rachel gave me, nor was it because I had taken something by stealth, that I lay awake in the dark that night for at least ten interminable minutes. The reason for my insomnia lay deeper. It was because I had broken one of the ten commandments, and my Sunday-school teacher had told the class that if a little boy broke one of the commandments he had broken them all. I did not quite understand it, and don't yet, but I believed her and I dreaded the consequences. The next time I went to Sunday-school I prayed earnestly for pardon. For an ordinary sin, such as speaking crossly to mother, I might have obtained forgiveness "in the privacy of the closet," but a sin of the magnitude of that which I had committed required vocal repentance before a Sunday-school teacher and a large class of boys and girls. Even at that, I feared that the Almighty would need considerable coaxing before He would consent to forgive me, but He was really very nice about it, considering the enormity of the transgression.

But to return to the old well, with which many of my earlier superstitions are associated. My older brothers had told me that this well was eighty feet deep and that just beneath the waters lay stretched the fair land of China, and China was a land so densely populated that most of the people slept in a standing posture because there was not room to lie down! Having a rather vague conception as to the distance of a foot, and having been told that the world was round, there was no reason why I should not believe my brothers' story. Besides, there was something fascinating about this story and I was glad to believe it. Persons of mature years often smile at the readiness with which the young accept a statement as true; yet if there is anything more unreasonable than the blessed credulity of youth it is the unreasoning incredulity of age.

The first doubt in my mind concerning the veracity of my elder brothers came to me one day when I was playing near the well. Some one had drawn a bucket of water and had left the lid off the top. I leaned over and looked down. No black mammy was holding me and threatening me this time. I was acting of my own free will. There was a difference. Suddenly as I lay there the thought struck me: What if I were to jump down into the well, go through the water and land in China! What a thrilling experience it would be, and how all the Chinamen would wonder how I got there! I had long been desirous of seeing some Chinese babies, anyway, and here was my chance. Slowly I put my feet down into the cool air, slowly I let myself down until my elbows rested on the well top, holding me in readiness for the belg excursion. Then a new thought struck me: What if my brothers did not know what they were talking about, after

all? What if this well had no bottom to it, like wells I had heard about? In fancy I saw myself going down, down, down, for ever and ever and ever and ever: I saw my father coming to look for me after he had heard the splash in the water: I saw him drawing up bucket after bucket of water as long as he lived, but never getting to the bottom and never finding me. I began to grow chilly. Slowly I drew myself out and, not daring to glance back, I rushed up to the red knoll, sat down all a-tremble and smiled up at the big sun. Still, I reflected, my brothers might have been right, and perhaps I might have seen that wonderful China if I had simply let myself go. I rose and started back. But what if I should fall among a bunch of Chinese babies and break one of their legs? That thought broke my heart and changed my decision. I would never forgive myself if I should break a Chinese baby's leg. I sat down again. I was not afraid, of course. Not I! Only bad boys were ever afraid. I knew that because my Sunday-school teacher had said so.

Long I sat there reveling in my goodness until the sun became a big red wheel and started rolling swiftly around me, and dove-winged cloudlets began to nestle caressingly about the tall pines on the hill above me. As I rose to go my glance fell on a moving white object, tramping down the sedge grass on the hill. What if it were a lion. Lions were the most terrible monsters on earth. Nothing except the Bad Man was quite so awful as a lion. Once a lion got loose from a cage in a circus and he ate twenty hundred boys and forty-five girls before the showman could catch him. I had heard old "Nigger Boze" say that when a lion roared he broke out window panes for three miles around him. What if this thing I saw was really a lion! And what if he should roar! My blood froze. Then the unexpected happened. The deep reverberations sounded in my ears, almost deafening me. Following the roar came a "cheep! cheep! cheep!" just over my head. I looked up. It was a bat and he had done the roaring. Then I realized that my lion on the hill was Dunbar's old white ram.

So many tiny ghosts of thoughts come creeping through my mind tonight—faint memories of vivid images that once, like white and dark and bright-plumed birds, lived in my heart when life was new. I remember the first man I ever saw who, I was told, had committed a crime. Before I entered the little country schoolhouse in which the criminal was being heard by the "squire" I was pitying him and thinking of how wretched he must feel and look. When I went in I saw the lawless one sitting and telling a funny story to a crowd of men, including the "squire"! And after his case had been heard by the august judge this man actually took a mouth harp from his hip pocket, shook the tobacco crumbs from it and played "Turkey Buzzard," notwithstanding the fact that he had been "bound over," which, for a moment, seemed to disconcert him.

I remember the first dead man I ever saw, and how, after everyone had left the room, I slipped back, lifted the cloth from his feet and very gingerly touched his big toe, just to see how it would feel to touch a dead person; and I remember that I was a trifle disappointed in that the experiment did not give me more of a thrill. I remember the first city I ever saw, and how wonderfully bright the gas lights seemed, and how happy I imagined the people were who lived every day where they could see steam engines and big bridges and windows in which stood great, strangely-shaped glass bottles filled with the most wonderfully colored waters. I remember, too, how many of these things soon became common to me. I remember the big tank I used to have to pass on my way to school and how I feared that one day that tank would "blow up" just as I should be passing by!

So many, many little nothings I remember, some of them happy memories, but many others not so pleasant. On the whole the embarrassments I suffered long ago were more disconcerting, and the pains I experienced more poignant than any I have suffered since, and I would not live it all over again for worlds. Since long ago, many of the good things for which I have longed have been granted me in fullest measure, and I am fully reconciled to the cosmic administration. I am glad to go on farther and farther into life and toward that mysterious adventure which men call death—for to me the outlook has grown ever brighter as the days and years have passed, and I look not with fear but with glad welcome on all that is to come.

Far flung upon the night the piercing cry
of Hate
Calls to his standard red, his murd'rous
host elate.
And far from Cavalry these centuries of
light,
Are in a moment quenched in war and
blood and night.
The love that bore the Cross and suffered
for mankind,
In nowise seems to have redeemed the
human mind,
For, every passion base, still sovereign,
seems to rule.
With ignorant and wise, philosopher and
fool.

The human jungle-beast, loud roaring "this
is mine."
Still shamelessly defies laws human and
divine.
Not so much civilized are we above the
brute.
For selfishness and greed all nobler traits
refute.
In fact one might aver that e'en a dog or
horse
Might sometimes show more love, more
sorrow or remorse.
Than do the nations now, in fratricidal
war,
In all their cruelties and murders, show
therefor.

We use intelligence to kill our brother-man
In greater numbers, on a vastly larger
plan.
If ignorance is bliss, 'tis certainly not wise
To covet knowledge where the moral na-
ture dies,
And where its greatest use seems only to
annoy,
And to devise more ways to cripple or
destroy.
Instead of killing one as in the olden times,
A hundred thousand now foot up our daily
crimes.

The papers of today, with joyous headlines
filled,
Gloat o'er the tragic news of many thou-
sands killed.
Invention stands in awe, and waits with
bated breath
To watch its great success in spreading
wreck and death.
Religion? Save the mark! The priest and
people pray,
That God will deign to bless their armies,
hired but to slay.
Immensely they forget the Abels lying 'round,
And that now as of yore, their blood cries
from the ground.

ARTHUR GORE

(Indianapolis Star:) "How did it happen that your friends got the best of you?" queried the person with the question habit. "They got busy while I was watching my enemies," explained the man who had got the short end of it.

Officer Brown and Mother Bentley.

By Robert Speed.

Good Short Stories

Compiled for the Times.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered From Many Sources.

Blissful Depravity.

IN A BORDER southern town lives an elderly negro carpenter, who is locally distinguished for two things—his use of large words and his abiding fear of his wife, who is big, impressive and domineering. In this town a trio of young professional men keep bachelor quarters together.

Not so very long ago one of the three called the darky to do some small repairing jobs about the apartment.

"Boss," inquired the old man, in the midst of his work, "does you white gen'tmens live heah in total depravity of de feminine sex?"

"We do," was the answer.

From the bottom of his henpecked soul the old darky fetched up a long, deep, sincere sigh.

"Well, sah," he said, "ef I wux en you is, I should sutlinly remain so."—[Saturday Evening Post.

Where the Plan Failed.

A WHITE man walking along a road where an old colored man was white-washing a fence noticed that the brush he was using contained very few bristles.

"Look here, Rastus," exclaimed the man, pausing and looking at the operation, "why don't you get a brush with more bristles in it?"

"Whac to', Mistah Smith, whac to'?" returned Rastus, glancing from the fence to his questioner.

"What for?" expressively replied Mr. Smith. "Why, if you had a brush with more bristles in it you could do twice as much work."

"Dat's all right, Mistah Smith," said Rastus, negatively shaking his head, "but I ain't got twice as much work to do."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.

Eye Openers.

AN ACTOR who recently returned from a successful season in Europe tells a story of a very old Irishman who one day astonished a friend by announcing that he was about to get married.

"Married!" exclaimed his friend. "An old man like you?"

"Well, you see," the old man exclaimed, "it's just because I'm getting an old boy now. It's a fine thing to have a wife near you to close your eyes when you have come to an end."

"Ah, don't be so foolish," exclaimed his friend. "What do you know about it? Close your eyes, indeed! I've had a couple of them, and, faith, both of them opened mine."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.

Slow Diplomacy.

ULGARIA'S defection caused Spanish Consul Juan L. y Marti to say in Mobile:

"The allies' diplomacy in the Balkans was slow. It reminds me of Smith."

"Smith's mother-in-law rushed to him in great excitement on his return from business one evening."

"Oh, John," she cried, "that great, horrid, heavy grandfather's clock in the hall has just fallen with a dreadful crash on the very spot where I'd been standing only a moment before."

"Humph," muttered Smith, "I always said that clock was slow."—[Washington Star.

Looked Like Him.

SANDY had been photographed, and as he was looking intently at his "pictur" Tam McPherson came along.

"What's that ye hiv ther?" he asked. "My photograph," replied Sandy, showing it proudly. "Whit d'ye think o' it?"

"Moa, it's fine," exclaimed Tam in great admiration. "It's just like ye, tae. An' whit nich the like o' they cost?"

"I dinna ken," replied Sandy. "I himas payd yet."

"Mon," said Tam, more firmly than ever, "it's awful like ye!"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Didn't Know the Young Woman.

A STORY is told of an American traveling in France.

While in Paris he went into a jeweler's shop and asked the price of a pin on the counter. He was told it was 20 francs.

"That's too much," said the tourist; "it's a present for my sister. I'll give you 5 francs for it."

"Zen it would be I zat gave ze present to your sister," said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, "and I know not ze young mademoiselle."—[Chicago Herald.

Inconsiderate Youth.

"WHAT'S the idea?" asked the storekeeper as Farmer Coratossel closed the door carefully and edged over to the stove.

"The idea of what?"

"Of those clothes? That little hat and the sport shirt and white socks?"

"Them used to be my boy Josh's. He's got to have new ones an' my wife says these are too good to throw away. I don't mind the hat ner the shirt, cos I kin let my hair an' whiskers grow. But Josh 'ud be a heap more of a comfort to his father in cold weather if he wouldn't insist on wearin' his trousers so high at the ankles."—[Washington Star.

Shifting of Charges.

A BARRISTER with a long experience of queer juries in the mining regions of Pennsylvania tells the following amusing story as illustrating their eccentricities:

A man was charged with committing a murderous assault upon another as a result of some political difference.

The assault having been committed at night, there appeared to be some difficulty in identifying the assailant, and, as a matter of fact, the counsel for the defense made out an excellent case for the prisoner, calling witnesses to testify that he was nowhere near the spot where the assault took place on the night in question.

Everybody concerned fully expected that the jury would bring in a verdict of acquittal, yet, to the general astonishment, the foreman announced that the prisoner had been found guilty. "But," he added, observing the general consternation created by his statement, "not guilty of this assault, yer Honor. This is the spalpeen who stole Biddy McCarthy's pig last year, and we found him guilty of that."—[Chicago News.

The Reward.

PIERRE ROGDESTVENSKY, Russian Consul to San Francisco, was talking about Bulgaria's apostasy.

"But she'll get little gratitude and little reward from Germany," he said. "She'll find herself, at the end, in the position of the young man at the glove counter."

"Give me a pair of four-button white kids, No. 6, please," said a young lady to this clerk. "Why," she added, with a start, "haven't I seen you before?"

"Oh, Mabel," cried the clerk, "you haven't forgotten me, then, after all! Don't you remember how I saved your life in the surf last summer, and we became engaged, and—"

"Why, yes, to be sure!" said the young lady, brightly. "And—er—you can make it two pairs of four-button kids, if you like."—[Washington Star.

Too Much Inconvenience.

THE conversation drifted to the subject of great inconveniences the other evening, when this story was related by Emerson C. Harrington, Governor-elect of Maryland.

One afternoon a good housewife hustled into the corner grocery of the country town near where she lived and threw a package on the counter with some show of impetuosity.

"It's them matches I bought here last week!" indignantly exclaimed the woman. "They're no good! They won't strike!"

"Just look at this, madame," said the storekeeper, picking up one of the matches

after another and striking them on his shoe.

"They're all right." "Maybe they are," sarcastically rejoined the customer. "But do you think that when I want to light a fire I can come all the way in from the farm to strike a match on your old shoe?"—[Philadelphia Telegraph.

Cause for Sorrow.

THE talk topic in the lobby of a hotel the other night turned to music when Congressman James Mahan of Minnesota was reminded of an incident along that line.

Some time since the esteemed Jones was rambling along the asphalt with a rather disconsolate expression when he met a fellow-citizen named Smith.

"Hello, Jones!" greeted Smith, with a quizzical expression. "What in the world is the matter with you? You look as if you had been hit by a freight train loaded with hard luck."

"I am just a little sad, that's all," mournfully explained Jones. "I got married a week or so ago, and I have just discovered that my wife can't sing."

"Well, say!" exclaimed Smith, shedding a large smile. "That shouldn't distress you. You are to be congratulated."

"No, I am not, old man," responded Jones, with a life-size sigh. "She thinks she can."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.

There Was Danger.

A RATHER heavy storm burst over a suburban town, and a young wife, startled by a particularly sharp crash, made a dive from the porch to the darkened parlor.

"I won't stay here another minute!" she exclaimed in a terrified voice. "You can't tell what may happen next."

"You are foolish, dear," responded the hubby, following her into the house. "Don't you know that thunder cannot hurt anybody?"

"You are mistaken, Harry," positively rejoined the young woman. "Haven't you ever heard of people being thunderstruck?"—[Philadelphia Record.

Not Far Apart.

SECRETARY JOSEPHUS DANIELS was discussing a courteous retort.

"One may be excused," said he, "for feeling a little joy when the man who goes out of his way to make a rude remark, simply to show his wit, receives a rebuke that is as courteous as it is effective."

"A learned scientist was attending dinner, and as cigars were being indulged in one of the guests began to deride philosophy. He went on rudely to express the opinion that philosopher was but another way of spelling fool."

"What is your opinion, Professor?" he asked, smilingly. "Is there much distance between them?"

"The professor surveyed the boorish vis-à-vis keenly for a moment, then, with a polite bow, responded:

"Sometimes only the width of a table."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Something Appropriate.

A CITIZEN of a southern town entered the corner grocery and found the proprietor buried in thought. Naturally he wanted to know what weighed so heavily on the storekeeper's mind.

"Mrs. Jones was just in here," explained the corner grocerman, with a sad sort of a sigh, "and she told me that I ought to rename my scales the ambuscade brand."

"She did, did she?" returned the other, wondering. "Well, what of it?"

"What of it?" was the startling rejoinder of the grocerman. "Why, as soon as she had gone I looked up the word 'ambuscade' in the dictionary and found it meant to 'lie in wait.'"—[Philadelphia Telegraph.

Saving the Day.

A CLERGYMAN tells the following tale, showing his wife's wonderful tact and quickness of wit.

One day he noticed a woman whom he

much disliked coming up his front steps. Taking refuge in his study, he left his wife to entertain the caller. Half an hour later he emerged from his retreat, listened carefully on the landing, and hearing nothing below called down to his wife:

"Has the horrible old bore gone?"

The objectionable woman was still in the drawing-room, but the minister's wife proved equal to the occasion.

"Yes, dear," she called back, "she went long ago! Mrs. Parker is here now."—[New York Times.

Aged Moonshine.

WHILE traveling in the Sunny South recently, I had the good fortune to be introduced to the proprietor of one of Kentucky's moonshine stills. Now, I have heard a heap about the potency of moonshine, and how that it will cause a jackrabbit to give battle to a grizzly bear. Accordingly I decided to allow a dram to pass my lips, as I find that is the infallible way to test such products of commerce.

"Do you want new whisky, sah, or do you want aged whisky?" whispered the moonshiner.

"What's the difference, Uncle, between new and aged whisky?"

"Wahl, the new whisky, sah, were made this har marnin' and aged whisky day afah yist'day."—"Zim" in Cartoons Magazine.

The Worn Trousers.

ELIHU ROOT, former Senator from New York, smiled the other evening, when reference at a dinner was made to church attendance. He said he was reminded of the piety of a certain hobo.

One afternoon a castdown hobo timidly knocked on the door of a suburban home, and when the owner of the house appeared he meekly asked for bread.

"I see," responded the proprietor, critically sizing up the tramp, "that the knees of your trousers are badly worn."

"Yes, sir," answered the hobo, in a subdued voice. "I wore them through kneeling in prayer."

A few minutes later the tramp was handed his fodder, and, with many thanks, he turned and started toward the gate.

"Just a moment," exclaimed the proprietor. "I notice that your trousers are also pretty badly worn in the back."

"Yes, sir," responded the tramp, steering for the gate. "I did that backsliding."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Warrior's Finery.

GEORGE has become much interested in playing soldier. At first he was content to march around merely with a stick for a gun; then, at his request, his mother made him a paper hat, to which later he added a plume picked up in the chicken yard. Then he must have a belt, and this naturally led him to ask his father to whittle him a sword. But one day he came from the pictures with another detail.

"Mother," he asked, "got any old brushes I can have?"

"What for?"

"I've been looking at a picture of Napoleon—and he has scrubbing brushes on his shoulders."—[Picture Progress.

The Cook Crock.

EDITH WHARTON, the novelist, was talking about French housekeeping.

"The one drawback," she said, "is that your cook does your marketing. She markets for cash, too. The result is a very frank kind of cheating."

"I once said to a cook in Paris:

"Now, if you are strictly honest I'll give you 5 francs extra at each month's end. What do you say?"

"The cook hesitated, then answered:

"I'll think it over carefully, madam, and let you know my decision this evening."—[Omaha Bee.

Mariposa Grove Under the Warm Light of the Mid-day Sun.



Photographic study by M. W. Wineman.

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